JOHN MARTIN'S LETTERS

TO CHILDREN

VOL. 8 TWO

SECOND SIX MONTHS.

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John Martin's Letter To You

NUMBER SEVEN.

ROLY-DAY-3d.

BOYS SERIES, 5 TO 7 YEARS OLD.

My dear

This is a funny, sunny, roly, drollish WORLD. I have just found that out, so ofcourse I want to tell you about it, because I do like to tell YOU every single thing that happens to me.

YES, the world IS funny; that's because he is round and fat. When he sees a funny thing happen he laughs so hard that he just rolls over and over and we all roll over with him, so we laugh and are happy too. The World is fat because he's so full of GOOD things that he just has to be jolly, and he does not like US BOYS to get sulky and cross and cranky. When we act like that, he

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MORGAN SHEPARD, 42 WEST 39TH ST., NEW YORK

(2) is sure to give us a rain storm [THEN HE CRIES], or a snow storm, [THEN HE IS COLD TO US] or thunder, [THEN HE SCOLDS] or lightning, [THEN HE IS VERY ANGRY]. O, yes I know. Mr. World and I had a slight dis-a-gree-ment the other day and I ended up by being good and SORRY. I will tell you all about it. It was luncheon time.

I was playing with my Dog, out on the front lawn. I heard my Mother say: "Come, John, luncheon is waiting - come, let's wash faces and hands". I didn't obey quickly. I dawdled, and pouted because I wanted to play some more. Then Mother said "JOHN"! so I knew I better mind, but I was cross and bad and gave the lawn a KICK and then I pulled a bunch of grass up by the roots. O, O, what do you think happened? I heard a rumbly, SEVERE VOICE say —

"Stop Kicking my head.
Stop pulling my hair. Shame! you sulky, disobedient John Martin".

I can tell you I was scared.

"Stop Kicking my HEAD."

"Stop Pulling my HAIR."

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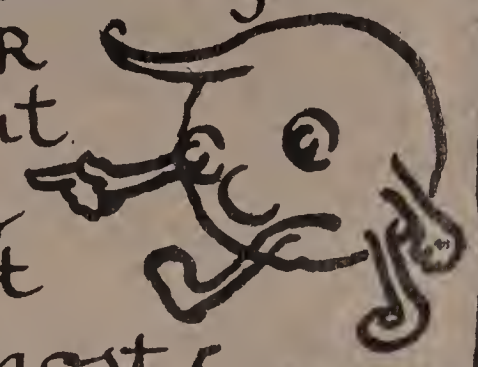
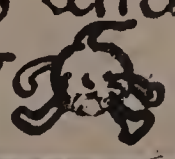
I jumped to my feet and tried to run away, but it's hard to get away from old Mr. World. Before I had gone far, I heard Dog Wood Tree running after me; he has such long limbs that he can go fast and reach far. He soon grabbed me ALL OVER AT ONCE and put me into a big birds' nest at the tip-top-most part of him. Then he said "You've been so cross that now, of course, Old World must punish you. So, sit right there and don't you dare to move, till spoken to". Q, I was so scared (I deserved to be) and I wondered if Old World would think he ought to spank me. I hoped he wouldn't, for I didn't believe in that way to punish boys like me, (except sometimes.) I wondered what would happen.



THERE I SAT.

THIN AND SAD.

Then I heard a great, rumbly VOICE say "You've KICKED my head. You've pulled my HAIR, so now I think I'll take you along with ME, for I declare, I almost want to SHAKE you. You've moped and SULKED and been quite BAD and almost PROUD and HAUGHTY. I always get real thin and SAD when BOYS are CROSS and

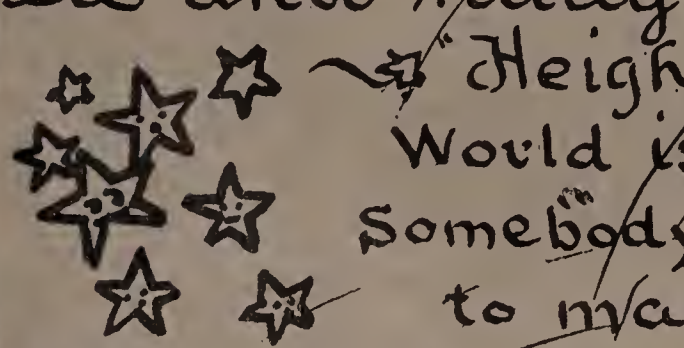


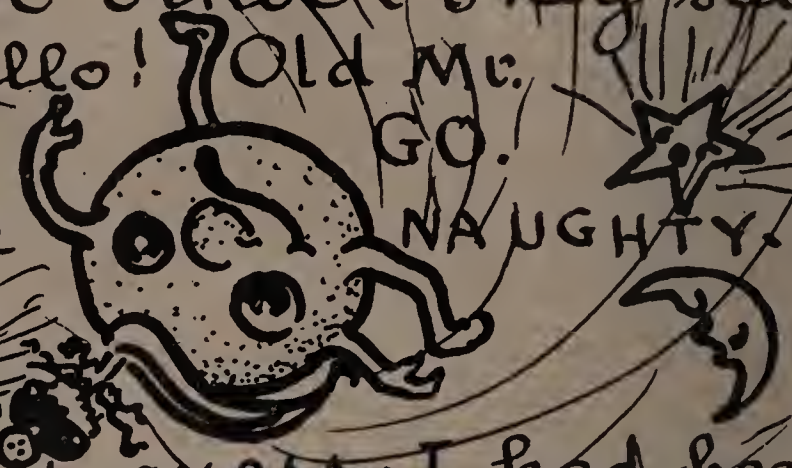
NAUGHTY

4 No sooner had the VOICE of Mr. World said that, than I felt him begin to spin like a mad top. I hung on to the loose sides of my nest, very tight.

Spin, b-i-z-z whirl! away we flew! jolting Mr. Wind against the blue wall of the Sky. Away we zipped past the Stars, who huddled into safe corners and winked and twinked and nudged each other. They said,

"Heigh-ho! Hello! Old Mr. World is on the GO. Somebody must be NAUGHTY. O, to make him RUSH and hurry SO."

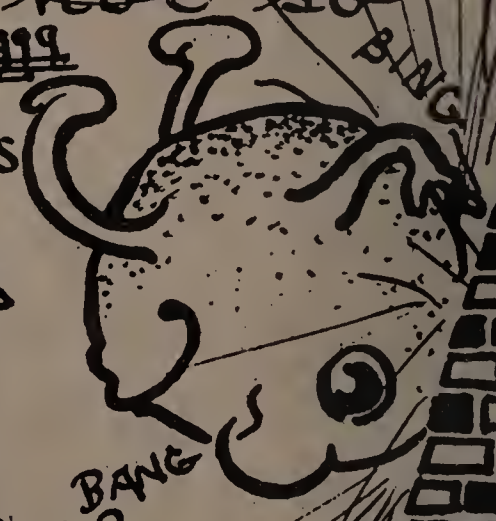




[The stars made a good guess; I had been naughty and I was getting sorrier and sorrier every minute.]

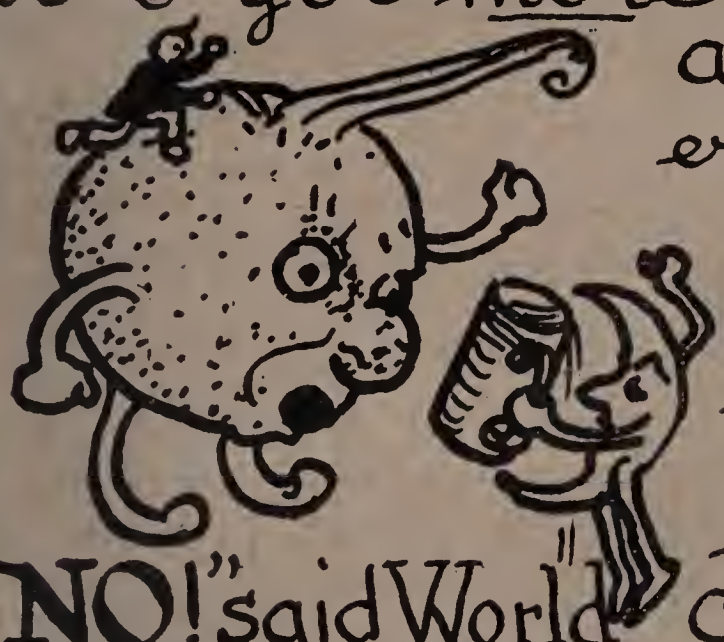
I hummed a little tune to see if it would make me not so frightened.

"Heigh, diddle dolly, Old World's off his trolley; a BOY bounced over the MOON. Heigh! wiggle jiggle, that boy didn't giggle for HE got sorry too soon".



Those were the words of the tune I felt worse than ever - perhaps you do too. All this time poor Mr. Moon followed us, panting, pale and out of breath. When we crossed the "Milky Way" he called after

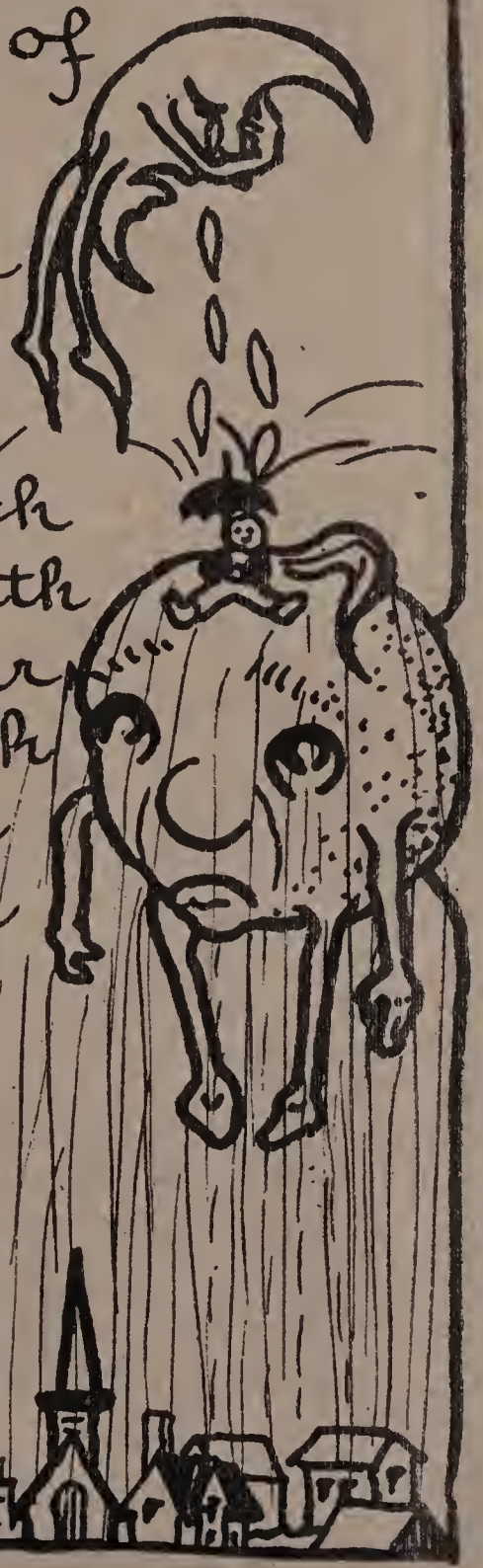
us. "Don't you want a drink dear Mr. World?" "NO," shouted World roughly and rudely. Poor Moon hung his horns down ways and cried, and my bird's nest got soppy wet with poor, pale, tired Moon's tears. O, dear! I was getting everybody into trouble so I got more sorry.



"NO!" said World

And off we rushed faster. Suddenly a Comet flamed across our path. World couldn't stop in time, so he rolled on the hottest part of Comet's tail.

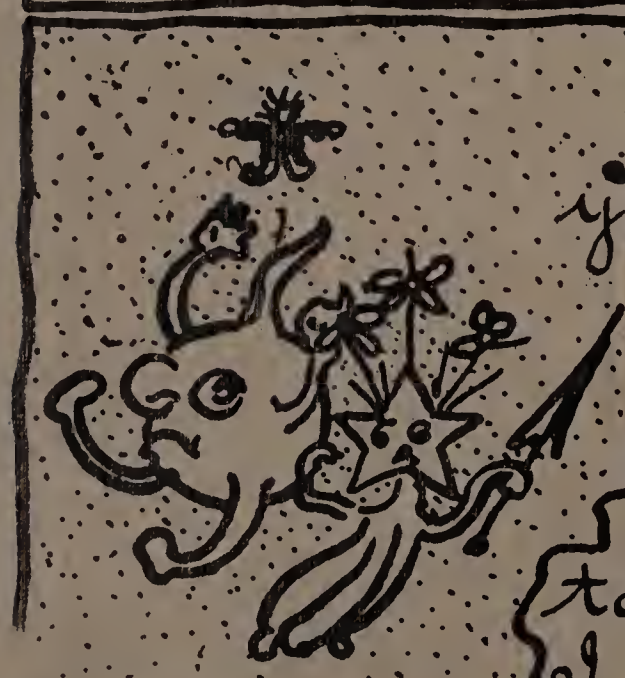
O, then the fuss began. World shot off every Volcano he had right at Comet, making an awful noise by thunder. Comet lashed with his fiery tail and bunted with his red-hot head. Every star in the sky ran away at such a sight. It was worse than one hundred and thirty-four FOURTH OF JULYS in just one minute. AND I WAS RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THAT FIGHT. So I was still more sorry for being sulky and cross, and I thought how nice it would be to see Mother.



6 I will not draw a picture of that fight, because it would cover up all your letter the same way it covered up all the SKY. I never thought Old Mr. World could get so angry; I suppose it was because I had been so naughty.

After the smoke of that fuss had cleared away, I felt World make a wild lurch backward; he was so angry he didn't see where he was LURCHING. First, he bumped into a Star; it was a lady star, (her name was VENUS), so he said "Excuse me, Ma'm!". Then he bunted poor, pale, thirsty Moon, and he was very cross, because he banged his head on one of Moon's sharp horns, and a big lump came up on World's head which began to SMOKE and shoot out fire. It was another VOLCANO. "There, John Martin" - he said with a fearful rumble, "you see all the trouble you get me into. There you see how disobedient, sulky Boys get us all in a MUSSY-FUSS, every time you behave as you did today. I am sure to get naughty too - then I get lumps and bumps and

"Excuse me, Ma'm?"



VOLCANOES. If you boys keep on being naughty I'll have volcanoes all around me - then what will happen to you and me? Why, no one will have anything to do with me. GOOD boys make me happy and full of jolly laughs and good times. If you Boys would only get up a "GOOD CLUB", and mind all the GOOD RULES it wouldn't be long before I'd get rid of those horrid, dangerous VOLCANOES

That was a long speech, so I said - "Yes, Sir". "all right," said he in a less rumbly voice. "We'll trot back to our places then". We did and all of a sudden I was back again over my own lawn in a big birds' nest at the tip top of Dog Wood Tree.

My Mother was waiting for me and a sad. sorry look was in her eyes. "I am sorry I was bad, Mother" I said after I climbed down the tree. Mother looked glad and I heard World laugh a jolly laugh and he said to Mother. "It's all right, Ma'm. John is going to be a GOOD CLUB BOY and I am going to get rid of my VOLCANOES.

(8) So now, dear Boy, I'm going to try to be good, because I want Old Mr. World to Keep happy and round.

Good Boys keep to cure Mr. World's Volcanoes. Bad Boys make the World go wrong so that he is ever cross to poor pale Moon and quarrels with a Comet. Let's join that CLUB World spoke about. Your Mother will let you, perhaps. I send my love to you. Please don't make any Volcanoes. Your loving

John

JOHN MARTIN'S
Letter To You.
Number Seven.

BOYS
SERIES,
7½ TO 10
YEARS OLD

My dear I have not been introduced to you in the usual way, but my friend and your friend, John Martin, has put an & at the bottom of this page; besides that, I like Boys and I want always to have a lot of Boy Friends. I hope you will be just one more. Who am I? I am a Sergeant of Mounted Police in New York City. How do I happen to be writing to you? Well, you see, a little girl I know got a letter from John Martin not long ago, telling about horses. Now, I think the Boys ought to get Horse News first - and I told Martin so. "Well", said he "if you feel hurt about it, write to my Boy yourself. He won't mind". I am not going to write to you in a "bookish" way, but just as a Mounted Police Officer ought to write

THIS is to Certify that the WRITER of this letter is MY FRIEND, YOUR FRIEND, and a Friend of DUMB BEASTS. He is worth knowing (so are you). He is "OK" (so are you). So Now YOU ARE INTRODUCED. Signed, John Martin

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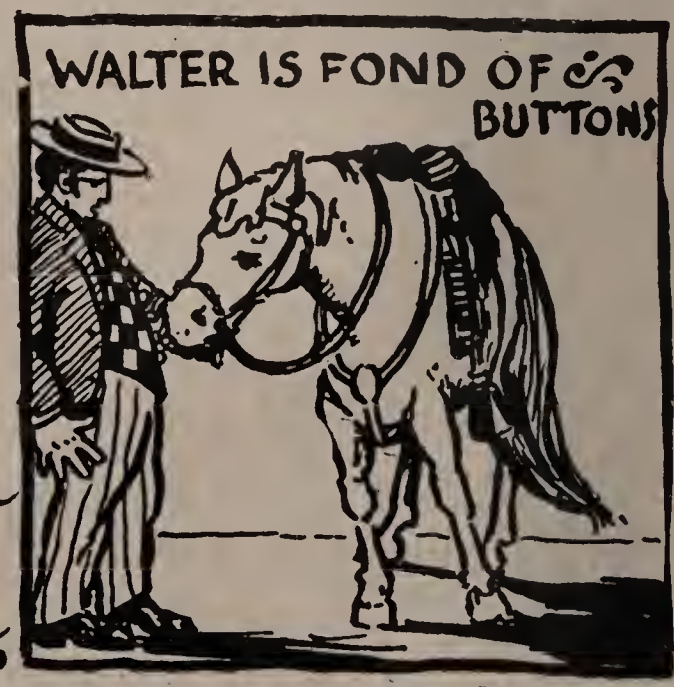
MORGAN SHEPARD, 42 WEST 39TH ST., NEW YORK

to a boy friend. If I should ever find you in trouble on the crowded "Avenue" you'd see mighty soon how much my Horse and I cared for boys and for little girls. I have not time to tell you of our lives in this letter; all I will do is to tell a few simple anecdotes about some "character horses" I've known and if you like this simple, friendly letter, I will write to you again.

SO HERE GOES

FIRST THE STORY OF "WALTER" HORSE.

WALTER "Horse was about six years old when he was bought for the Police Department. He was a fine-coated, light bay, very keen, and his eyes were bright - the sparkle in 'em was full of fun and kindness. (You can usually tell by the look in a horse's eyes if it's safe to go near his tail). Walter was very fond of and curious about bright things, such as brass buttons, beads, watch charms and scarf pins. He always wanted to nibble at 'em. I suppose he thought that anything that looked so pretty must taste pretty good; so it was wise to mind your buttons when Walter "smiled" at you with those kind eyes of his. Talking of buttons reminds me — One day Walter and I were on "patrol" duty far "up town". It was necessary for me to dismount to attend to some "police business" - the two of us were too big to go, so I asked a private citizen to hold Walter for a few minutes. I said to the citizen, "Mind your buttons, sir, Walter is fond of buttons. Don't let him go, it's near dinner time



-he's itching to beat it for home". "Don't worry" said Mr. Citizen, "I understand horses". Now, that Citizen had on a fearfully sporty vest, -I wouldn't bite it for a week's pay, but I suspected that Walter would take it for golden OATS in a red feed bin.

No sooner was my back turned than Walter began that "nibble game". The Citizen thought it funny and stuck his vest out good and far. That was "nuts" for Walter. "Zip, rip-bing"! Off comes the shiniest button - Whirl about tail goes Walter. Away like the wind. A "bee line" for home five miles aff. When he gets to the stable he sticks his pretty head through the door and whinies for his dinner; as he does so a well-chewed fancy button drops on the floor.

HERE'S ANOTHER BUTTON STORY.

One day Walter and I were doing "traffic duty" on the "Avenue". Two well-dressed gentlemen passed in front of us. They stopped to pat Mr. Walter's nose. One of the gentlemen had on a DE-licious vest. "Look out for your buttons, Sir," I said warningly -"Pooh-pooh!" said he, "they're riveted on". Bing, rip, rip! off comes a button quicker than you could pick a cherry. Poke, sniff, snap! off comes another button. By that time the gentleman decided to go to a tailor shop - Walter looked disappointed and wanted to follow the gentleman right into the Tailor Shop. I could almost hear him say - "Cricky! but those were pow'ful good buttons".

4 WALTER STOPS A RUNAWAY—

ONE DAY WALTER AND I chased a RUNAWAY horse hitched to a light rig, which had a mean sort of a step sticking out further than was right. I don't remember how many blocks we chased that runaway (the blocks flew by too fast to count straight). It was long before we got neck and neck, Before I could grasp the runaway by the bit, or get a short hold of the reins, he gave ONE LAST SPURT; by doing so he gained on us. That sharp STEP, of course, gained too, and gave old Walter a bad cut across a cord of one of his hind legs. Walter got mad and we soon had that chap at a standstill. For punish-

ment, Walter gave him a biting along the neck and shoulders, that he would remember for many a long day and he wanted to land a couple of good hus-Ky KICKS too. So you see horses believe in fair punishment as well as YOU DO.

PETE THE HORSE

NOW HERE'S A GOOD STORY (it's funny) about a Horse friend of ours! My! but he was a beauty and a "wise one" too. He was as good as a Watch Dog and helped us Officers to get many a PIPE. This is how. (You Know it's against rules for us to smoke while on duty and if we got caught ~~ well, ~ something happened!)

Pete's rider would dismount and find a nice rock by the roadside, well out of public view. Then he'd settle down

for a comforting pull at his old pipe. Pete was turned loose to crop a bit of grass and to WATCH. These SMOKES happened when the officer was on NIGHT DUTY, when he couldn't see a dozen yards along the road. A VISITING OFFICER might loom up any moment, but Pete never let his rider get caught. When one of those officers came within danger distance, Pete would neigh, prick up his ears, and toss his head as much as to say, "DANGER - out PIPE, mount quickly". I tell you it didn't take two winks for that rider to get very busy about his duties, so that by the time "Visiting Officer" got within saluting distance everything looked OK.

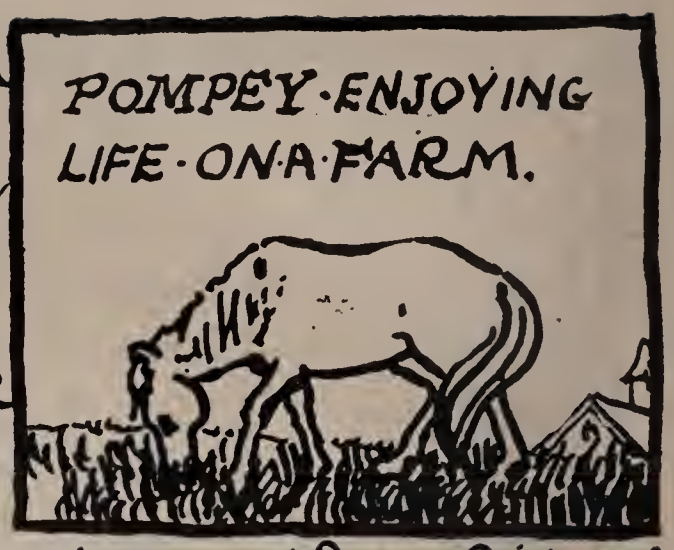
The tobacco "smoke" had cleared away. AND PETE WOULD NEVER "GIVE A CHAP AWAY".

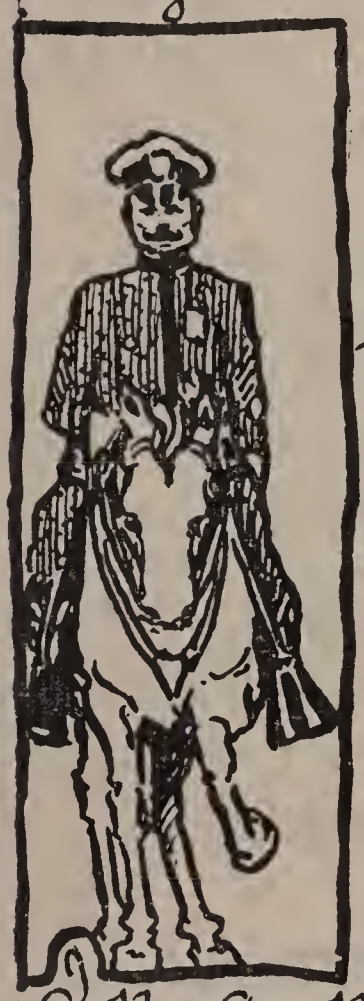
I am sure you won't tell either. I know it is wrong to disobey orders, and my only excuse is that - smokers will keep on wanting to smoke - so I advise you not to begin.

POMPEY HORSE

ANOTHER "character horse" was old POMPEY. He was very fond of women and children - he could hardly keep his silky nozzle off of them. Pompey was a born "mimic". If you said to him - "Hey! Pompey, do you like the ladies"? - he'd nod his head 'most off. Then you'd say - "How do the ladies walk, Sir?" - and off he would step, mincing along, head high, as pretty as you please. You'd die laughing to see him. Old Pomp was eighteen long years "under the saddle" and he was not retired, until he was badly injured doing his duty. Yes, both he and his brave

Grider were terribly thrown one day when stopping a bad runaway. Old Pompey was no good for service after that and he was sold at Auction, but, thank Goodness, he was "bought in" by his Rider. To this day the old fellow is leading the life of a Country Gentleman on a farm. I see him now and then. When I ride by on Walter Horse, Pompey whinnies over the fence saying - 'Hello! Boys, I did that once, how goes it down the line?"



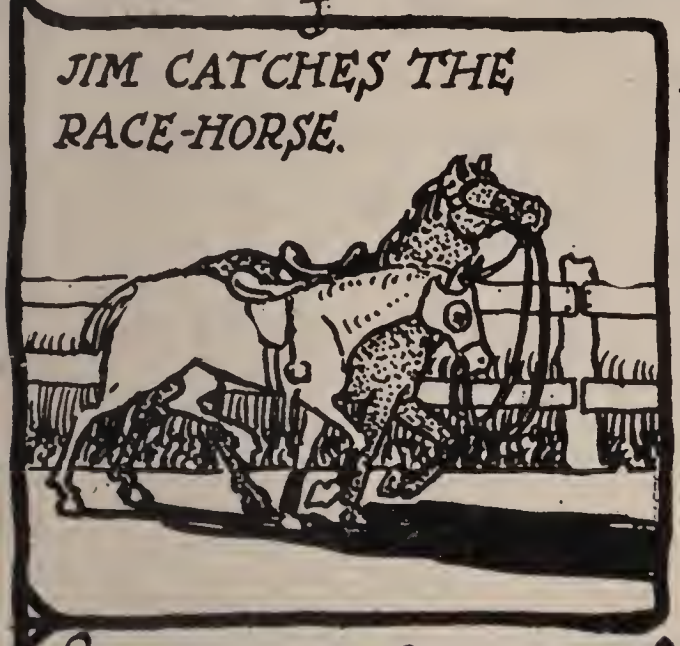


Dear Boy, can't you do something for the faithful old Police Horses that have served you and your Mothers and little Sisters? We Men dread the day that is sure to come when our horses are too old for service. Our old friends are sold at auction. Very few are as fortunate as Pompey. Most of them are bought by fruit vendors or small expressmen. They are bought "to be used up" in a month you wouldn't Know them. Think of that cruel month and the sad, forgotten END of your dumb FRIEND. Something ought to be done about it. I believe you Boys can help and I'm mighty sure John Martin wants you to - Well, no more about that SAD SUBJECT - it hurts us.

NOW FOR A SHORT STORY ABOUT JIM HORSE.

- Jim was another good old fellow - I remember how one day he was doing duty at the old Fleetwood Race Track.

One of the racing horses took the bit in his teeth and ran away like a mad thing around the track. No one could catch him. Jim was a great "runaway catcher" and though that one was none of "his business" off he bolts and within half a mile he catches the culprit.


JIM CATCHES THE RACE-HORSE.

Taking a short hold of the runaway's reins he calmly and proudly leads him straight to the Grand Stand, where he stops to show the folks how smart he was.

Jim's rider was named Jim too; both horse and man were proud to have the other's name; both are doing duty together today and I shouldn't wonder if you have seen them.

I could write to you all night about our horses, but it is near my bed time. Walter is bedded down and munches his oats contentedly.

Sergeant's Chevrons

Some day I want to tell you about "Imp Horse" who never would stand for a bridle in his stall, but a thread would keep him in his stall.

Then there was "Shanley Horse" - slow to go to work, fast going home. Then "Dart Horse" with the "wobbly-walk" - yes, yes, and dozens of other horses - but as I said I'm sleepy; duty begins early to-morrow morning.

I wish you would just watch our horses, then you will see what Kindness and a firm, just hand can

8 make of a horse - just watch our beautiful Bay Boys; I am sure you will agree with me that they don't deserve to end their days as "huxter's nags" in want and suffering. I have asked John Martin to typewrite a HORSE'S PRAYER at the bottom of this page; read it carefully, think it over. If you want more horse tales, let me know. Good night. Sleep tight, live right and ALL WILL BE WELL along the line -

Your sincere friend

Chas J Lyons.

Mounted Squad. Sergeant
New York City

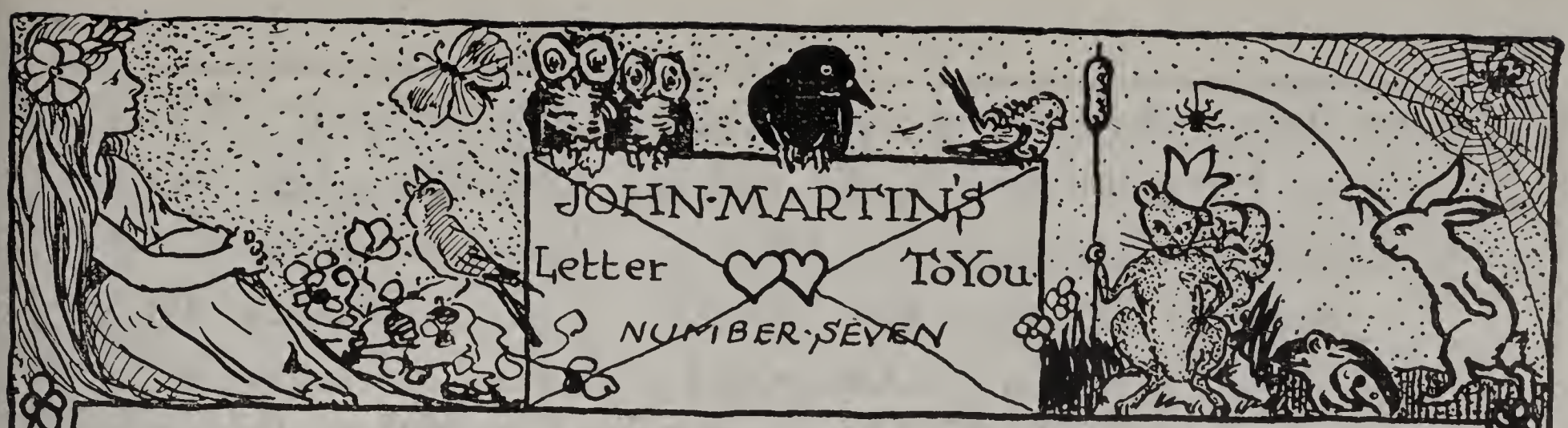
The PRAYER of a HORSE

TO THEE MY MASTER I OFFER MY PRAYER.... O, feed me, care for me. Do not jerk the reins; do not whip me when going up hill. Never strike, beat, or kick me when I fail to understand what you want of me, - just give me a chance to understand you. Watch me, and if I refuse to do your bidding, see if there is not something wrong with my harness. Do not give me too heavy loads, - I have a limit of strength as well as you. Never hitch me where water will drip on me. Keep me well shod, and well "sharpened" in icy times. Examine my teeth when I am "off my feed". I may have an ulcerated tooth, -- perhaps you know what that means. I am unable to tell you in words when I am sick, so watch me, and I will do my best to tell you by signs. Pet me sometimes, for a horse loves to be noticed and wants to love you. Protect me in summer from the hot sun. Keep a blanket over me in winter. Never put a frosty bit in my mouth; hold it in your hands a moment to save the skin of my tongue. I carry you, pull you, wait patiently for you long hours, day and night. I cannot tell you when I am thirsty, - see that I get water always, and in hot weather give it to me often, fresh and clean.

FINALLY. When my strength is gone and I become useless and broken down, instead of turning me over to a HUMAN BRUTE to be tortured and starved, take my life in the easiest and quickest way, and God will reward you in this Life and in the Life after this.

A M E N .

(Reprinted from "Our Dumb Animals".)



GIRLS SERIES, 5 TO 7 YEARS OLD

My DEAR

O, doesn't THAT big DEAR show how much I LOVE YOU, and doesn't it show how glad I am that I can write you a letter?

I have not written to you in a long time; that is because I went on a FAR AWAY journey. I went to the high SIERRA MOUNTAIN Land. Up in that land there were no steam cars, or trolley cars, or motor cars. That land had a nice, good smell. There were nice sounds too. It was summer time. I was happy and I wanted you to be with me. I had such fun. I can't begin to tell you of all the things I DID and SAW, but I must tell you of a little girl I found in the high mountains.

The little girl's NAME was MARJORIE She was a REAL QUEEN. She was the little Queen of the big, tall mountains and the big, high trees.

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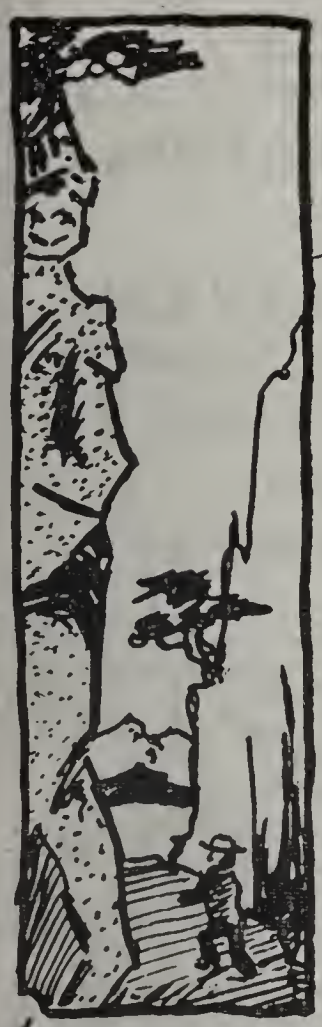
MORGAN SHEPARD, 42 WEST 39TH ST., NEW YORK

(2) all the birds and animals were her SUBJECTS too, but they followed her all about, because they loved her SO.

I shall have to tell you about Marjorie in poetry words; she always makes me feel like that. She has sweet, gentle eyes, and soft little hands and golden hair, that the sun gets caught into, but Mr. Sun likes that and stays there. SO THIS IS WHAT HAPPENED, and it's as TRUE as the blue SKY that looked down at QUEEN MARJORIE'S KINGDOM and these are the POETRY WORDS TELLING ALL ABOUT IT.

I WENT OUT WALKING ALL ALONE
FAR IN A LONELY WOOD.
THE TREES WERE HIGH AND TOUCHED THE SKY,
JUST AS A GIANT COULD.
THE BIG GRAY ROCKS ALONG MY WAY
WERE GRIM AND GRAY AND HARD,
AND WITH A FROWN EACH ONE LOOKED DOWN
LIKE SOLDIERS KEEPING GUARD.
BUT I SAW LOTS OF FLOWERS THERE
AMONG THE ROCKS AND TREES,
THAT TRIED TO CLIMB 'MOST ALL THE TIME
UP ON THE SOLDIERS' KNEES.
BUT EVERY SOLDIER STOOD QUITE STILL
AND DIDN'T SEEM TO MIND —
SO I SUPPOSE A *FLOWER* KNOWS
THAT ROCKS ARE GOOD AND KIND.
THEN *I* PASSED BY THE SOLDIERS GRAY,
BUT FIRST I *TIPPED MY HAT*,
FOR SOLDIERS *MIGHT* BE QUITE POLITE
AND LIKE A THING LIKE *THAT*.

AND I WAS RIGHT, THOSE SOLDIERS SMILED
AND EACH ONE *BOWED* TO ME,
WHICH SHOWED THAT THEY WERE ANY WAY
POLITE AS THEY COULD BE.



SO I WALKED ON AND ON AND ON,
UNTIL I CAME TO WHERE
THE MOUNTAINS HIGH 'MOST TOUCHED THE SKY
AND LOOKED ALL WHITE UP THERE.
AND THEN IT WASN'T VERY LONG
BEFORE A SEA I FOUND
THAT COULD BE SEEN FAR DOWN BETWEEN
THE ROCKS THAT STOOD AROUND.
AND THEN, MY *DEAR*, WHAT DO YOU THINK
I SAW GO SAILING PAST?
IT WAS A BOAT, I SAW IT FLOAT
AS FAST, AS FAST, AS FAST.
AND IN THAT BOAT THERE SAT A QUEEN,
QUEEN MARJORIE WAS SHE.
THAT BOAT WENT THRU THE WATER BLUE
AS NICE AS NICE COULD BE.
AND WHEN THE FISHES SAW HER PASS
THEY STUCK THEIR HEADS UP HIGH
SO THEY COULD SEE QUEEN MARJORIE
AS SHE WENT SAILING BY.

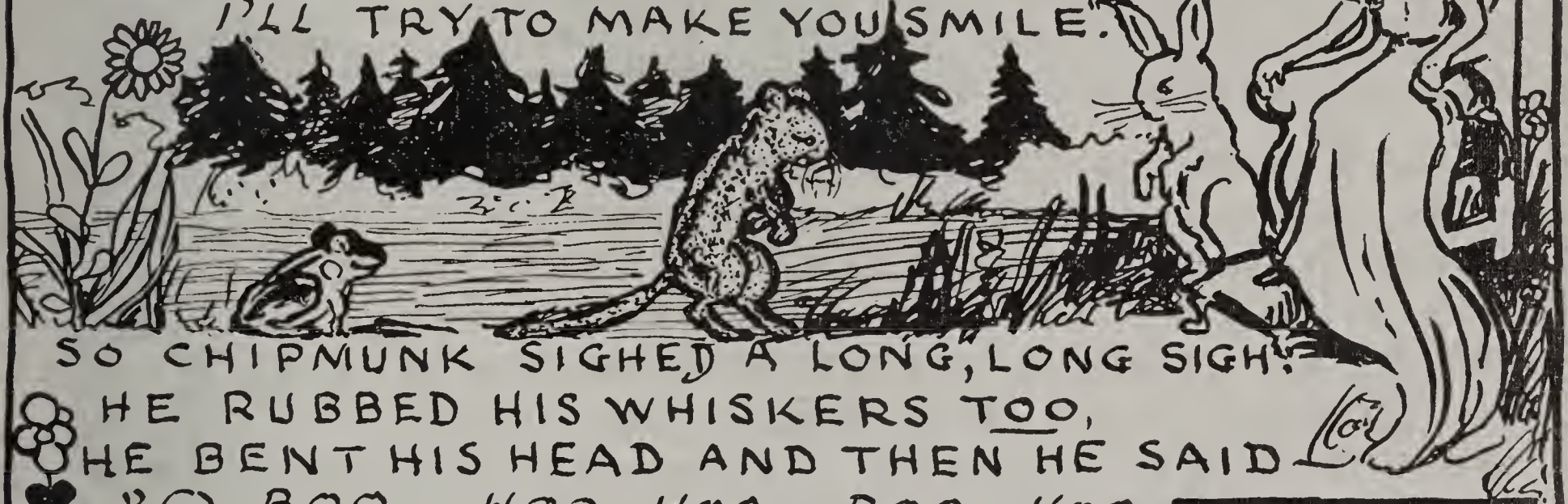
NOW, DEARIE, YOU MUST BEAR IN MIND
THAT MARGIE WAS A QUEEN;
SHE RULED HER LAND WITH GENTLE HAND
AS SHALL BE PLAINLY SEEN.
HER BOAT CAME TO AN *ISLAND* SOON,
WHERE MARGIE'S *CROWN* WAS KEPT.
HER CROWN WAS *GOLD*, AND I AM TOLD
ALL OVER *GEMS*, EXCEPT
THE ROUND, ROUND HOLE THAT WENT ON TOP
OF MARGIE'S PRETTY HEAD ~
RIGHT THERE, HER CROWN WAS SOFT AS DOWN,
AND COMFORTABLE INSTEAD.

QUEEN

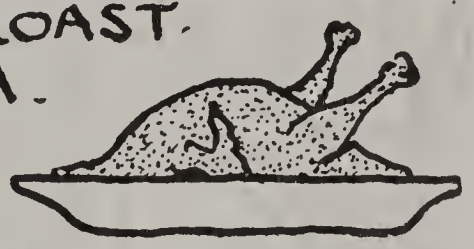
HER CROWN HUNG ON A NICE BIG TREE.
SHE PUT IT ON HER HEAD.
THEN ON HER THRONE, JUST ALL ALONE
SHE SAT RIGHT DOWN AND SAID:
"THIS IS MY KINGOM AND MY LAND,
AND O, I LOVE IT WELL.
MY SUBJECTS ALL, BOTH GREAT AND SMALL,
MUST COME TO ME AND TELL
ABOUT THE CARES THAT WORRY THEM
AND WHAT THEY WANT TO DO.
THEN THEY SHALL SEE THAT I CAN BE
BOTH JUST AND GENTLE TOO.
SO NOW, *DEAR* SUBJECTS, COME AND SIT
ABOUT ME IN A ROW
YES, ALL AROUND UPON THE GROUND
BECAUSE I LOVE YOU SO."

NO SOONER HAD OUR LITTLE QUEEN
SAID ALL THOSE ROYAL WORDS,
THAN FROM THE ROCKS AND STICKS AND STOCKS
HER SUBJECTS CAME IN HERDS.
THEY CAME, FROM CAVES AND DENS AND PITS;
THEY CAME FROM CRACKS AND *HOLES*;
THEY CAME ON WINGS AND FEET AND THINGS
IN SHOALS AND SHOALS AND SHOALS.
FIRST CAME A NOISY CAT BIRD WHO
DID YELL AND SCREAM AND YELL.
AND BIRDIES BLUE, AND SQUIRRELS TOO,
AND GOLDEN FISH AS WELL.
AND BUTTERFLIES WITH YELLOW WINGS,
A *BEAR* AND BUMBLE BEE,
AN OWL TOO THAT SAID "*HOW DO,*
MY DEAR MISS MARJORIE."

AND LAST OF ALL A CHIPMUNK CAME;
HIS COAT WAS BLACK AND BROWN.
HIS EYES WERE DIM (QUITE QUEER FOR HIM,)
HIS TAIL WAS HANGING *DOWN*.
THE POOR OLD THING WAS VERY SAD,
HE DIDN'T *SMILE* A BIT,
SO MARJORIE SAID PLEASANTLY~
"O CHIPMUNK, WHAT IS IT
THAT MAKES YOU LOOK SO VERY SAD,
WHAT MAKES YOU ACT SO BLUE?
FOR EVERY ONE COMES HERE FOR *FUN*,
JUST AS I TOLD THEM TO.
WHAT IS IT, SIR, THAT TROUBLES YOU?
CHIP UP A LITTLE WHILE.
COME IN-STANTLY, AND SIT BY ME,
I'LL TRY TO MAKE YOU SMILE."

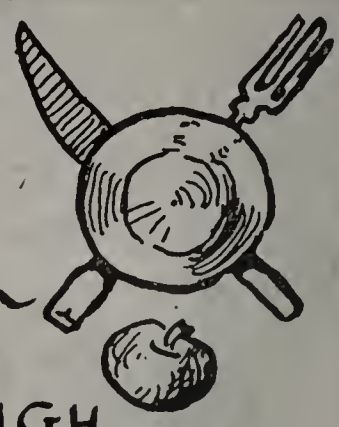


SO CHIPMUNK SIGHED A LONG, LONG SIGH;
HE RUBBED HIS WHISKERS TOO,
HE BENT HIS HEAD AND THEN HE SAID
"O BOO ~ *HOO* ~ *HOO* ~ BOO ~ *HOO*;
I WISH I HAD SOME MUSH AND MILK.
I'M *HUNGRY* ~ YES I AM.
I'D LIKE SOME TOAST AND TURKEY ROAST.
AND PICKLES STUFFED WITH JAM.
MY LITTLE TUMMY'S EMPTY- O!
WHAT SHALL I, *SHALL* I DO?
THAT MAKES ME SIGH AND THAT IS WHY
I ACT SO VERY BLUE".



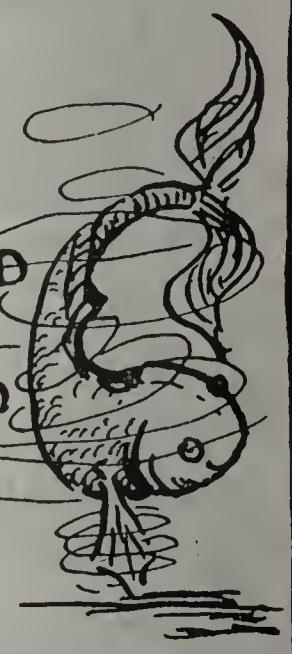
You see Dearie, "blue" folks make everybody uncomfortable. It's much better to laugh and sing and SMILE. If you do happy things, you are a FAIRY; everybody likes to have a FAIRY playing about. JTR

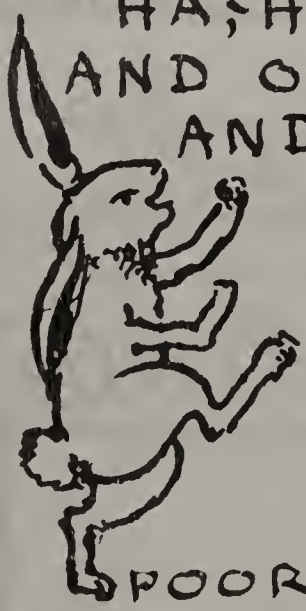
6. THEN LITTLE QUEEN WAS VERY SAD,
AND WITH A GENTLE SHOUT
SHE ORDERED MEAT AND THINGS TO EAT
AND SPREAD THEM ALL ABOUT.
AND THEN, TO CHIP SHE KINDLY SAID ~
"POOR DEAR HE HAS A PAIN,
SO STUFF AND STUFF, DO EAT ENOUGH,
THEN START *RIGHT IN AGAIN.*"



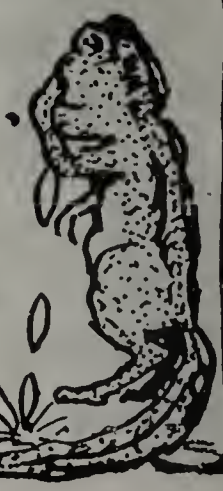
I don't think Marjorie
should have said that -
She should have said -
"EAT ENOUGH, BUT DON'T STUFF"
DON'T GET YOUR FACE AND
FINGERS STICKY, ONLY PIGGIES
GET FOOD OUTSIDE OF
MOUTHS". Isn't that SO?

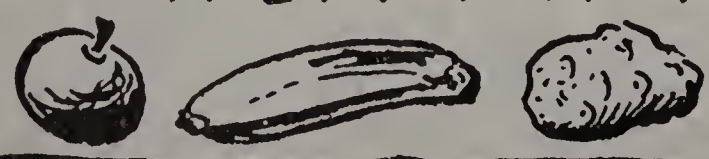
SO MASTER CHIPMUNK ATE AND ATE
TIL HE COULD EAT NO MORE,
THEN BOWED HIS HEAD AND SADLY SAID
"I'M HUNGRY AS BEFORE."
AT THAT, THE OTHERS GATHERED 'ROUND
BROKE INTO ROARS OF GLEE,
AND ROLLED AROUND UPON THE GROUND
SUCH PIGGISHNESS TO SEE.
SIR SQUIRREL WAVED HIS BUSHY TAIL, ~
"HA; HA; HE, - HO," SAID HE.
AND ON ONE *FIN* OLD FISH DID SPIN
AND BOUNCE MOST *BUMP*-TIOUS-LY.





OLD RABBIT WIGGLED BOTH HIS EARS,
AND DANCED A *KICKY* JIG.
THEN EVERY THING BEGAN TO SING:
"O, ISN'T HE A PIG?"
POOR CHIP LOOKED ON WITH DOLEFUL FACE.
HE SIGHED AN EMPTY SIGH;
HE SHED ONE TEAR, JUST VERY NEAR
A BIG FAT PUMPKIN PIE.

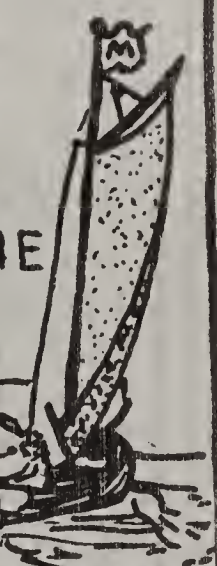




AND THEN HE SAID RE-PROACHFULLY ~
"DEAR FRIENDS, I'M GLAD YOU'RE GAY,
I'M GLAD TO FIND THAT YOU DON'T MIND
MY HUNGER ~ SO, GOOD DAY."
POOR CHIP WAS SAD, HE TURNED TO LEAVE,
HIS FEELINGS HURT HIM SO,
WHEN MARJORIE SAID ROYALLY ~
"O MISTER CHIP ~ DON'T GO."

AND TO HER SUBJECTS THEN SHE CRIED ~
"A DUTY WITH YOU LIES,
IT'S VERY BAD TO MAKE CHIP SAD ~
YOU MUST APOLOGIZE".
"WE WILL, WE DO", EACH SUBJECT SAID.
"SIR CHIP, YOUR APPETITE
"IS GRAND TO SEE AND NICE TO BE
AND ONLY WHAT IS RIGHT."
THEN SAID THE QUEEN ~ "PLEASE GIVE A CHEER
BEFORE YOU GO AWAY.
THEY SHOUTED ~ "HIP ~ HOO-RAY FOR CHIP
COME ON, OLD CHAP, AND PLAY."

CHIP FELT MUCH BETTER, SO HE SAT
UPON A JOLLY PILE
OF JAM AND PIE, NINE INCHES HIGH,
WHICH MADE THAT CHIPMUNK SMILE.
SO MARJORIE WAS VERY GLAD
AND SHE BEGAN TO SING.
SO EVERY ONE HAD LOTS OF FUN
AND DID 'MOST EVERY THING.
RIGHT AFTER THAT QUEEN MARJORIE
ASKED THEM TO KISS HER HAND.
AND EACH ONE DID AS HE WAS BID ~
IT WAS THEIR QUEEN'S COMMAND.



THEN LITTLE QUEEN STEPPED IN HER BOAT
AND SAILED AWAY, AWAY.
I SAT ALONE UPON A STONE
WITHOUT A WORD TO SAY.
PERHAPS SOME TIME WE'LL TAKE A WALK
UP TO THE MOUNTAINS BLUE
WHERE I HAVE SEEN THAT LITTLE QUEEN.
THEN SHE WILL PLAY WITH YOU.
So Dearie, that's all of my poetry words
about THE LITTLE MOUNTAIN QUEEN

8 Did I ever hear about Mr. Chipmunk again? Yes indeed I did. I went up to his house and his Mother told me he had a very bad tummy ache when he got home after the Queen's party. Doctor PIG took him to HIS house and

OLD Doctor PIG

Master Chip got so tired of Dr. PIG's medicines and manners, that he begged Mother to let him go back to his own nice little house again. After that he never was piggish or sulky and he smiled pleasantly all the time. So Queen Marjorie let him wear her crown every day after school - and Chip was proud.

·CHIP·WAS·PROUD·

I saw Queen Marjorie too, and she said - "Give that little girl of yours my nearest and dearest and most royal-ous LOVE".

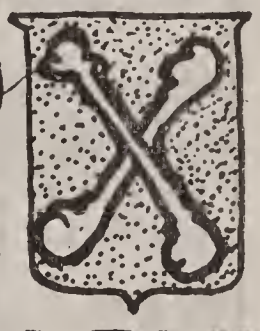
Good bye, little Dear.
(I'm sorry to go.)
Your loving
John Martin

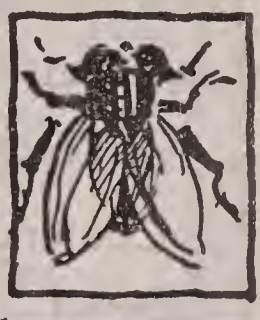
John Martin's Letter To You
Number Seven.

GOOD DOG DAY.
The PLEASANTH.

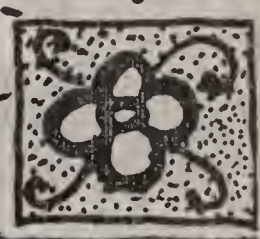
GIRLS SERIES, 7½ TO 10 YEARS OLD

Mydear Please don't be frightened when I say - I am just a DOG. Men call me a Great Dane. My name is "Fortus". ("Fort" for short). I have a good dog-story to write you, but before I get to that I would like to tell you how it happens that I am writing to you. I am not fond of talking about my own deeds but I have promised to tell the story, so I will. I promised a Dog and a Man. I will tell you how I became acquainted with those two. One day last summer, I went walking with my little Mistress Florence, who is only five years old; her parents know that the child is safe with me, (no dog, or man questions that.)





We walked along a shady trail that ran beside a noisy stream until we came to some thick brush. Someone strange was beyond that brush. I felt my back bristles tingle, my nose caught the "Stranger Smell" but not the



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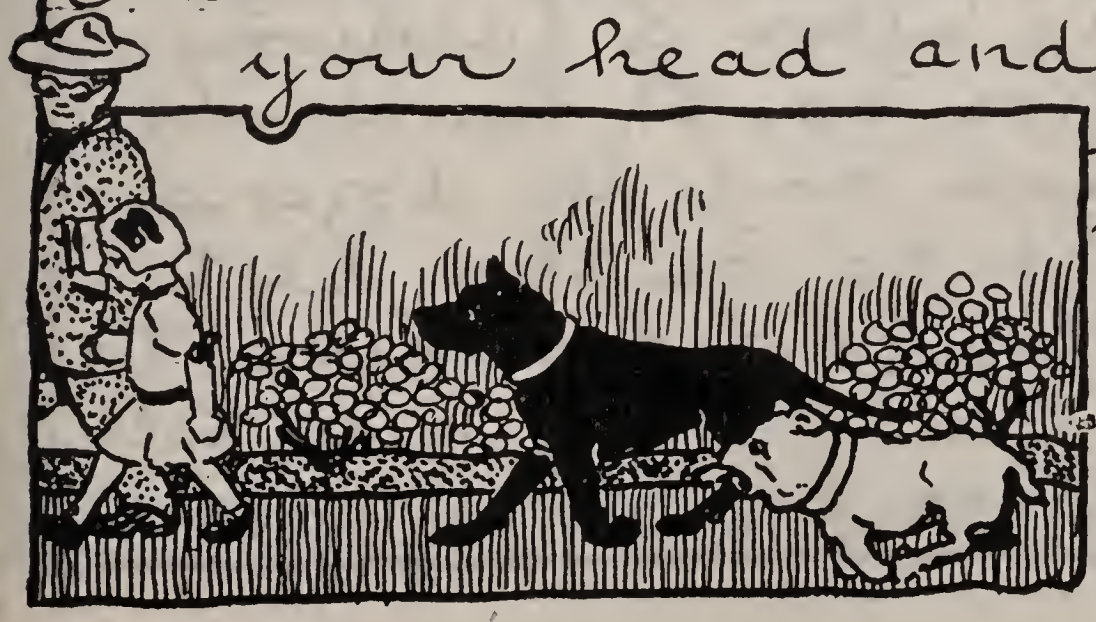
2. Danger Smell". I got "ready" and pushed through the tangle. There was a Man reading a book and a Dog taking care of the Man; the moment he saw me, he came my way wagging the "Alert Wag" (so did I). Then he stood sidewise to do the "Stiff Greeting" (I did too). He was a bandy-legged Bull Dog. His eyes were large, brown, and Kind, but they had a cheerfully "ready" look in them. He said - "How's the DAY for you, Big One? Feel like bein' Friends, Sir?" I eyed him carefully and replied - "It's a good DAY, Little Chap. I am glad to make friends". We both then touched noses and wagged that dear, old, slow "Friendship" wag, and he introduced me to the Man. The Man was your friend John Martin, who Knew how to talk "Dog-gish". The Dog was Bully Bottles; he was a Kitten in size and weight compared to me and doubtless I could have done for him in a jiffy, but as I looked him over, I was rather glad I didnt have to. I felt sure his friendship was worth having. I lay down near John Martin, who was talking to my little girl about fairies and things that did not interest me at all

but Florance seemed happy, so I was content. By and by Florence got "familiar" with Master Bottles, so I strolled over their way, to be on hand in case Bottles should "snap", (I always punish a "snapping dog"), but Martin smiled and said - "Lie down, Sir. He is all right". Such a tumble game those two had, and I was almost sorry I was so big. It was easier for my little Florence to maul Bully Bottles.

After that we went to my home, all of us. Florence's Mother gave Bottles and John Martin food and drink; she liked those two. Martin said "Good bye" to us and Bully looked sorry to leave my little girl, (I loved him for that.) I escorted my new friends to the end of our home trail, and before Martin passed on, he leaned over and said - "Fort, I've heard that story about how you saved your little girl's life. I know all about those "fire scars" on your head and back. Now, I want you to tell that story (just as it happened) to my little girl. I will give you her



address. Will you do that for me? I promised and Bully wagged his crooked tail. So, that is how I came to be writing to you, little girl, and here is the STORY OF HOW A DOG SAVED A CHILD FROM BEING BURNED IN A *FOREST FIRE.*

FROM my earliest puppy days I have lived with Man and Woman Rogers (the parents of Florence). They are poor people and live in a very humble little cabin which stands in a clearing, surrounded by a deep forest.

Mrs Rogers is always very busy, as poor people always are, so, from the first day that I could be depended upon, Florence was left in my care. She was a tiny, soft baby when I first took charge of her. O, how she has grown since then! She is no longer a light burden when she insists on a gallop when we play. "Jog away, jog away, Doggie can be quite a fine Horsie for babies like me", but I always managed to get along after a fashion, because I loved her so. O, hundreds of games we played, and in dozens of ways I proved to be the best Kind of a Protector (I didn't like to be called a Nurse), but I will not tell about those matters, for that is not

part of my Story. In our California country we have what is called the "Dry Season". From May until September we seldom have a drop of rain, and the whole World becomes as dry as last year's hay or sun-baked shavings - the forest even smells dry. At this time fires are sure to break out. Green forests are swept away and cruel black tracks only remain, spiked all along with charred tree trunks that hold their arms up to the blue sky, that looks down as though nothing sad had happened. Homes, too, are licked up and nothing remains but forlorn chimneys to tell the said story (but they tell the stories to us).

Last August, such a fire raged over on the mountain ridge to the north of us. We had watched the smoke for days rolling yellow clouds but as long as the wind held to the West, we would be safe. One day a grimy, tired messenger came, asking help for the North Ridge fire fighters. Men, women and even children were needed. The Rogers must go. I should take care of Florence. We two were left in the cabin and the door was latched upon us - O, what a mistake, as you shall see. I rushed to the door and scratched, but my master called back, "Be a good Dog; watch old

Fort, watch and hurried away to join the fire fighters. For a long, long time Florence and I played house games; most of all she loved to "dress me up" or make me play "lady" by tying an old blue ribbon about my neck - which I didn't so much mind, but a green bow around my tail seemed out of place. By and by Florence fell asleep with her little arms around my neck.

Very soon a smell of smoke stung my nose. I went to the window. The wind had turned and was blowing fiercely from the NORTH. The North Ridge fire was driving down upon our strip of forest. Already, a thick, rolling, whirling cloud of yellow-gray smoke hid the blue sky above our clearing. A cruel blast of heat came through the window out of which I watched. The fire was eating up the forest and would soon sweep over the clearing where our cabin stood! My little girl was in great danger. I pawed the closed door madly, but could not open it. The upper sash of the front window was partly down, the lower sash

was down, I could not raise it. Little Girl was crying, for fear had hold of her too; her terror drove me wild. I snarled fiercely, breaking the window glass and frame with my paws and head and jaws, and to make a big opening through the window, I jumped out and in the hole I had begun with jaws and paws.

There was no time to explain; I grabbed Florence by her dress, where it was loose at the waist and plunged through the broken window. Rushing to the center of our clearing I stood dazed, sore, and half blinded by smoke. Florence hung limp as her little rag doll from my jaws. Near by me stood a deer, trembling, and his big eyes were staring and full of terror. A Jack Rabbit, all singed, rushed between my legs. The fire made a terrible roar over the whole world and a heat that made me sick. (O, I must not tell it all to you). We two, three, four creatures were surrounded by fire. Just when I gave up hope I heard through the fire roar a scream, a wild clapping of hands, a familiar whistle and my Master calling - "Here Fort, here Fort". Blinded, burned, beaten I rushed towards those dear sounds.

It seemed a dog's age before I reached the spot where the Rogers and a few others were waiting; it was a little strip of forest the flames had skipped. We hurried out of the ring of fire. My little girl was safe.

Florence was only a little burned

So she was soon as well as ever, and if you should see her today, you could not believe that she had ever been so near death. She grows dearer every day. As for me, I was sick a long time - three days, but I was very sore for three weeks. I have some fine scars on me where the hair will never grow again and one of my eyes bothers me, which makes a ROW a little uncertain - but as I am a peaceful sort of a dog, I do well enough. Every one makes a great deal of me, which I can't understand. I have a heavy silver collar with fancy writing on it, but I hate to wear it - it looks so "show off".

The other day they made me march in the Fireman's Parade with a lot of flowers around my neck (O, I felt silly.) All the people shouted and clapped their hands; the Band played a tune that made me want to howl. I can't imagine Bottles enduring such nonsense. Good bye, little girl.

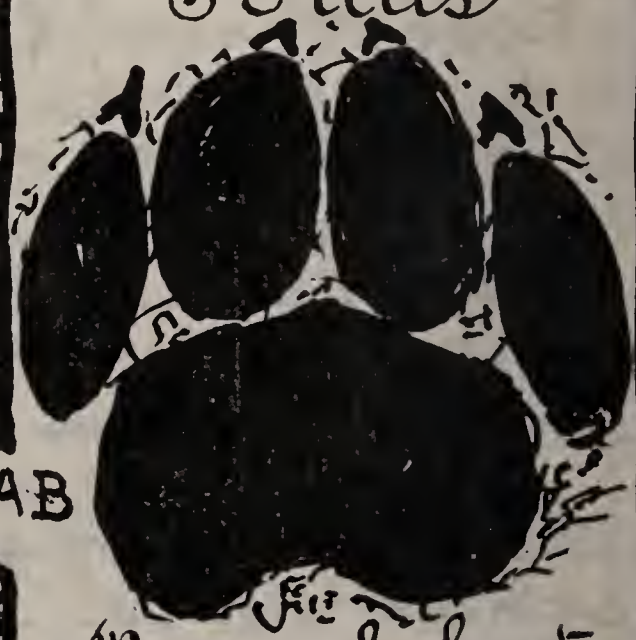
Please give us Dumb Chaps a kind and helpful thought, for WE LOVE YOU.

Your friend
Fortus

A DOGGIDAVIT. (AFFIDAVIT)

All that old Fort wrote to you is true. He is a GOOD DOG. I don't want to "row" with him, but I'd "row" for him: in proof thereof, I hereunto DAB my picture and my honorable seal.

B.B.



My real foot print is much bigger than THAT.

F.

RUN-AWAY Day 7th.

BOYS
SERIES,
5 TO 7
YEARS OLD

MY dear The other day, I read a BOOK; it was all about a little GERMAN Boy. The little boy was not a very GOOD little boy- neither was he SO VERY BAD as he was a "Betwixt and Between" boy, just like lots of us.

He decided one day to run away, but his Father said "You'd better stay home and be a Good, contented boy. HOME is a very comfortable place. There are lots of things to DO, and plenty of fun to HAVE, right at home." Then the little boy's father puffed at his long pipe and said "A-h-h-h. yum" over his tall Beer Mug, which is the way all German Papas behave when they tell YOU to be "contented". The little Boy's name was "MUCK!" (Isn't that a funny name?) but he got cross just the same, and got into a bad temper too. He flounced out of his HOUSE and it was many a long day before he saw HOME again because

THIS IS WHAT HAPPENED.

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So Young Mucki strutted to and fro, he growled and he frowned; he stamped upon the parlour floor and whirled his stick around. By this, he proved that he was cross and rather cranky too, for that's what naughty German boys are very apt to DO. Forth from his Father's house he strode across the flower beds and as he went, his whirling stick CHOPPED OFF THE FLOWERS' HEADS. (All of which was BAD tempered, to say the least ~ JM.) Said he: "I'm bound to see the WORLD, so I will run away and when I'm gone, I need'nt care what Daddy has to say." So off he bolted, stick in hand, straight through the Poultry yard, which made the chickens and the ducks just QUACK and CACKLE hard.

At last he came to BILLY Goat who stood before the GATE, and Billy said- "Why do you RUN? Is anybody late?" "G-wan", said Mucki haughtily, and then he tried to STRUT right OVER Mr. Billy Goat, but Billy gave a butt that bounced young Mucki high and dry on top of GRUNTER'S back. He turned three summer SAULTS and O, he landed with a whack. Which is ~

EX-ACT-LY what I EX-pected to happen-. Old Billy looked

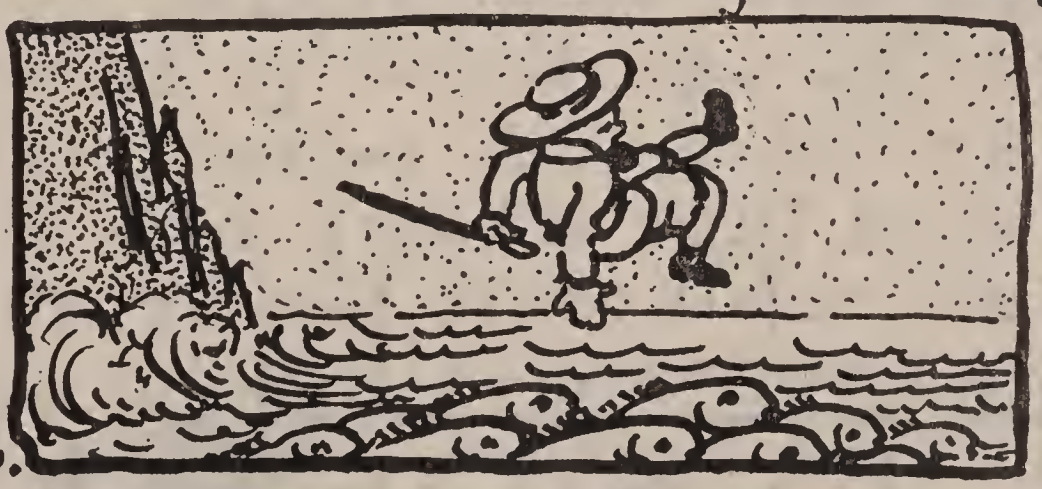
quite happy when he'd done that piece of work; — he grin-ned above his WHISK-ER and he jerked his tail a jerk. "Mi-ja-mi-yie" said Billy Goat, "That was a clever stunt," but Grunter didn't like it much; he gave a grue-some GRUNT.

Old Grunter's bristles stood straight up, so sad and mad was he. Just like a cross Electric Pig, he galloped towards the SEA. But when he saw

the Ocean Waves come rushing up the beach, he stopped off short with all his legs and gave a piggish screech.

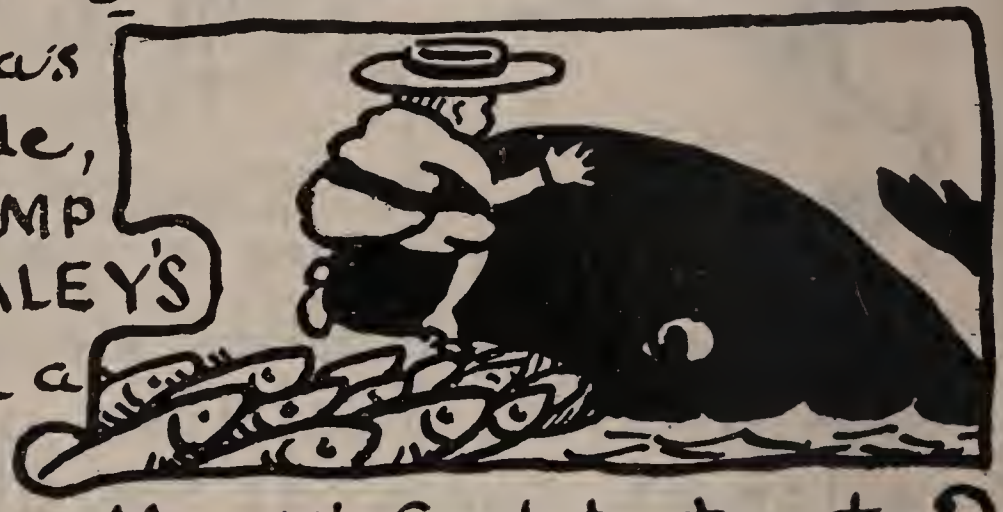
Then off went Mucki, *zim-Ka-zoon*, off through the salt sea air. He landed on a School of Fish that went to school right THERE.

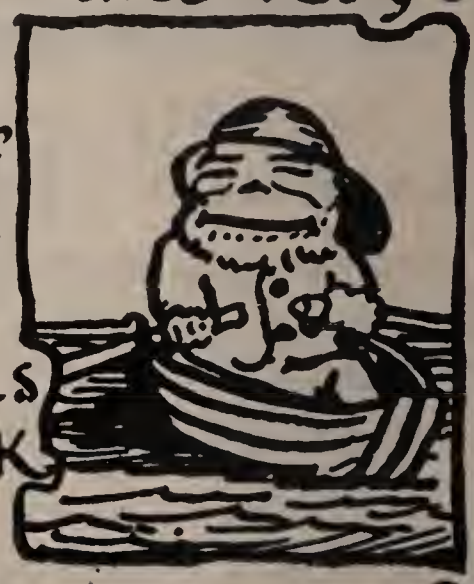
Ofcourse that SCHOOL was greatly scared and swam away to sea; which is EX-actly what **I'd DO** if Mucki fell on ME.

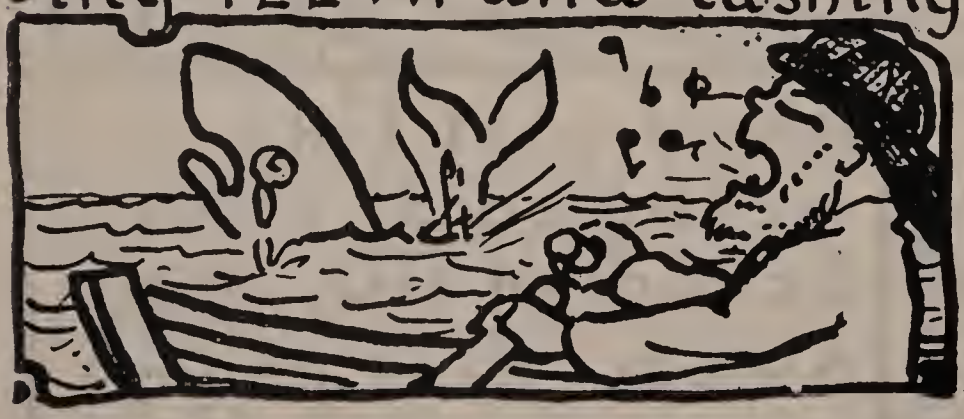


Away, just like a motor boat, that School of Fish did swim, and as for

4 Mucki, he was scared, and that was good for him. That School of Fish went on and on until they saw a WHALE - a great, big monstrous hungry one, who waved his horrid tail. The School of Fish could plainly see his mouth was open wide, which meant of course that they must swim, without a word, inside (which I do not think was pleasant. M.) But, as the FISHES swam inside, young Mucki gave a JUMP and on the top of WHALEY'S head, he landed with a bump. Old Whaley's head was slippery, so Mucki had to try to hang on tight, because he spied a SHARK come swimming by. *Just then* an honest Fisherman sailed o'er the ocean blue ~ a fine heroIC fisherman ~ and very handsome too. He sang a Sailor sort o' song; the words I can't repeat, but this I Know and Know quite well, it was so loud and sweet that Mr Shark shed tubs o' tears and wailed a sharkful wail, then rushed away with gnashing TEETH and lashing, splashing TAIL. (Which is what any one would do who has a lashing, splashing tail to show how they feel about MUSIC. M)







But as for Whale, he waved his tail and ramped around with glee, so Mucki had to tumble in the romping, rolling sea. But handsome Mr. Fisherman was there to fish him out, which he just DID quite kindly, with a loud heroIC shout.

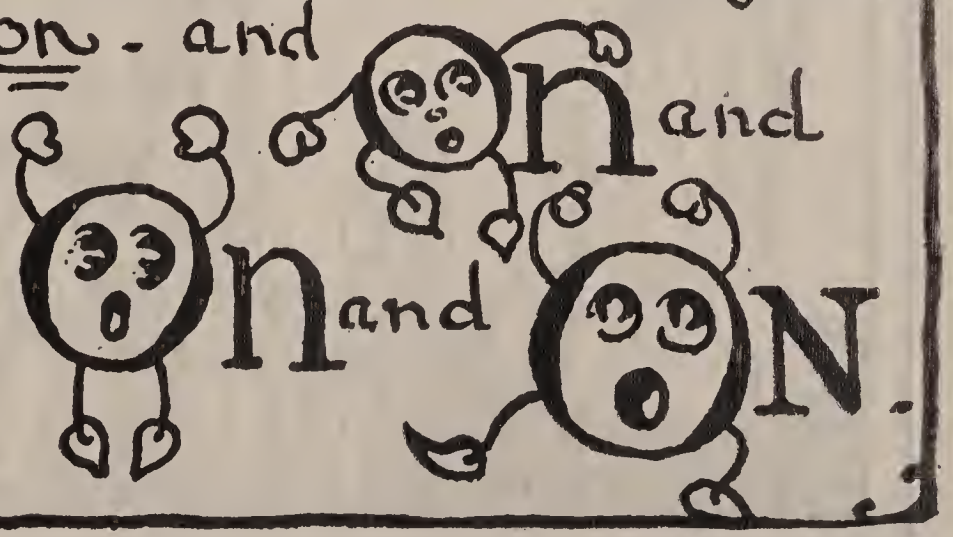
THEN Mucki and the Fisherman sailed almost everywhere until they saw a lot of things poke far up in the air. That "lot of things" were houses tall that rubbed and scraped the sky. They raked and scraped the stars all off and Mucki wondered WHY. (So do I, let's ask Mr. Roosevelt - he knows.)

All 'round that place there was a roar of every noisome noise, so brave, HEroIC Fisher said - "THIS is no place for BOYS". AwAY they went until they came to OLD Kentucky, where the grass is BLUE as any-thing, which made young Mucki stare. As Mucki looked at all the grass, which was quite strange, of course, a Sleepy Cow-boy chanced to pass, astride a lanky horse. That Sleepy Cow-boy dreamed a dream, he dreamed the dream that he was quite a bad KID-NAPPER Man, as nappish as could be. So it was very natur-al for him to quickly grab that Mucki boy from Fisherman

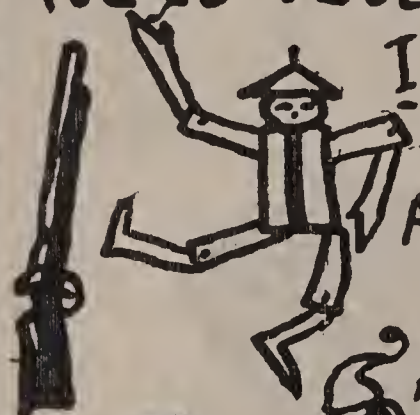
Gwith such a narpish nab. Away he gal-
loped o'er the grass. His horse was rather
slim, and so it wasn't com'ftable to bounce
on top of him. On, on they went; on, on they
sped; on, on they rode some more,
and it was something terri-
ble to hear that Cowboy snore.
(Really, Dear, it was. JM.)
At last he snored so rough a
snore ~ so rough and gruff
that he fell off his
lanky Broncho
horse beneath a
YUCCA tree. To Mucki
from his dream, he roared ~ "Now YOU good
watch shall Keep, while I go on and fin-
ish up my fine, EX-citing sleep". But Mucki
was SO tired out, so bumped and
black an' blue, that Mucki thought
he'd take a nap and snore a
little too. While all those SNORES
were going on, a *bright red* Red-
man crept *'most carefully* across
the plains, to where young Mucki
slept. That Redman grinned a
WARful grin; he whooped a WARsome whoop,
and gathered Mucki from his NAP with just
one scoopsome SCOOP.
Then off upon his lanky
nag he galloped o'er the
plain, which gave poor
Mucki several more
good bouncey bumps AGAIN.
(I said "good bumps". JM.)

At last a big, black BUFFALO ran right across their trail; he had a lumpy, humpy back and quite a stumpy tail. This ancient grumpy Buffalo EX.cited Redman so that he just made a great mistake and let young Mucki GO. So that gave Mucki just the chance he wanted for a jump, right to the middle, on the top of Buffalo's big hump. Of course that ancient Buffalo was full of shocked surprise, which Mucki could quite plainly see flash from his angry eyes.

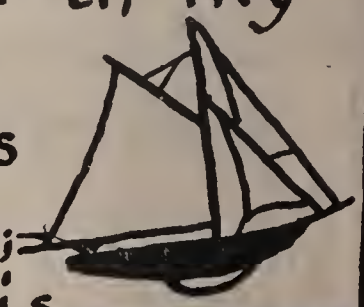
Away he went like thunder rolling o'er the desert plain. He galloped and he lumbered and he humped with might and main. Away he tore and blundered, and away he bumped till he came to a cliff that frowned upon the nice Pacific Sea. What else he did I dare not say ~ perhaps I'll tell anon; but as for Mucki ~ O, dear me! he kept a-going on. and

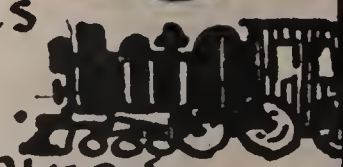


8 There, dear Boy I will leave Mucki going ON, because I don't want to tell you all Mucki's RUN-AWAY adventures in ONE letter; it wouldn't be good for you or for him. But I'll say this much more— by this time Mucki was very sorry he had Run away from Home, but like all naughty boys he was sorry first and got his punishment next, so he Kept going ON to get it — that happens to me very often. Shall I tell you about it in my next letter? Let me Know. ☆

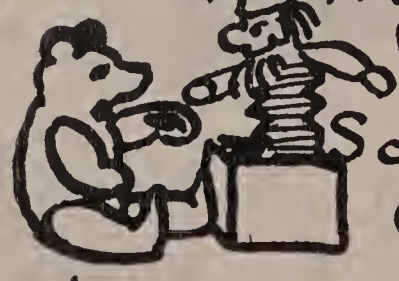


I think it's best for little boys
To stay at HOME and play;
A great deal better than it is
For Boys to RUN AWAY.





At HOME there are a lot of things
For little MEN to do.
So I should think they'd like to stay
And DO them — shouldn't YOU?



That's all I will say today. I am going to play Indian — GOOD Indian — with two little Boys. We are going to make an INDIAN CAMP. O, I wish you could come too. Good bye, good boy —

Your loving old
Friend
John
Martin

BOYS
SERIES,
7½ TO 10
YEARS OLD

MY HOUSE, JOY-DAY (3rd)

My dear I sometimes think loving a Boy very much (as I love you) is apt to make a fellow jealous - and jealousy is a bright-green and bad sin.

A great many people have wanted to write to you since I began, but when I think of skipping a whole, long month, I get a selfish feeling about it (which is a light-green sin). But this month I am not jealous and I won't be selfish, even if someone else is going to write to you - that is - I am going to copy a letter that was sent to ME, but I suspect that it was intended for YOU. An old Friend sent that letter. His name is JACKRAE. He draws wonderful-and-beautiful-to-look-at pictures. He is the right kind of an ARTIST, for he sees the pictures in his HEART first, then, with his head and his smart fingers, he "makes" the pictures for little Boys and big chunky Magazines. But the best thing about JACK RAE is his love for boys like you and a certain MAGIC he has inside of him, he knows how to BE a BOY.

When he feels that way he sits down and writes a letter TO a boy or to me (for I have a little MAGIC too). So that is how I happen

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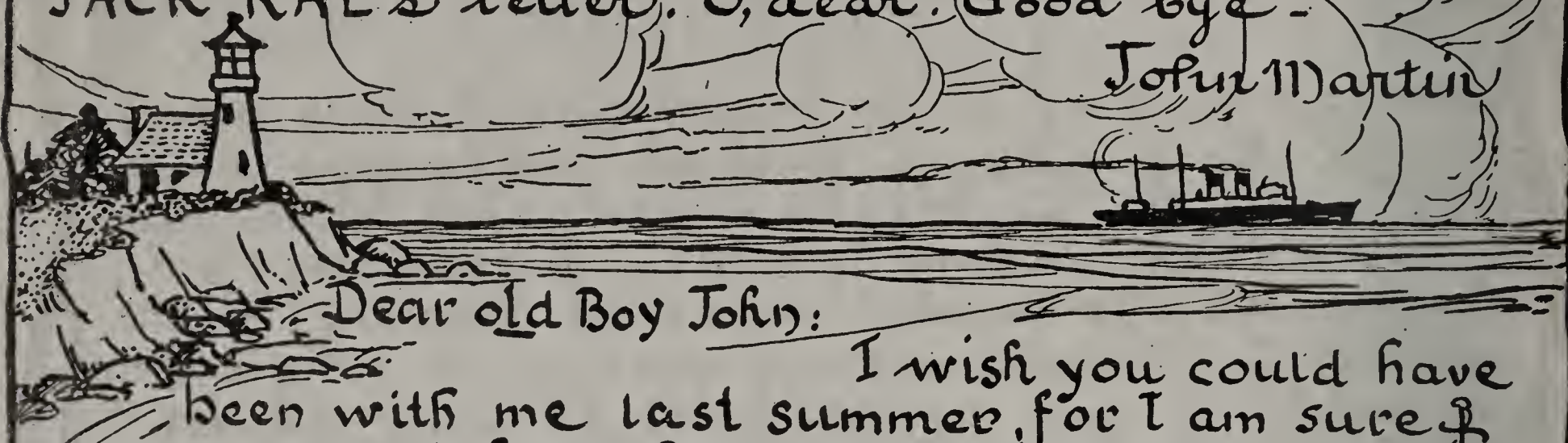
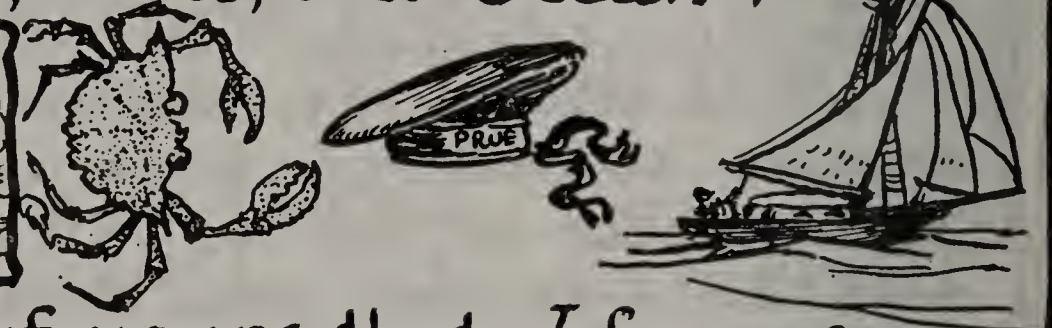
to have the "Sailor Man" Letter I copy for you. [Hump! JACK Knew perfectly well I would send it on to you; he was listening when I said I was going to write to you this month. he Knew I couldn't help it. But there, I must'nt get bright-green jealous or light-green selfish.] So here comes the END of ME and here begins JACK RAE's letter. O, dear! Good bye.

John Martin

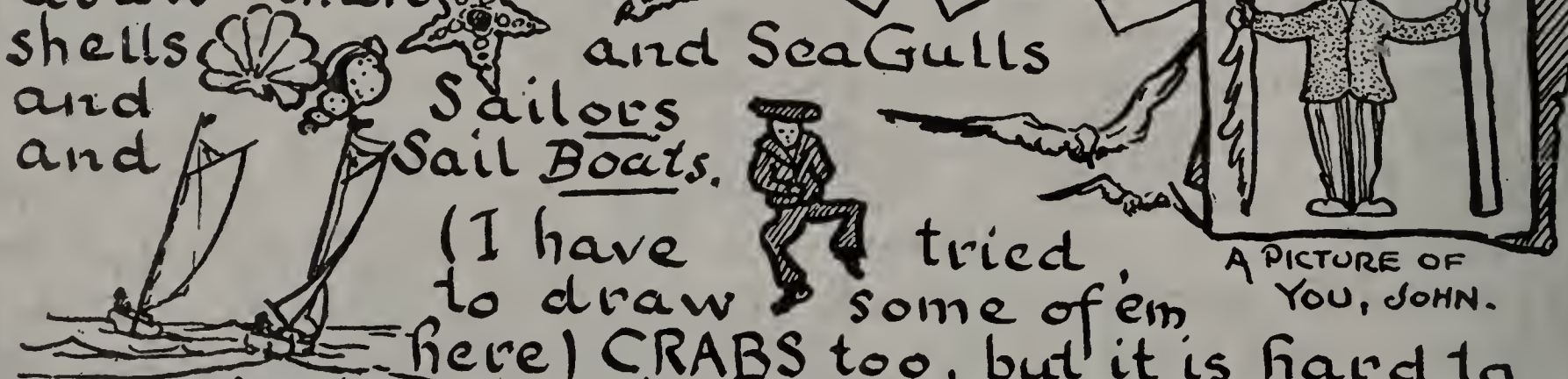


Dear old Boy John:

I wish you could have been with me last summer, for I am sure you would have had a lot of exciting ADVENTURES to tell your boys about (the boys you write such long, lively letters to), and besides, you could make so many fine pictures of the things one sees down by the wonderful, cold, old Ocean.

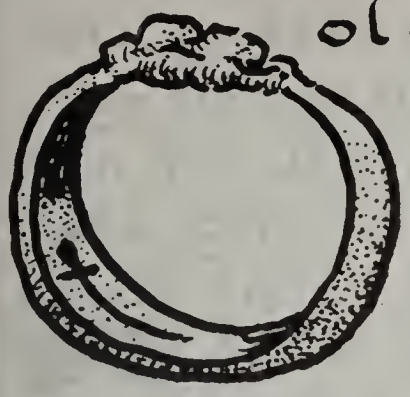


All those letters of yours that I have seen have been full of little pictures, and really, there is nothing more fun to draw than shells and Sailors and Sail Boats. and SeaGulls



A PICTURE OF YOU, JOHN.

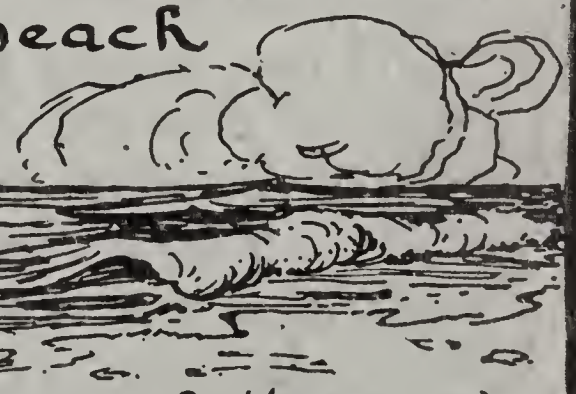
(I have tried, to draw some of 'em here) CRABS too, but it is hard to make them look like crabs and not like SPIDERS or BUGS.

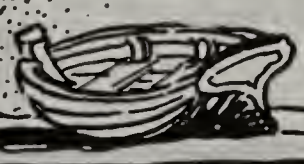


THE SILVER RING

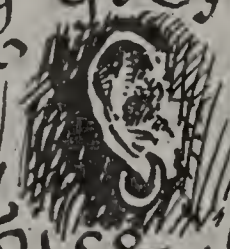
I think I've told you before about my old Silver Ring with the "dagger mark" on the inside of it; the ring, you know, that I found on the beach one day last year while I was looking for "cork-screw" shells for Tom's collection. (I'll tell you a lot more about that some day, for *really*, John old Boy, that ring is a silver WIZARD for bringing strange ADventures). Well, every time I put that silver ring on the little finger of my LEFT hand, and GO for an ADVENTURE walk, something strange and interesting is bound to happen.... It's queer, but I never have an adventure if the ring is on the little finger of my RIGHT hand. The ring can't endure my RIGHT hand pinkey, it always slips off. If I ever learn the reason, I'll tell you, (I bet it's a good reason.)

Well, now for that particular "something" I want to tell you about ☆ "happened" on a grey, salty day. I had the Silver Ring on the right finger of my LEFT hand, which of course was my left pinkey (which was the right finger - you understand). On that day, I met the OLD MAN WITH *ONE* EARRING!!! I had been walking slowly along the beach listening to the talk of the Ocean and whittling out a little schooner for my boy friend Jim. As I came near the "Big Rocks" I heard another sound mingling with the sound of the Ocean (and the two sounds mingled very well). THERE





A on a grey old rock sat a grey old man with a twinkling grey eye and a gold earring in his RIGHT ear.



He winked at me very slowly with his LEFT eye, looked slyly at my LEFT pinkey and continued singing in a "deep-sea" voice. (IT was the sound that mingled with the Ocean sound) He SANG THIS

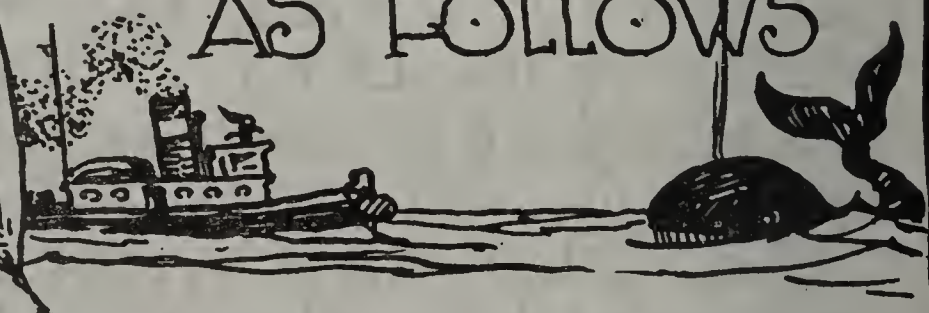
"T'is a hundred years," said
the bos'n bold,
"Since I was a boy at sea.
"T'is a hundred years, so I've
been told,
"And that is the truth," said he.

The Old Man with One Earring stopped his singing and chuckled when he saw me, but he said "Wich same reminds me o' my own adventures when I was a boy at sea". I didn't say anything, for a sea-faring man does not like to be interrupted (especially when starting to spin a yarn) and neither do you or I.

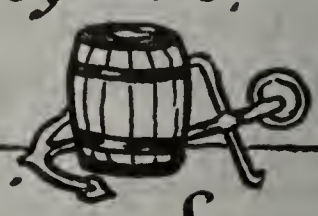
He cleared his throat with a thunderous clear, scratched his left ear with his right forefinger, winked at me again very, very slowly. All these signs proved that he belonged to OUR club and then he told me

THE TRUTHFUL TALE OF THE TUG BOAT WHALE

AS FOLLOWS



ON my werry first voyage, said the Old Grey Salt,
"Board the Schooner Prancin' Prue
(A loaded with Kegs of wooden legs)
This happened – it's gospel true.



We was dead becalmed on the Solomon Seas
When seventy-two days out,
With nary a breeze the to'gallants to tease;
We was fidgity 'nuff to shout!

"Fer morein a month we just lay to,
An' weary we all becomes;
With nothin' to do, the Captin an' crew
Just sat an' twiddled their thumbs.
The wust of it was that an old he whale
Kept hangin' around the ship,
An' it made us bile for to see
the SMILE
That twisted his shiney lip!

WELL, Lariat Larry, the second mate,
One mornin' shouts "Hip, hurroo!"
He'd been Cowboy once an' he
was no dunce
At thinkin' up things to DO.

"I've a Great Idee fer passin' the time"
Says Larry - "Let's catch that whale"!
Then without adoo gets his long lassoo
And climbs to the after rail.
He swings that rope an' he gives a sort
Of a sea-goin' Cowboy hail.
By Commodore Harry!! Old
Lariat Larry
Has the critter fast by the tail.
Then just as if, instead of a Whale,
He lassooed a short-horn steer,
He hitched it fast to the mizzen mast
An' we all of us gives a cheer.

Then he yells - "Bring all o' them wooden legs
Up out o' the wessel's hold."
He'd a bright idee as we all could see,
So we done just as we was told.

Then he started flingin' 'em, one by one,
Right front o' that mad old whale

An' off we went, like our sails was bent
To a regiler nor.east gale.

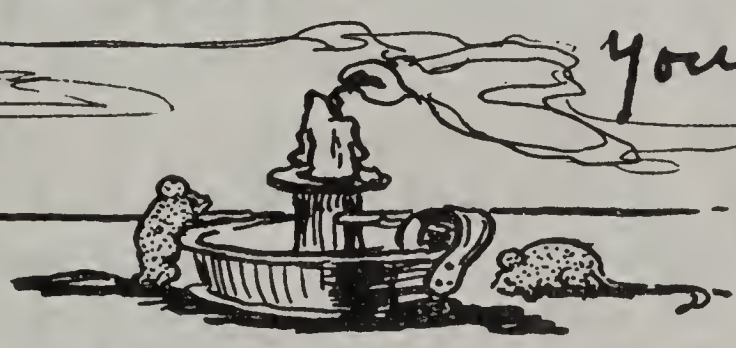
Fer whales just dotes on
them hickory legs
Like you and me loves our pie.
An' when I have time, in a rollickin' rhyme
I'll tell you the reason why.

That whale lit after them wooden legs
(An' we bein' hitched onto he).
Came tearin' to port - it was werry good sport.
As any true sailor'd agree.
Did we skin that whale an' bile him to ile
Fer towin' us safe to home?
No, we said "Thank'e" an' away went he
A-thrashin' the sea to foam.
Did I ever see that critter again?
Jest onst, in the Solomon Sea:
'T was the same old whale with a rope on his tail
HITCHED FAST TO A HICKORY TREE.

THE Old Man With One Earring would no doubt have spun me other yarns, but just as he finished this "Truthful Tale" I heard a far-away ting-a-tong-a-ting-a-tong, which told me that supper was ready. Well, you know how hungry you get down at the sea shore. I had a good deal to digest that evening - in the *first* place, that *TUG BOAT WHALE*, and next *PANCAKES* and honey [which Helen told me we were to have that night] so, you'll understand why I did'nt wait for any more yarns that day.

The Old Man With One Earring told me many other yarns after that. I wonder if your Boy Friend — — I mean, would YOU like to hear some of them, if so, get him — — I mean *you* must let me know. Good night! from

your old friend
John Rae
(usually Jack)



PS Say, John: do you like pancakes and HONEY? If so, come around to our house pancake night. we'll build you a stack as high as your chin. Jack

Mr. Rae is "Jack" to us Boys, but when he puts his beautiful pictures in Books he is JOHN RAE. When you see that name (which you are sure to, for he does many, many pictures for Grown-Up Children, as well as for us) you can say "That's Jack Rae. He wrote me a letter." J. M.

8. MY P.S - Dear Lad -

Did you notice where Jack said "BOY" instead of ME? He said it twice! I tell you that Jack Rae is a wise - person. I can see through a mill stone, if the hole is big enough. And then, did you read that invitation to "pancakes and honey" as high as my chin?

O, Jack Rae, you know perfectly well, that if I get mixed up with Helen's PANCAKES, I'm LOST, and away JACK goes writing letters every month to my Boy. O! smarty Jack, O, PANCAKES up to my chin!

Dear Lad, save me from that PANCAKE temptation. What would you do?

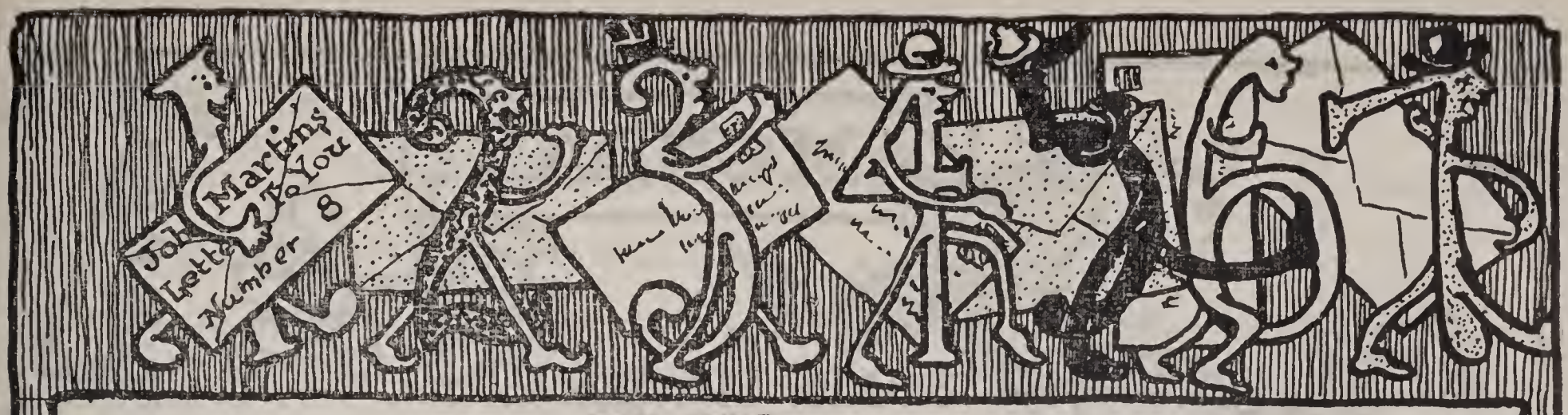
I suppose its best for me to eat half of that pile of pancakes, then I'll have wit enough left to dwide my letters with Jack and other folks that love to write letters to Boys like you, so I won't be jealous or selfish and I'll enjoy a proper amount of pancakes and honey -

Now its time for me to say "Good night" - You will get another letter soon -

Ever your loving

John M Martin

ME · JACK RAE · The Old Salt · LARRY · · The WHALE · The CRAB · Jack's DOG



GIRLS
SERIES,
5 TO 7
YEARS OLD

My dear

This letter is called a SEVEN DAY letter because it begins with a MONDAY page and it ends with a nice, good SUNDAY page, just look and see. So you must take a whole week to read this letter. It will be a funny letter because I can't help it. You see, when I write to you I am happy, then I want to laugh and play, but you are O, so *far* away, I laugh here in my lonely John Martin house. Of course when I laugh, my fingers *dance* and *kick up* and *write funny things* so that's how the funny pictures happen to BE, as you shall SEE.

Every finger, and even Mr Chunky Thumb, will now get very busy and dizzy making your 7 Day letter. So here comes MONDAY.

TURN THIS PAGE OVER AND SEE

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MORGAN SHEPARD, 42 WEST 39TH ST., NEW YORK

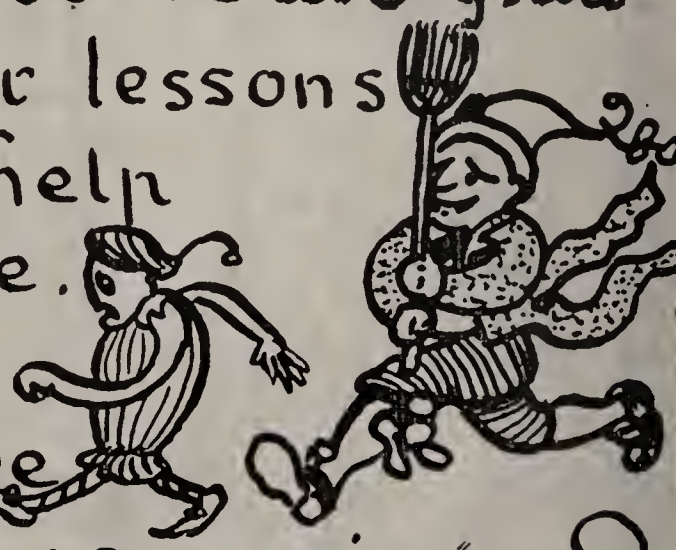
SOME TIMES

Mr. Monday comes to your house with a Miss Grumpy G. Groo. She is not a nice young lady and we all turn away when she begins to talK. She doesn't say happy things. She is all painted BLUE like a cross old Zebra DonKey. She tries to paint us all blue too - but we run away, or something like that. This is what she says to us:

MISS GRUMPY GRUNTY GROO.

My NAME is GRUMPY GRUNTY GROO.
O dear! I don't know what to do.
O dear! I think we'll have some RAIN.
O dear! O DEAR! I've got a pain.
O dear! I WISH-- O, O, I hope
That you will come and help me MOPE.
I am so SAD -- I am so BLUE.
My NAME is GRUMPY GRUNTY GROO.

That's what she says, but jolly Mr. Monday says "Shoo! you," and he chases Grumpy off with his nice new broom. So we are glad and we study our lessons and play and help about our house.



When night comes, we say, "Good bye, Mr. Monday, You are a nice good day, please come again."

Then, along comes Mr. Tuesday. He is in a hurry. He is a busy Day and a happy day. He strides along and sings this song. "Mr Tuesday, that's my name, aren't you very glad I came? ~ Come let's work and come let's play ~ I'm a very busy Day."

He no sooner says that, than out steps Miss Lazy Slazy Gope from beneath a Feather Bed tree, yawning and yawning, without putting her hand over her mouth, which was very IMpolite. yes, it was RUDE too. and this is what she YAWNED with big GAPES in between every word:

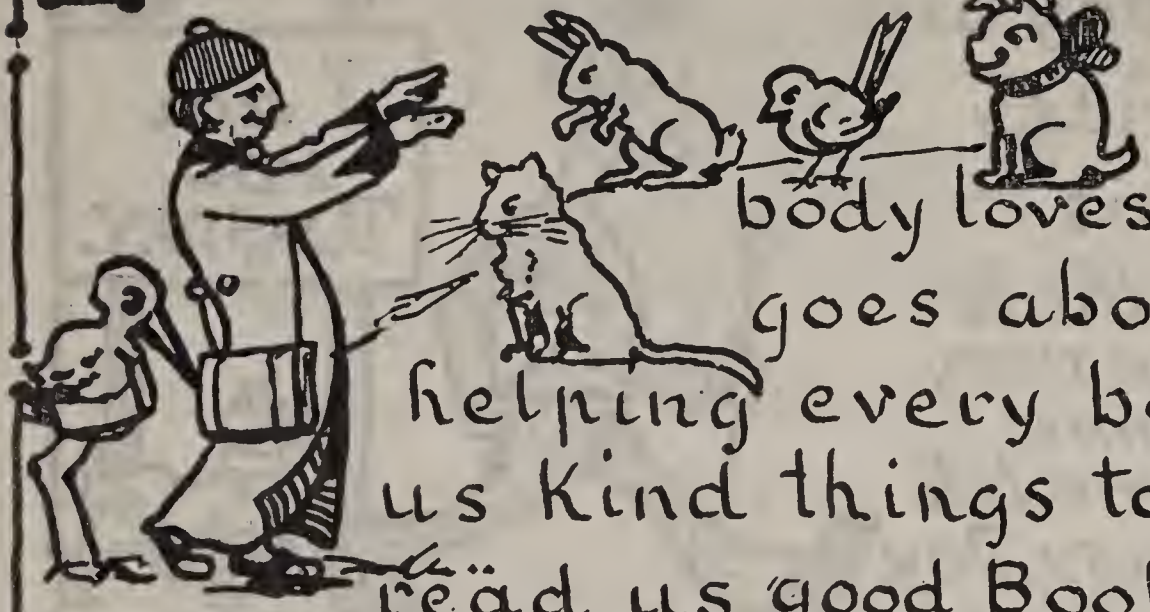
MISS LAZY SLAZY GOPE, yawning

Yaw--yaw--what a lazy Day it is.
Yow--yew--what a hazy Day it is.
Let us flop around and shirk;
Only busy people work.
Let us take a DOZEN NAPS,--
And a dozen more, perhaps.
Let's be LUMPY, let us rest.
LUMPY SLUMPY folks are best.
Yaw--yaw--what a smoky Day it is.
Yow--yew--what a poky Day it is.

That's all she could say, but it was too much for Mr. Tuesday so he Shooed her away with both hands and both feet and we were happy and busy all the rest of the day. When Tuesday's night came we said. "Good bye, Sir. We like you. YOU make us strong and well and GOOD. Come again PLEASE, Sir."

(and he does come as busy as ever.)

4 MR. WEDNESDAY COMES NEXT.



He is a Kind-hearted old chap; every body loves him because he goes about loving and helping every body. He teaches us Kind things to do. He likes to read us good Books. Dogs, Kitties, birds and all sorts of gentle beasties are always trotting after him, and so does Miss Snappy Pricky ZIP. She is a bad-tempered child and this is what she *snaps* one day:

MISS S.P.ZIP

Now, leave me alone, alone, alone.
I swallowed a prickly-pear.
I swallowed a STICK and a big brown STONE.
I'm NAUGHTY and I don't care.
Now, leave me alone, alone, alone.
I'm cross as two sticks can be.
There's a BONE in my neck -- a big long BONE,
And nobody cares for ME.
So there, and I don't care.

O, what a thing to say. Mr. Wednesday looks sad and sorry; we all just can't believe that such a bad child can be, so we don't notice her at all By and by she got tired of us so she jerked out of our house and went and sat on a Cactus tree, which was just the place for her. Thennice old Mr. Wednesday was good to us all his long day. We were sorry when he said, "Good night, Dears" - and went away with the SUN behind a tall mountain.

THE *NEXT DAY* IS MISTER *THURSDAY*

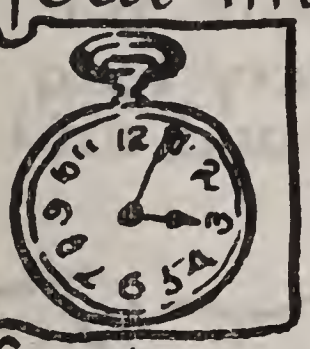
He is almost an OLD MAN (like me, Dear). His beard is white, so are his eye brows, that stick out like the edge of a muffin. He is quiet and slow. He does a lot of good work. He cleans things up. He puts our house in apple-pie order. He does all these things and never smiles until we speak to him; he smiles then and his smile is good to look at and so is the twinkle in his blue, blue eyes. Old Thursday has only one trouble, it is a naughty Girl that musses up all his good work, her name is Miss Nickerty Kickerty BLIX, - and she says this -

Good old Mr. Thursday -

Miss N.K. BLIX

My name is NICKERTY KICKERTY BLIX.
I'm up to the silliest kind o' tricks.
I grin and I giggle; I wobble and wiggle;
I'm towsled and mussy; I'm pettish and fussy;
For I'm MISS NICKERTY BLIX.
I like to rumple and muddle around.
My voice is the squeakiest sort of a sound.
I scratch and I wrangle; my hair is a tangle;
I'm proud and I'm haughty; I'm jerky and naughty;
For I'm MISS NICKERTY BLIX.

We don't like that Child, and as for Mr. Thursday, he just can't stand her, so in his nice quiet way he gives her what is called a SPANK; he then stuffs her in the waste basket and clears her out. he does exactly that at exactly four minutes past three o'clock every Thurs. day. We are all glad. Then we do our work. By and by Thusday goes away and his white beard makes clouds for a lovely sunset. We are glad Thursday came to our house, because he taught us how to clean up things and we are always glad to see him again



AREN'T WE?

6 Then COMES Mr FRIDAY. He is a fine old FRIAR man, with shaven crown and merry face and twinkling EYE. He carries a big dress suit case, and *his* doggie is a long, low, Dachshund doggie. Old FRIDAY says: "Come, Children, let's pack up, finish our lessons, for tomorrow comes my old friend and your jolly FRIEND, Mr Saturday. We must all be ready to play with him". As he says that, Miss WHINEY FITZ-BOO-HOO steps into *our* house and says→

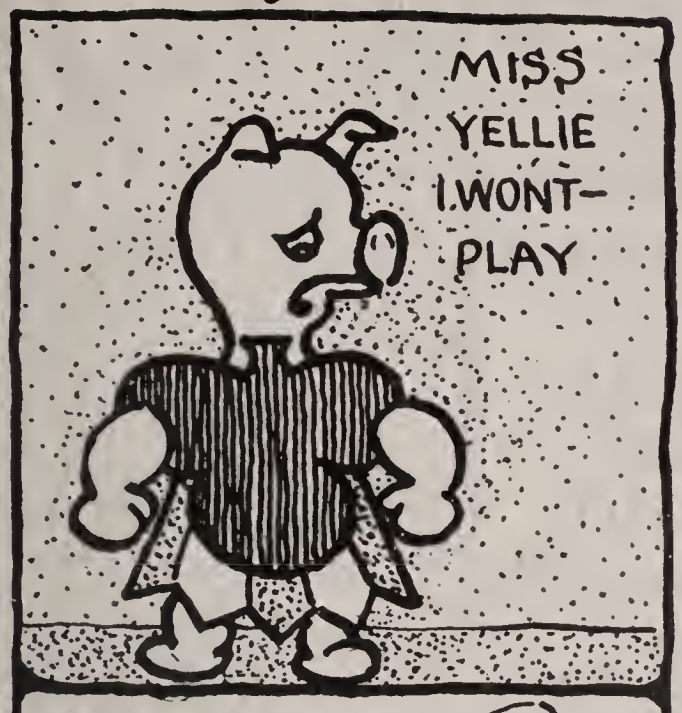
MISS W.FITZ-BOO-HOO.

I don't want to rush and hurry.
I don't want to sing and play.
I just want to whine and worry.
I am always in the way.
What is all this fuss and chatter?
I don't see a thing to do.
I don't know just what's the matter.
I'm MISS WHINEY FITZ-BOO-HOO.

O, such a child was Miss Boo-Boo, to spoil all our FUN by whining and fussing. Do you wonder that Mr. Friday and all the rest of US, "shoo" her out of our house? *Then* we do everything Mr Friday asks us to do. He helps us to pack up and clear up, so we are all ready to play with Mr Saturday when he comes.

At last Friday says "Good night, Dears", and he goes away hand in hand with SUN to Sunny-go-Land, but it takes a long time for Daehs-doggie to, because he is a very long, low, slow doggie. Then we go to bed and dream about Sunny-go-LAND

THEN, THEN - next comes Mr. Saturday,



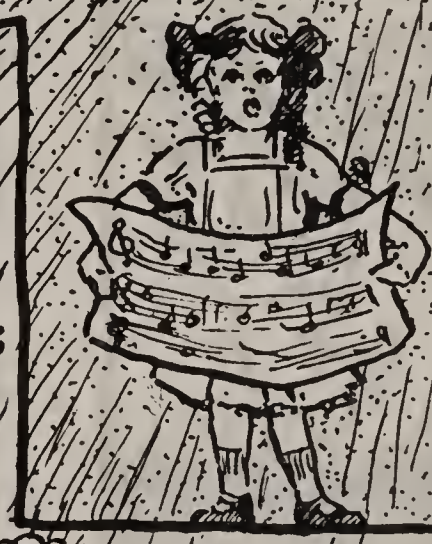
He loves us Girls and Boys.
He loves to romp, he loves to play,
He likes to make a noise.
And so we play a lot of things,
And GO 'most everywhere;
Then everybody laughs and sings
'Cause Saturday is there.
But, dear, O, dear! who have we here?
MISS YELLIE I. WONT-PLAY.

She's very cross and acts SO queer,
And tries to spoil our day.
We ask her what she wants to do,
She never says a word,
But SHAKES herself and frowns
at you
As if she never heard,
And then she pokes and hangs about,
And mopes and makes a fuss.
And then she pouts a SULKY pout,
And gets us in a muss.

At last, old Saturday and WE
Can't stand her any more -
And so we say, "O, one, two, three,"
And bump her out the DOOR.
We hear her kick and bang the door
With head and hands and heels.
She bangs until her fists are sore
'Cause that's the way she feels.
If she should ever call on YOU,
I hope you'll always say ~
"We do not like the things YOU DO,
MISS YELLIE I. WONT PLAY." Then we have a good time until dear old Saturday says ~ "I just MUST GO, Good bye, dears, I'll come again NEXT week." Then he trots off with SUN to the Land between Blue Mountain and the Golden Ocean - He takes a nap for SIX DAYS, so he can be rested, to play hard with us when he comes to see us the

NEXT TIME

SUNday is just the day of the SUN. He waited for the other SIX days to get through calling on you, then he said. "Now, its my turn". So he puts on his sunny SUNday clothes and a pair of gold wings and comes to see us but *no naughty little girl* ever bothers HIM.



SUNDAY is an Angel Day.
All sorts of GOOD he brings.
He has the dearest words to say
And does the nicest things.
He loves the little Child that sings;
He loves the Child that plays.
He carries LOVE beneath his wings
To give the OTHER Days.

His eyes are very kind and mild.
He wanders here and there
In hopes he'll hear a little Child
Say just a little prayer.
And when he does, he flies away
All in a golden SWIRL.
He goes and tells the OTHER Days
About that little Girl.

Now I must say Good night" too, Dearie. I wish the days would let me go to see you when ever they do. O, what FUN we'd have. I played with a little girl yesterday. I tumbled *down* and bumped my nose. Little Girl said, "Don't cry, John Martin" so I didn't cry. My Kittie sends her love to you so does Teddy Bear.

YOUR loving

John Martin

John Martin's Letter To You.

NUMBER EIGHT.

FROM

BABYLAND

GIRLS SERIES. 7½ TO 10 YEARS OLD

My dear

O, but I had a strange adventure the other day and I am glad I have you to tell about it. What do you think the ADventure was? I found a new, new Fairyland, it was Baby Land, beyond the Garden, beyond the Garden Wall, beyond the green Meadow and beyond the pink sunrise Cloud.

How did I happen to find that Land when I was so old, with spectacles at the end of my nose? I will tell you - but please do not tell everybody, because some people might say "O, Fudge! he was dreaming". Well I wasn't dreaming, but a lot of Sunrise and Young Thoughts were in my heart - which of course makes strange things happen. It was morning. I was strolling in ~~any~~ a "dear Mother's Garden". There were many Flowers in that Garden and the flowers all looked as if something was going on that they didn't want me to find out.

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I wondered WHAT. When I was wondering the most, I felt a little touch on the very end of my nose (near my spectacles). It was a beautiful Rainbow Bubble, with SUNRISE in it and it was at least as big as SEVEN babyhoods (perhaps you say baby "caps"). Well, it floated away from my nose; my spectacles scared it by trying to copy it's sunrise, rainbow colors, and I ran after it. It rose like

a feather over the gray stone wall and I hurried through the Gate. It sailed like a scared bird over the green Meadow, and I ran after it in my best way. It flew straight to a pink Sunrise cloud that opened a blue door to let it in, but I rushed in, too, and the blue door puffed shut behind me. Then, what do you think? I was in A World beyond THE world and it was Babyland. But, the dearest and the queerest thing of all - I had caught the Rainbow Bubble in my arms. I was very proud and happy. I hugged it very close to me - for fear I should lose it. Then the magic happened; I heard a grunty little gurgle. Looking down, I saw and felt that my Bubble had turned into a PINK, ROLY POLY BABY.

with big blue eyes full of surprise and sunrise skies, and a little scare look and some cross look and quite a lot of cry look. I was afraid as anything it would cry. So I held it very extremely carefully and said very gently (but in a manly way): "Goo, goo, Ah! Goo how does Baby do-do?" I thought that was just what was right to say, but you should have seen the long, pretty sorry look Baby gave me. I could hardly look back, I felt so ashamed and ignorant. To my surprise Baby said with great, blue-eyed dignity. "You needn't talk that way here, not this side of Pinkwink Cloud. That talking is for the Other Side Where We Forget This Side. do you understand?" "Yes" I said, as well as I could. "Very good" continued Baby "we will float then. Let me go, you "squish". Now that you are here, you have just got to float around: we all do. I didn't know what my Sunrise Baby meant but I was willing to be or do or take anything, if I could only keep near Baby, so I said "Yes" again, trying to hide the "willing" look that must have just popped out of my spectacles that hung on the end of my nose.

Suddenly I felt very light-hearted and light in every way and very happy. My feet and all the rest of me rose from the ground like thistle down — O, but I must tell you the rest in Babyland poetry words, for I promised, because Baby said- "We think singing thoughts here; we tell things in a poetry way. So, if you tell your little Otherside-girl about us, you must use sing, song sounding words". So I bring back from "That Side" the best words I can remember. (they don't look like poetry but perhaps if you can make them sound so.) SO HERE IS THE SING SONG STORY OF SUNRISE BABYLAND AND THE LAND BEYOND PINKWINK CLOUD.

There never was so dear a place as Sunrise Babyland and never were so many things so hard to understand. I seemed to be too big for "There". I didn't half-way fit. My heart and body were not right, or good enough for it. But still, I did my best to try to stop all thought of ME and let a Baby's heart make mine the heart it ought to be. O, dear it was so nice to float; I am so broad and thick. It made my breath go fast and O, my heart throb

very quick. With Sunrise Baby at my side I rose to dizzy heights then softly drifted down again to see just "pretty" sights. Said Baby ~ "Over yonder where you see those Willow Trees, the Sunrise gets the fluff that makes the little "Morning Breeze". Then Sunrise takes the fluff he gets and puts a little SUN into his heart and wings, and so, he's full of lots of fun. Sometimes a flock of Breezes play a real exciting play. They all take hands and spin around and then they tear away. When little Breezes act like this they make the Wind that blows, the Trees and Mill and Weather Cock and every Ship that goes. [AND] Down there beyond that Flower Camp, around the Flower Pots, you see some marks of pretty BLUE; they are Forget-me-nots. How do they get their Kind of blue? That is a "station" where the Sunrise stops to plan the Day. He leaves some SKY in there. That's where some Babies get the blue that makes their eyes so blue, and thats where little Kittens' eyes are made for Kittens too: its quite an easy thing to do. We all sit down and wait

and look at those Forget-me-nots, just very hard and straight. We do that so we sha'n't forget those nice Forget-me-nots, and they look back and give us each two nice, blue Sunrise SPOTS.

All Babies' eyes are blue at first, but if you want to change, you do a sort of "magic" thing that's very, very strange. For instance if you want your eyes to turn to brown, or gray, or any other color that you'd like your eyes to stay: you dance around the "Autumn Tree". The leaves come sailing down; and as they fall, they Kiss your eyes and turn them gray or brown. (That's how a little girl named "Betty" got brown eyes and many other little girls, too.)

While Sunrise Baby told me things we floated to and fro; now up, now down, now straight along, now fast, now very slow. We passed o'er forests, and the trees looked like a sea of green, and all the waves were mossy-smooth with "Cozy Holes" between. Down through the "Cozy Holes" we dove, down in the mossy deep— and there we were in "Pillow Hall" where Sunset Babies sleep.

O, dear! you Dear, it was a sight to see the rows and rows of Sleepy Babies everywhere, and all the little TOES, that curled and nodded, peeped and spied, and curled and peeped again from rosy holes and crinkles of each cozy counterpane.

Each Baby had its very own big Pillow, made so plump, that never was a wrinkle there, or corner, patch, or lump. Ten thousand thousand Babies slept, as sound as sound could be Ten times as many rosy toes all took a peep at ME. That host of curling rosy toes reminded me of things that make a Bird chirp very fast and start the Song he sings Then to my Baby Guide I said ~~~ "What do those babies do with all those cozy counterpanes and all those pillows too? When they get up do Babies air their rosy Pillow Beds? or doesn't such a notion ever enter babies' heads?"

"O, I should think so"! Baby said. "When Sunrise Babies wake, they all get up and "coo" and "crow" and then begins the "Shake". They shake their cozy counterpanes, they whack their pillows too. They shake and pat like everything and you should hear them "coo"! Then Sunrise calls through Pillow Hall - Stop, Dears, that is enough for counterpanes and pillows too are 'shaken into 'Fluff'.

And there's such lots of fluff around that all the Babies sneeze, together, so the fluff curls up between the drowsy Trees. Of course you've seen the Sunrise come across the Trees and take the counterpanes and pillows off, when we are wide awake. Some people call them "Fleecy Clouds" as they go sailing by, with Sunrise running after them along the Morning Sky. But we don't call them "Clouds" at all, because we Babies know they're only Baby Counterpanes and Pillows, out to show that Morning Work in Pillow Hall is very nicely done, so we can "coo" and "crow" and float and 'gazzle' in the sun". By "gazzle", Sunrise Babies mean ——— ———.

DEARIE: I just can't get all the Babyland adventure in this letter. There is so much more. Why Babies "crow"...Where Puppies get tails...Where broken TOYS live...The Sunrise Rooster...Why little Boys, why Dimples, and why a hundred things. Will you let me tell some of all this in another Letter? I should so like to. Write and tell me if I may, because I don't want to bother you about Babyland unless you really want to hear about that Land. I should think you would like to hear, though, because you were a Sunrise Baby once yourself. (I wonder if I was ever one. It's very hard to know so.)

With love, your

John Martin

BOYS
SERIES
5 TO 7
YEARS O.

MY-HOUSE. Joy-day. 21st.

MY dear

It seems a very long time since I wrote my last letter to you. I hope you have been very well and I hope that my letter about Runaway Mucki made you love your Home more than ever.

I wish I could talk to you and tell the rest about Mucki. How happy I would be to just sit down in some rosy-cozy corner with you by my side; then we would be Friends. But as I live so far away, I must tell you the rest of my "Mucki Story" in a letter.

The last we heard of Mucki, he was on and ON his way DOWN to the Ocean water, for Buffalo stopped SHORT at the tip-top of the high cliff. So, over the head of Buffalo went Master Mucki, as fast as a Sky Rocket. By this time that little German Boy was sorrier and sorrier he had run away from his nice, comfortable home; but his adventures were not over, as you shall see, for when he went over Buffalo's bumpy, lumpy head

THIS IS WHAT HAPPENED.

YOUNG MUCKI flip-flopped through the air, head over heels and toes, straight towards the Ocean far below - when, what do you suppose? A great, big SEA

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A GULL pounced on him, with noisy squawk and quack and grabbed young Mucki carefully, just where his — *clothes* were slack.

That Sea Gull had a hooky bill, it fastened good and tight to Mucki, so that naughty boy could kick with all his might, [and he did kick, but Sea Gull, only hooked the tighter to that boy's slack — *clothes*. JM.] Away that careful Sea Gull flew 'mid Mucki's yells and kicks to where he had a mussy nest, all made of mud and sticks.

Two PLAYFUL Sons.

Old Sea Gull had two playful SONS who squawked with gullish joy when daddy Gull dropped in their nest that little German boy. They flapped their stumpy wings and then they gurgled, quacked and squawked, for that's the way they showed their JOY and that's the way they talked.

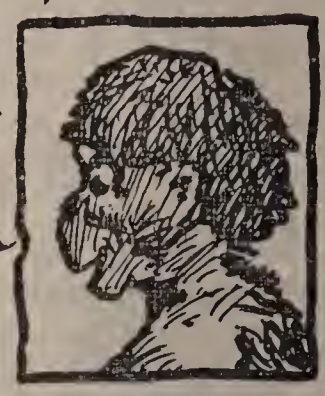
And then, to show how glad they were to have young Mucki there, they flopped all over Mucki and they pecked him everywhere. They picked at Mucki's buttons and they pecked at Mucki's toes; they dabbed at Mucki's fingers, and they nipped at Muckis nose. [Dear! me!]

They kept this glad behavior up till Mucki got real cross, and then he picked right back at them, which wasn't right, of course. It wasn't long before that nest was full of naughty noise made by one little German boy and two bad Sea Gull Boys. They picked and pecked and slapped and "fit", most scandal-ous to see, until young Mucki gave a leap right off into a tree -- it was a Cocoanutus Tree with Cocoa NUTS on top, and Mucki jumped right into them - but Mucki didn't stop, for as he straddled one big nut, that nut broke off and fell right off that tree down to the sea - and Mucki yelled a yell. Away, that Cocoanutus NUT sailed o'er the rolling ocean, now up, now down, now all around, with quite a *funny* motion.

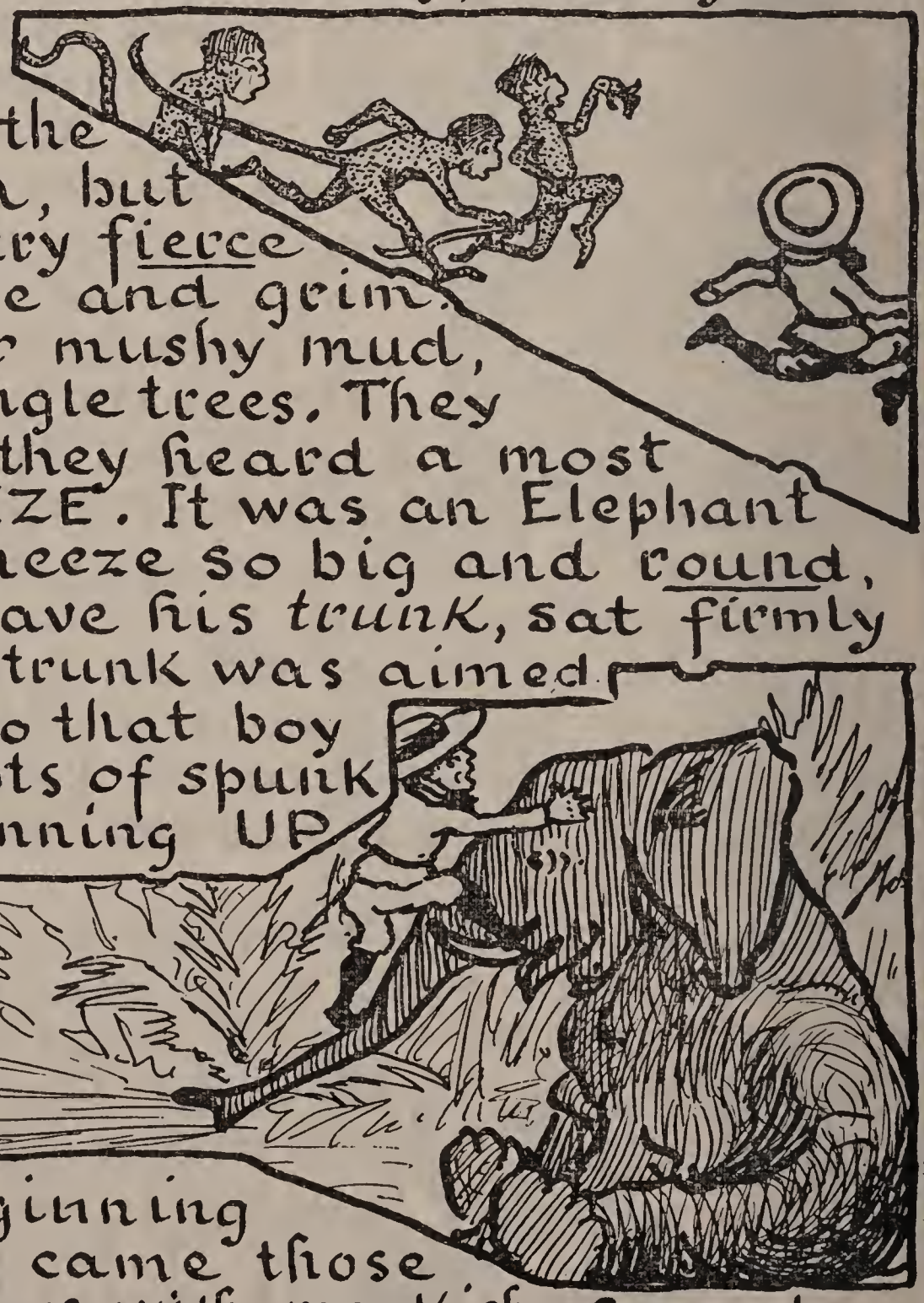
But Mucki liked fresh cocoanut and so he grabbed it tight and sailed away 'most all that day, until he came in sight of land where lots of Monkeys sat upon a RUBBER tree, that stretched its boughs and branches far across the rolling sea.

One big fat Monkey saw young Muck and gave a grab at him and hauled him and his cocoa-nut right up upon a LIMB.

Fat Monkey also had two sons and they began to shout, to see a little German Boy and Cocoanut about. They were so glad to see young Mucki, so very glad and gay, that all those Monkeys *tickled* him and stole his nut away. That monkey family laughed for joy, they shook with so much glee, that Mucki couldn't keep his seat upon the Rubber Tree. So down he tumbled from the tree and landed safe and sound; he didn't even bump himself, for it was mushy ground. O, how the monkey family yelled and how they scolded too, for when they lose a little boy, that's just what monkeys do.



Off through the jungle Mucki ran, the monkeys after him, but now they acted very fierce and howled fierce and grim. Away they ran o'er mushy mud, away through jungle trees. They ran and ran until they heard a most suc-cess-ful SNEEZE. It was an Elephant that sneezed; a sneeze so big and round, that Elephant, to save his *trunk*, sat firmly on the ground. His trunk was aimed at Mucki, so that boy showed lots of spunk by running UP



that elephant, beginning AT his trunk. On came those savage monkey Boys with monkish squeal and shout, but elephant sneezed ONE MORE

SNEEZE that bumped them all about. It was a big EX-plosive sneeze that rumpled up their hair and scattered them around the MUD and sneezed them everywhere. The rest that happened to those MONKS is very hard to say, but Mucki saw some monkey TAILS a mile or two away.

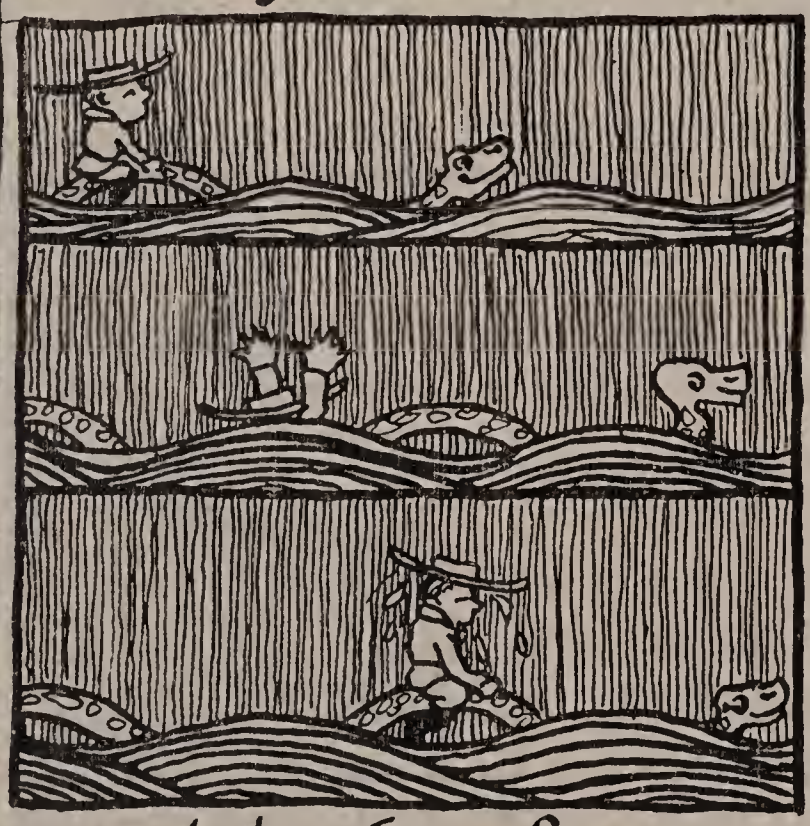
Right up and OVER Elephant young Mucki swiftly ran, along his head, across his back, to where his TAIL began. O, then, O, *then*, beside that tail where it was small and slim, he saw a *Moorish Pirate Man* just waiting there for him. That Moorish, boorish Pirate man showed all his shiny teeth, and all his frizzy whiskers curled and twisted up beneath. "Ha, ha! ha *ho!*" said Pirate man - "Ha, ha! *Hi* ho"! said he - "Here is a naughty German Boy, as sure, as sure can be - for, it is only *naughty* boys who leave a muddy track of mussy, muddy footprints on a poor old Sneezer's back". With that, he grabbed young German Boy and smuggled him away, to where his Moorish pirate Ship was anchored in the bay.

Heave ho! Up anchor! set your sails! Now everything is taut, and one more naughty German boy by Pirate men is caught.

The pirate ship skims o'er the sea with wallow, plunge and hiss, and Mucki says. "*I think I've had about enough of this.*"

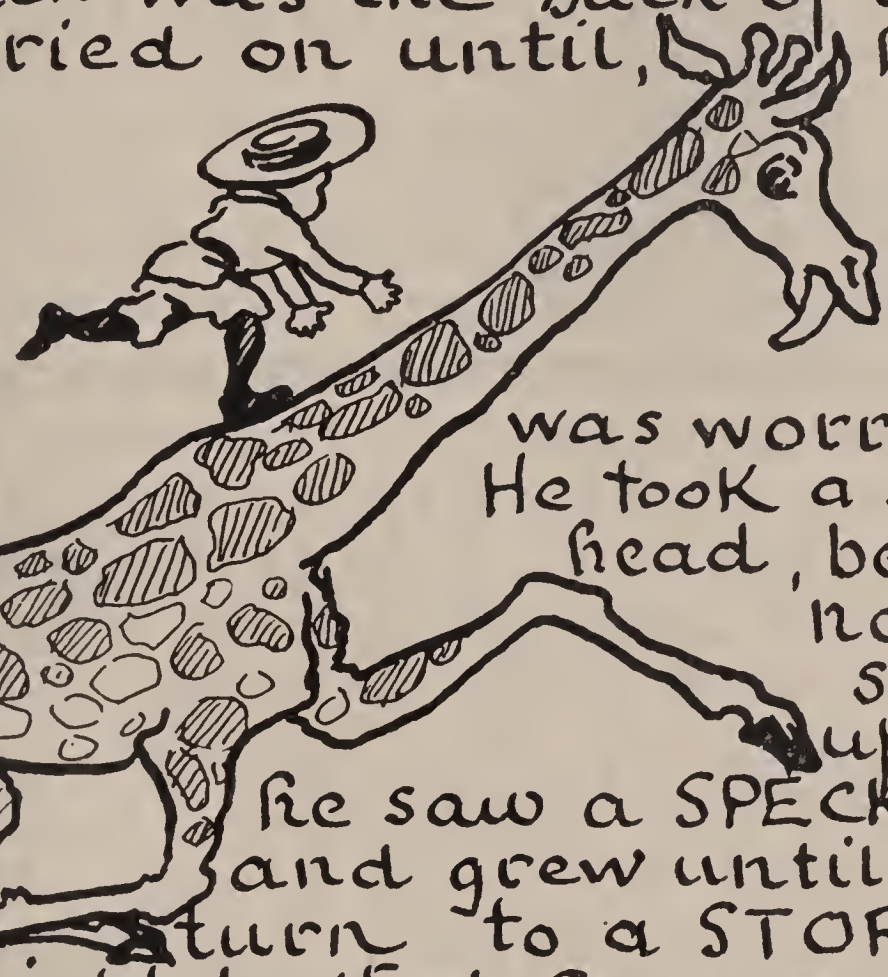
No sooner had he said those words than things began to change, and pirate ship began to act in manner weird and strange. It whirled around, it dived and ducked, it buzzed and spun about. It turned right up side down and spilled the Moorish Pirate's out.

A large SEA SERPENT caused the wreck, he chose to have a fit, all 'round that Moorish pirate ship and also under it. Off FROM the sinking pirate ship young Mucki gave a jump and landed on old Serpent's back with quite an earnest bump; he grabbed that fit full Serpent where he knew he'd fit the best, and straddled serpent good and tight, and Serpent did the rest; which was to act EX-treme-ly queer and wiggle up and down until poor Mucki got so wet, he thought he'd surely drown. Away, that serpent wiggled on



for many a weary mile, until he came to Egypt where, he found the river NILE. There dwells the wild Rhinoceros and lumpy Crocodile. And there was Mr. Crocodile, who smiled a toothsome smile. Straight *INTO* that sweet, toothsome smile that fit full Serpent sped, but Mucki didn't want to Go, he gave a jump instead. He jumped on top of Crocodile where Crocodile began

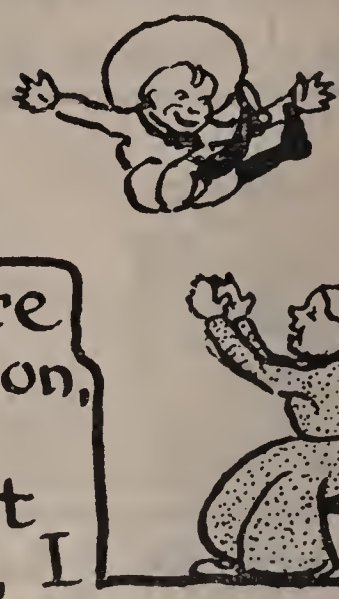
and swiftly o'er his lumpy back, our little Mucki ran. Beyond old lumpy Crocodile stood wild Rhinoceros, because he liked to be on hand in case of any fuss. When he saw Master Mucki come he bellowed fierce and grim, but Mucki gave another jump and landed right on him. As Mucki jumped, he heard a shout, accompanied by a laugh; it was a joyous, straddle-legged and *pleasant* old Giraffe. Another leap young Mucki gave and started up the hill (which was the back of old Giraffe); he hurried on until, he climbed a hundred feet or so, then stopped to catch his breath, for by this time that German Boy was worried 'most to death. He took a seat on 'Raffe's head, beyond old 'Raffe's neck; he got a splendid view up there, and soon he saw a SPECK, which grew and grew until he saw that speck turn to a STORK, that flew straight to that German boy with such a pleasant squawk. That kindly Stork came on until his nice long legs were near enough for him to grab 'em both and give a German cheer. Young Mucki flung to pleasant Stork, who flew o'er sea and land, until they hovered over where they heard a German band.

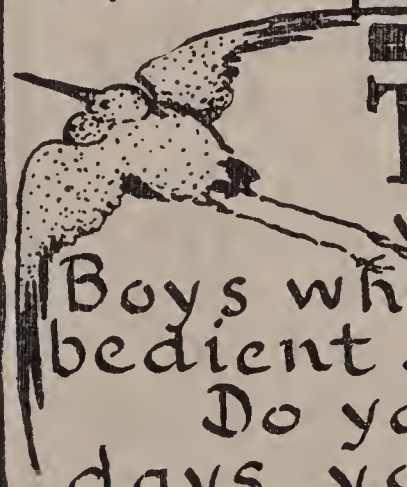


It was the self-same German band that came around to play to Mucki's parents when they heard that Muck had run away. "Whoa! whoa!" said Mucki to the

By Stork, so with a kindly flap he dropped that naughty German boy right in his Mother's lap.

"*Mein Kind*", said Father o'er his pipe, "*Mein Kind*" said Mother too, and then she hugged her truant Son as Mothers always do. BUT, Father said. "Come here my boy, come here my little son, your *Mother* has forgotten that there's 'something to be *done*". Just *what* that 'something' was, my Dear, I do not care to tell; but as the German band played ON, I heard young Mucki yell. But after that, those German folks were full of German joy, because they had their Son again - their truant German boy. So Mucki loved his pleasant home, he RAN AWAY no more, and Father smoked his pipe and drank his Beer, just as before.





THERE, dear Boy, that is the very END of my Mucki Story. You see what uh-pleasant things happen to Boys who RUN AWAY and who are dis-obedient. You are not like Mucki, I Know.

Do you ever think of me except on the days you get a letter from me? I DO HOPE so, for I think of you so many times. My Dog wags his tail and sends his love to you, and I think a LOVING THOUGHT of you and sent it flying to you by a little LOVE BIRD.

YOUR

John Martin

John Martin's Letter To You.

Number 9.

BOYS SERIES, 7½ TO 10 YEARS OLD

My House—
Good-Day, 3rd.

My dear

Many of my Boys have been writing me letters lately, asking me to tell them about the "BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA". Boys have even <u>come</u> to my House in hopes I could give them some "news". I Knew a lot about that fine band of lads, because I read everything I lay hands upon that tells about them but I didn't think it was exactly square to tell my boy friends the story of the "Boy Scouts" and I told a boy so—"Why? he asKed. I answered "Because <u>Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton</u> is at the head of that band of boys; <u>he</u> shows them how to be Good "Scouts". <u>He</u> has the best right and the first right to tell boys about <u>his</u> Boys"—"Well", said <u>my</u> boy—"can't you get <u>Mr. Seton</u> to tell us; every boy in the world likes what he says". "Um! that's so," I replied. So I sat down and wrote to Mr. Seton, because I Knew him and liKed him just as you boys do. I told him what <u>my</u> boys wanted to Know about <u>his</u> fine boys. Then I

"SOMETHING TO DO, something to THINK about"

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2 waited as patiently as I could wait. You know how boys feel, when they want a good thing to happen, but aren't quite sure that it will - well that was how I felt. But the good thing happened for YOU and me (I might have trusted Mr. Seton to be willing to give a BOY a "good thing".)

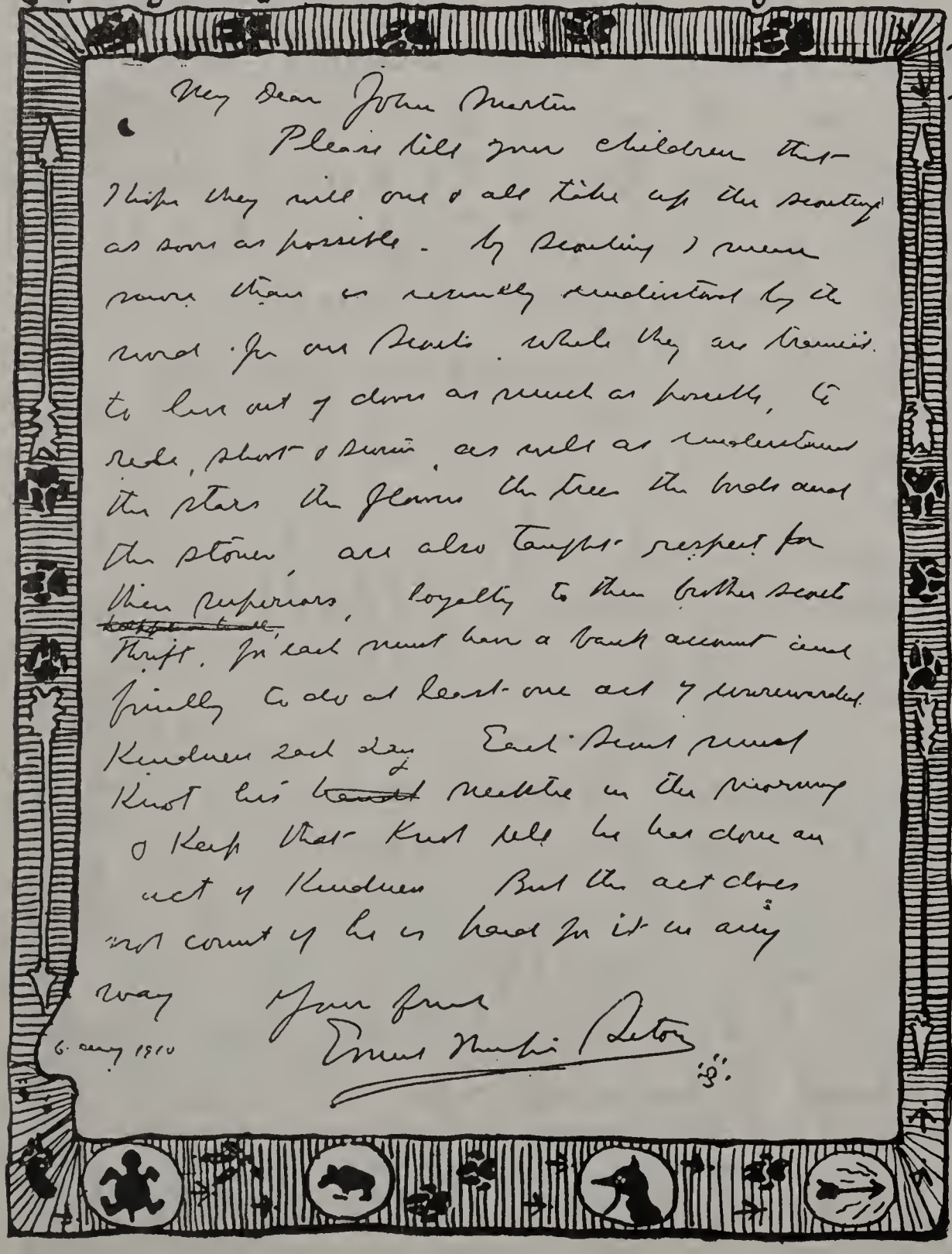
I got TWO letters. One said - "Yes, John Martin, as soon as I get back from OUTWEST I will tell your Boys about the "SCOUTS". With Kindest regards,

Yours ever cordially,
Ernest Thompson Seton.

Only right there he wrote his big quick NAME with the Wolf Track under it.

AND the OTHER letter I make a little copy of and put it down in the corner of this page, for it is really more yours than mine. You will have some fun reading it. You know that very good and great men are apt to write "shy" writing, - by that I mean, writing that is a little hard to get at until you know it very well.

But you will see that the little letter in the CORNER is just a "How do



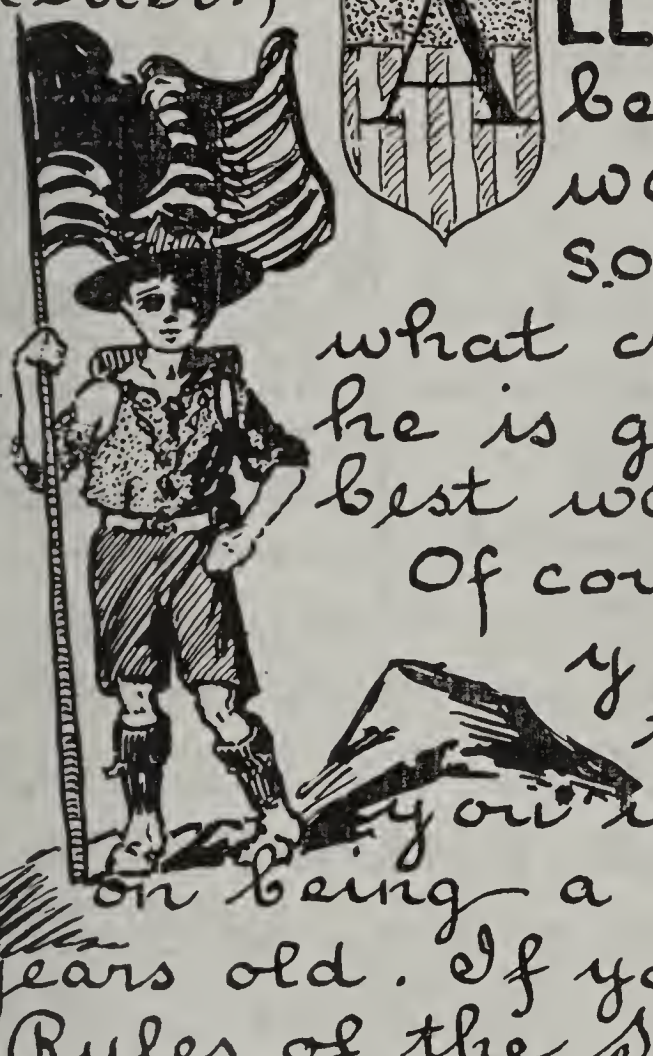
My dear John Martin

Please tell your children that I hope they will one & all take up the scouting as soon as possible. By scouting I mean more than is usually understood by the word for our Scouts, while they are trained to live out of doors as much as possible, to ride, shoot & swim, as well as understand the stars the flowers the trees the birds and the stones, are also taught respect for their superiors, loyalty to their brother scouts ~~[illegible]~~ thrift. For each must have a bank account and finally to do at least one act of unrewarded kindness each day. Each Scout must knot his ~~[illegible]~~ neckties in the morning & keep that knot till he has done an act of kindness. But the act does not count if he is hard for it in any way.

Your friend
Ernest Thompson Seton

6 May 1910

you do" word from Mr Seton, and - and more to come before long. Isn't that fine? 🐾 🐾 SoNOW I will tell you a little about the "Boy Scouts". Most of what I tell you I found out in a book by Mr. Seton, called "BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA" (I tell you how to get it at the end of this letter.)



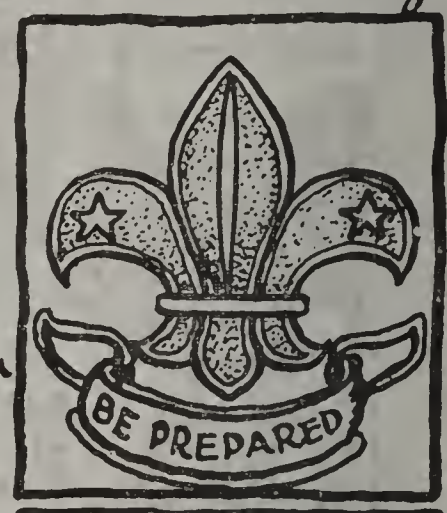
ALL OF US BOYS expect to be MEN some fine day and we want to be the RIGHT SORT of men, and that is what Mr. Seton wants, too, and he is going at things in the best way to make FINE MEN.

Of course, to be a BOY SCOUT you must grow to be twelve years old. (and you will) then you can keep on being a SCOUT until you are 18 years old. If you have honestly kept the Rules of the Scouts for those six years, you get the HABIT of being a manly, obedient and respectful young MAN. Good habits are just as hard to break as bad ones, so you are pretty sure to stick to habits that make the RIGHT SORT OF A MAN, which you want to be.

What are those "Boy Scouts" like? I turn over the pages of that BOOK I told you about and I find an answer something like this - (I won't say very much, for Mr. Seton will tell you in a much better way.)

4. BOY SCOUTS ARE strong and well; in the first place they live out of doors. They have Camps in the Forests among the mountains and on the open plains. Air, sunshine and natural exercise (not gymnasium exercise) make them tough, strong and steady with their bodies and quick, Kind and ready with their hearts and heads.

IF ALL IS WELL WITH YOUR BODY YOUR SOUL HAS A GOOD CHANCE TO BE WELL TOO.



SCOUTS' BADGE

BOY SCOUTS have their own Leaders whom they elect by vote. They pick out the boy they know to be the wisest and the bravest; this Leader they obey as true soldiers obey their Captains. BOY SCOUTS LEARN TO OBEY *WHEN THEY ARE YOUNG*, SO THEY CAN EXPECT OBEDIENCE WHEN THEY ARE GROWN MEN. Before a boy can be a "Scout", he must take the scouts' Oath, which is:

SCOUTS' UNIFORM.

I GIVE MY WORD OF HONOR THAT I WILL *DO MY BEST.*

1st. To do my Duty to God and the Country.

2nd. To help other people at all times.

3rd. To obey the Scout Law.

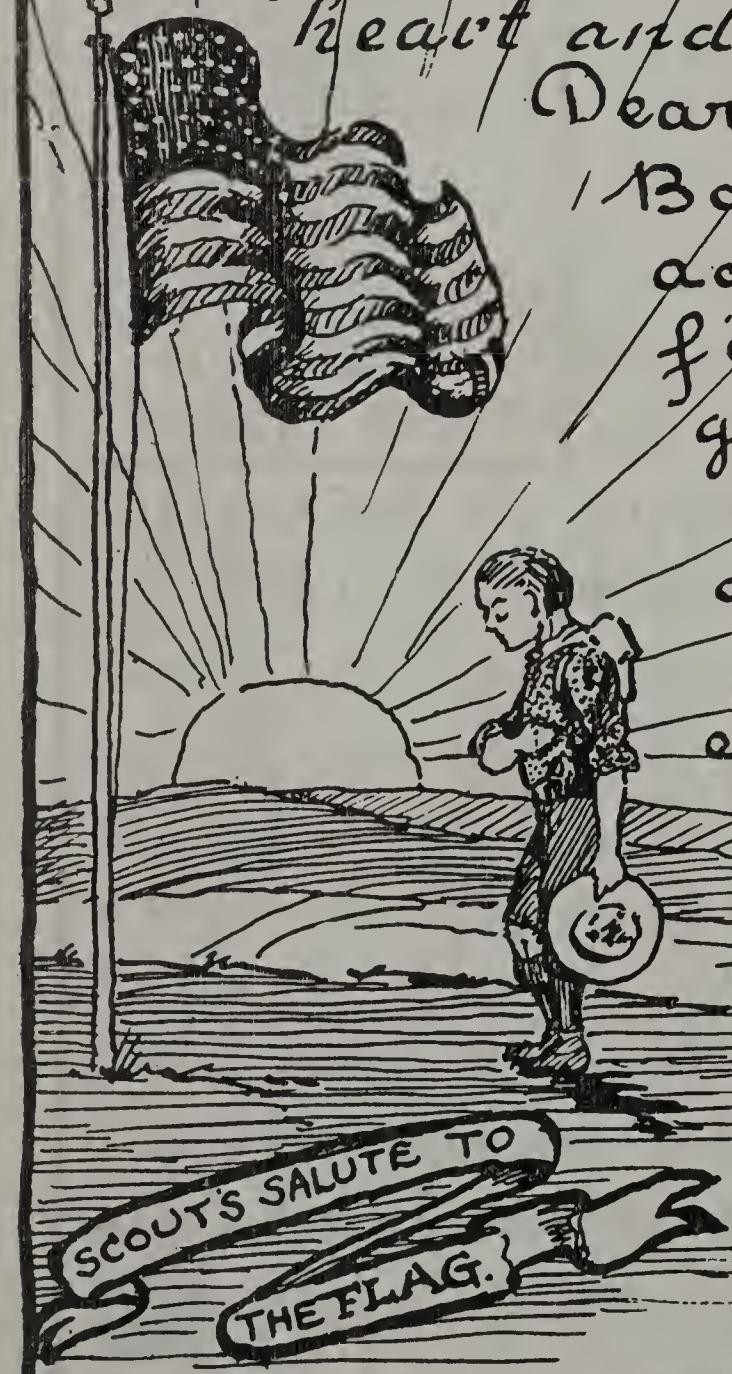
The "Scout" Laws are wise laws and I have no doubt, dear Lad, you know them; all brave, honorable boys do,-so I will only

put down the FIRST WORDS of the law you may "tick them off" - I mean the ones you Know and Keep. THE SCOUT MOTTO IS "BE PREPARED" — (be "ready") with your mind and body, to do your DUTY. Your mind is bright and "ready" and your body is strong, so you are ABLE to DO the right thing at the right time — and you do it. THE LAWS ARE FIRST: a Scout's HONOR is to be trusted, a PROMISE means a Promise. SECOND. a Scout is LOYAL in all ways, to his Leaders, his Parents, his Country and his Friends. THIRD. a Scout is useful and he helps OTHERS. FOURTH. a Scout is a friend to all, a brother to every other Scout. FIFTH. a Scout is courteous. SIXTH. a Scout is a friend to Animals. SEVENTH - a Scout obeys orders. EIGHTH - a Scout smiles and looks pleasant (it takes pluck to do that sometimes) NINE - a Scout is thrifty - he saves his pennies, to help himself and others. Now, those laws are easy ones and good ones, aren't they, Brother?

SCOUTS' SALUTE AND SECRET SIGN.

Mr. Seton is helping his Boys to Keep those good Laws, so he is giving to his Country a lot of fine MEN. There are more and more Boy Scouts all the time so of course there will be more and more fine men for God and our Country. Lets you and I help Mr. Seton.

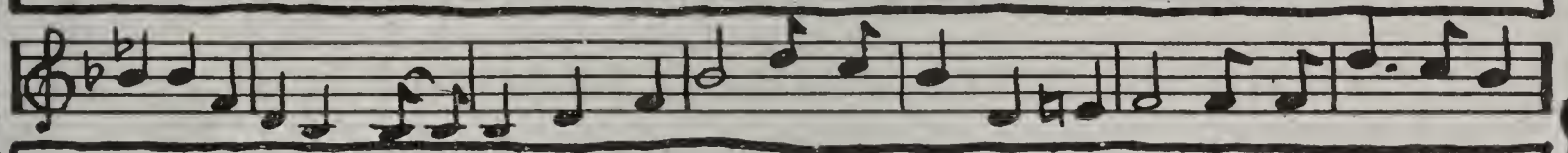
6 I will not go on and tell much more about the "Scouts", because, as I said before, Mr. Seton can do it so much better. But I do want to tell you one thing more. The Boy Scouts learn TRUE RESPECT FOR THE AMERICAN FLAG. They learn the history of our Flag and its meaning to us American boys. They are taught to feel that the Flag is a beautiful emblem of FREEDOM and BRAVERY. I can tell you it is fine to see a "Scout" salute the Flag. They have a very simple and respectful RULE for saluting - it is - "Remove the hat, holding it in the left hand, which is straight down, place the right hand to the heart and bow the head slightly" Dear Lad, when I see the Boys do that very simple act of respect, my heart fills with pride and gladness.



On the next page of my letter I print "The Star Spangled Banner" I am surprised how few of my boys know a line of this beautiful Song of OUR FLAG. Wont you try to learn at least one verse, and so make me still prouder of YOU?

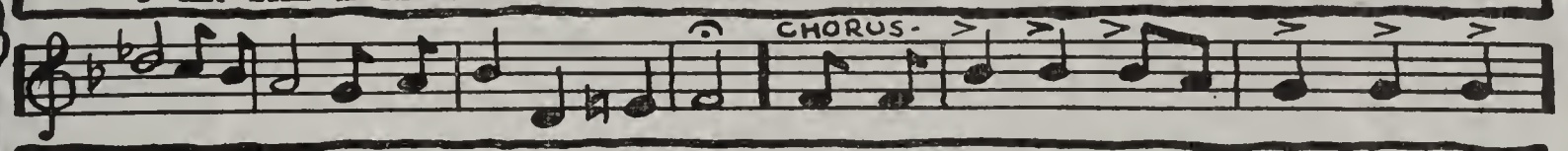
THE ★ STAR-SPANGLED ★ BANNER

OH, SAY, CAN YOU SEE, BY THE DAWN'S EARLY LIGHT,
WHAT SO PROUDLY WE HAILED AT THE TWILIGHT'S LAST GLEAMING--
WHOSE BROAD STRIPES AND BRIGHT STARS, THROUGH THE PERILOUS FIGHT,
O'ER THE RAMPARTS WE WATCHED WERE SO GALLANTLY STREAMING!
AND THE ROCKET'S RED GLARE, THE BOMBS BURSTING IN AIR,
GAVE PROOF THROUGH THE NIGHT THAT OUR FLAG WAS STILL THERE;
OH, SAY, DOES THAT STAR-SPANGLED BANNER YET WAVE
O'ER THE LAND OF THE FREE AND THE HOME OF THE BRAVE?

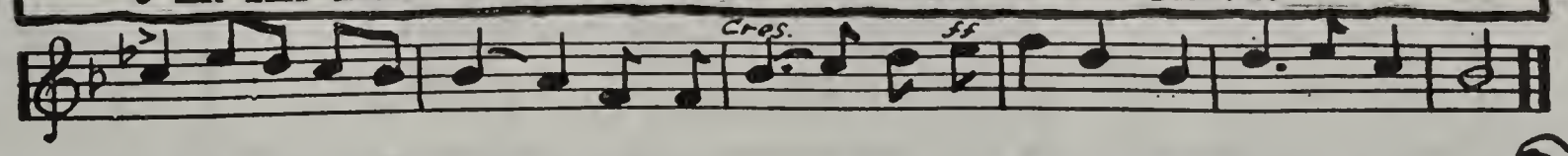


ON THAT SHORE DIMLY SEEN THROUGH THE MISTS OF THE DEEP,
WHERE THE FOE'S HAUGHTY HOST IN DREAD SILENCE REPOSES,
WHAT IS THAT WHICH THE BREEZE, O'ER THE TOWERING STEEP,
AS IT FITFULLY BLOWS, NOW CONCEALS, NOW DISCLOSES?
NOW IT CATCHES THE GLEAM OF THE MORNING'S FIRST BEAM,
IN FULL GLORY REFLECTED NOW SHINES ON THE STREAM;
'TIS THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER; OH, LONG MAY IT WAVE
O'ER THE LAND OF THE FREE AND THE HOME OF THE BRAVE!

AND WHERE IS THAT BAND WHO SO VAUNTINGLY SWORE
THAT THE HAVOC OF WAR AND THE BATTLE'S CONFUSION
A HOME AND A COUNTRY SHOULD LEAVE US NO MORE?
THEIR BLOOD HAS WASHED OUT THEIR FOUL FOOTSTEPS' POLLUTION.
NO REFUGE COULD SAVE THE HIRELING AND SLAVE
FROM THE TERROR OF FLIGHT, OR THE GLOOM OF THE GRAVE;
AND THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER IN TRIUMPH DOTH WAVE
O'ER THE LAND OF THE FREE AND THE HOME OF THE BRAVE.



OH, THUS BE IT EVER, WHEN FREEMEN SHALL STAND
BETWEEN THEIR LOVED HOMES AND THE WAR'S DESOLATION!
BLEST WITH VICTORY AND PEACE, MAY THE HEAV'N-RESCUED LAND
PRAISE THE POWER THAT HATH MADE AND PRESERVED US A NATION.
THEN CONQUER WE MUST, WHEN OUR CAUSE IT IS JUST,
AND THIS BE OUR MOTTO -- "IN GOD IS OUR TRUST;"
AND THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER IN TRIUMPH SHALL WAVE
O'ER THE LAND OF THE FREE AND THE HOME OF THE BRAVE.



S.H.W.

8 Don't you think that "SONG OF OUR FLAG is *fine* to know?

Now Boy, I must say "good bye" for the present. This letter to you is a sort of "Extra", to prepare you for the "Real Thing" about the "Scouts" from Mr. Seton. I hope you are the kind of boy that believes in the Laws of a good Scout - for

We Scouts are calm and ready,
And our hearts beat sure and true
To make us brave and steady
When there's SOMETHING good to DO.

(There is much more to that song.)

Good bye - good "scouting" -

Your loving John Martin.

Weaver's knot.

Fisherman's Knot.

Blackwall Hitch.

Cat Tracks. ½ Life Size.

Muskrat. Tracks.

Cottontail. Tracks

Crow. Tracks

A BOOK about THE BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA.

A BOOK MR. SETON *GAVE* TO THE SCOUTS.

THIS is the Book I wrote about. It tells of all the doings of the "Boy Scouts of America". Mr. Seton arranged it so that every boy will find it easy to understand. Many of the pictures I put into your letter I found in the book. It may be a little too old for you, but you are going to grow, and I think you will like this book, anyway. You should get it. It tells how to BE a "Scout" (or how to be a Manly Little MAN). Doubleday Page & Company make the book, and it costs only 25 ¢. Just tell the gentlemen that I told you to get it, and they will mail it to you very soon.

BE PREPARED

J.M.

GIRLS
SERIES,
5 TO 7
YEARS OLD

MERRYDAY. 21st.

My dear

The other day I had FUN. I saw a little FAIRY MAN and he was as BROWN as Teddy Bear, but shiny like my SHOE and he was so funny to look at. Brown Man told me a STORY about a little girl; her NAME is MARY BLUE. I will tell you that story just as if *I* saw it all happen.

I will tell you the story in poetry words, because *those* words will make your letter nicer to read and prettier to look at. SO HERE COMES THE STORY OF MARY BLUE AND THE LITTLE BROWN MAN.

SO LISTEN, DEARIE, while I write of little MARY BLUE and of a jolly Fairy *MAN*. [it's all as true as true.] Now you must know that MARY BLUE was almost sure she Knew exactly where the BIG TREE stood on which A *BROWN MAN* grew.

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MORGAN SHEPARD 42 WEST 39TH ST., NEW YORK

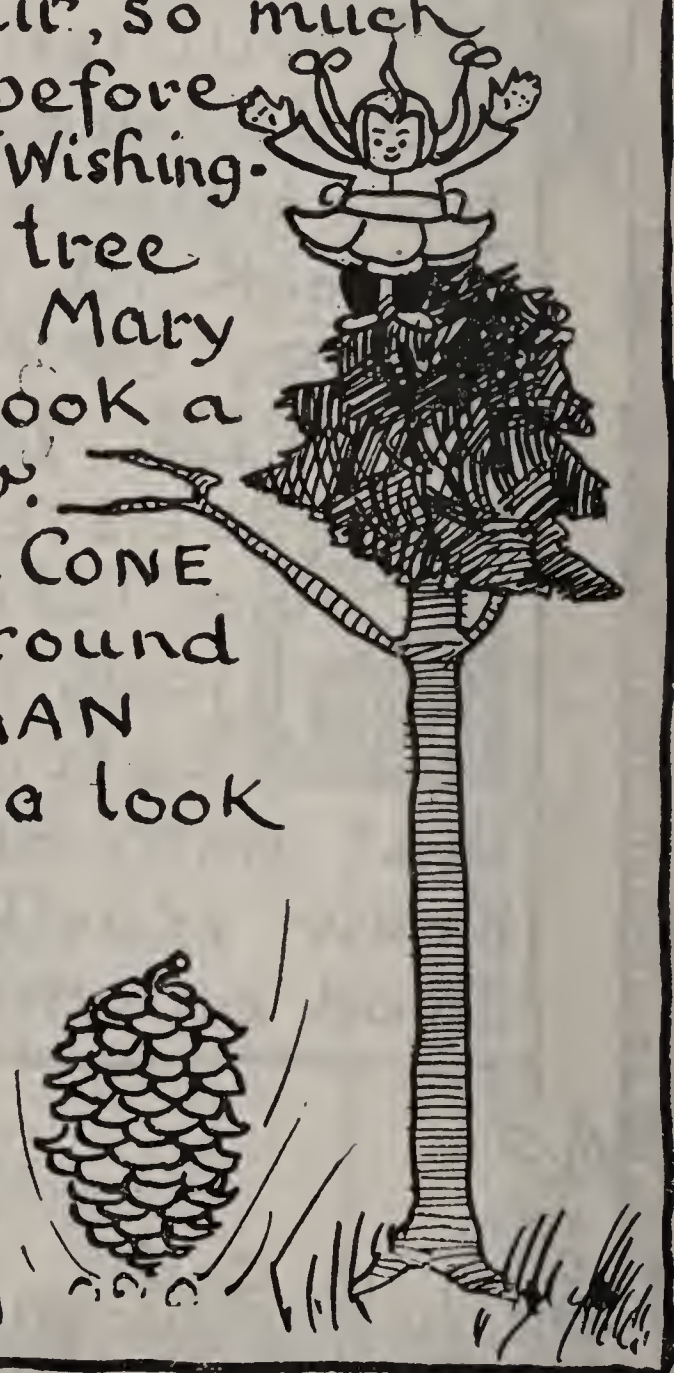
For days and days she hunted and for days and days she saw just little trees and sticks and stones and almost nothing more. But still, she Kept on WISHING till she found the WISHING TREE, and there she thought a Fairy Man most surely ought to BE. She was a little tired and

Wishing Tree

of course a little *blue*, but still she didn't *cry* at all, for *that* would never do. *NOW LISTEN*, Dearie, for I have a "magic" thing to tell. As Mary WISHED with might and main, a BUMPY *SOMETHING* fell down from that MAGIC WISHING-TREE with such a bouncy BUMP, that Mary gave a *little* scream and quite a *biggish* jump.

She jumped far up into the air, so much surprised was she, that, O! before she Knew it, she was far UP "Wishing-Tree". O dear! O, dear, that tree was HIGH. What frightened Mary so? To find that out, she took a peep quite carefully below.

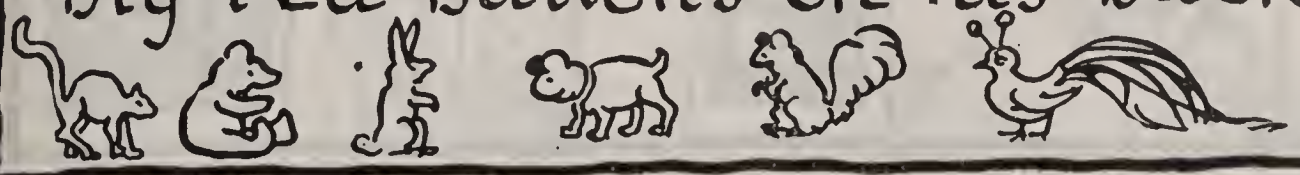
It was a mon-strous PINE CONE that had tumbled to the ground and out of IT a BROWN MAN popped and took a look around.



SO *there* was little FAIRY MAN. SO Mary's wish came true; but *such* a *funny* FAIRY MAN

as I shall prove to you. As soon as Mary dared to *climb* [as nicely as she could,] she climbed down out of WISHING-TREE and very shyly stood before that funny Fairy Man; he was quite bashful too, but still, he winked and rubbed his nose and *bowed* to Mary Blue. And I can tell you, Mary winked, so great was her surprise, as anybody might have seen by looking at her eyes. "How do?" said Mr Fairy Man. "I'm glad to meet you, Miss". – "How do you do?" said Mary Blue. "A pleasant day is this."

BUT WAIT— I think I ought to tell how BROWN MAN looked who fell from Wishing-Tree, and all about his funny CLOTHES as well. He was the strangest Fairy Man, right from his head to toes. His eyes were shiny black, and O! he had a mon-strous nose. His legs were short, his arms were long; his waist had lots of room; his feet were queer and curly, and his hair was like a BROOM. His coat was just a big pine cone all shiny smooth, and brown; with big red buttons on his back

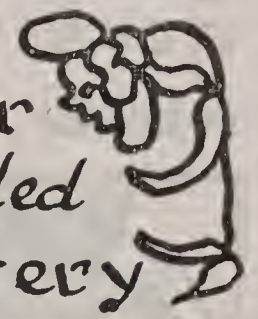


to Keep his coat-tails down. He had those buttons there because he often found that he could take a very pleasant NAP when buttoned to a TREE. Well, Brown Man

Smiled at Mary Blue and then he scratched his head; with one more bow and one more scratch he quite politely said — "Miss Mary Blue, I'm *fond* of you. I wonder if you'd mind a pleasant little stroll with me to see what we can FIND? Heigh-ho! I know the way to go. I hope you'll say you will. We'll wander on until we come to Yellow PUMPKIN HILL. We'll find some LIONS and some BEARS, we'll find a CHIPMUNK too, a Yellow DOG, a COCKATOO, and MRS. KANGAROO". *"O, thank you, Sir"* Miss Mary said, "I'm very glad to see that you are Kind and So polite to little Girls like *me*. I'll very gladly go with you to see all *sorts of sights*, but you must take good care of me, if anybody bites." So, off they strolled along Red Road that goes to Yellow Land, and Mary was quite *safe*, of course, for BROWN Man held her hand. They came to where the

with spots of white and RED;- the spots were flowers and each one just nodded with its head. On through the for-

est dark they went; on, ON o'er hill and dale, until they *stumbled* on a sight that turned them very



pale. O, dear! *MY* Dear, it was a SIGHT— My Dear! what could they do? Right there before them,- VERY NEAR, STOOD MRS. *KANGAROO!* and BEAR and LION and a MOUSE and saucy CHIPMUNK too. And there

was Mr. Yellow DOG and puffed-up Mr. QUAIL, and Pussy CAT and COCKATOO, and lazy Mr. SNAIL.

And everybody looked SEVERE and just a *little* CROSS, besides they looked SURPRISED and *lashed* their LOTS

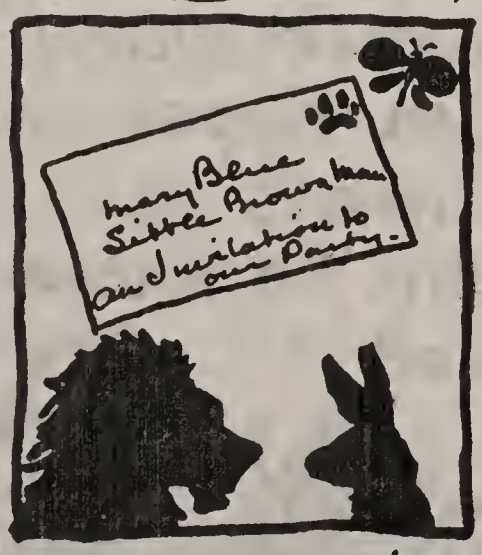
of tails, of course. *At first* our little Fairy Man, and little Mary too, thought they were in a fearful FIX, so they were rather *blue*; but still, they *acted* very *brave*, in hopes that they could show those animals a thing or two quite *good* for them to Know.

So Brown Man stared right straight AT them, and thumped his little CHEST

because he thought when thumping that he looked his very best. He ran his fingers through his hair, he polished up his nose, and just to show how *brave* he was he wiggled all his toes.

And as for Mary Blue, my Dear, once every little while she kissed her hand to all of US and smiled a pleasant smile. Between them both, the Animals became ex.ceeding *shy* and did n't *dare* to bother them - they did n't even *try*.

So Fairy Man strode forth and said - "What can we DO for you?" "*Yes, Sirs*," what may we DO for you?" - said little Mary Blue. *Then* forth came Mrs. Kangaroo, her tail was fat, and she looked very Kind and sociable, and pleasant as could be. She made a funny CURTSY-bow and gave her tail a wave, to show *she* Knew exactly how a LADY should behave.



And then she put her paw into her handy pocket where she had an INVITATION and a lovely BILL of FARE. She handed these to Mary Blue and said - "If I am *right*, both you and Mr. Fairy Man should have an APPETITE."

Then Mr. LION said. "*Ahem!* — I'd like a word or two, if I may ask that *courtesy* of Mrs. Kangaroo!" "Don't mind *my* feelings, *Sir*, at all", that pleasant Lady said. "if you have something good to say, of course, go right ahead." With *that* she tossed her head up high, and LION was ashamed, but still he *purred* like Pussy Cat, for he was nicely tamed. "*I* only wish to say", said he "*when first* we caught you here we got excited, cross and *fierce* and acted rather queer; *that* was because we were afraid you had a KILLING GUN — we don't like Killing Guns because they spoil a lot of FUN. We *thought* we'd have to *punish* you, or hide you in a CAVE; *that's* what we sometimes have to do, when people don't *behave*, but *you* won't hurt us, I am sure, for it is plain to see that you are quite polite and kind as any one can be." — *Then* Mr. Bear broke in on him; said he "Come right along to PumpKin Hill; for that's the place where pleasant folks belong." *Then* all the OTHER Animals began to dance and sing. They danced and pranced and hopped about.

She Tossed her Head.

Was nice as any thing. They sang so loud and joyfully that all the forest rang with funny sounding sorts of sounds - and this is what they sang

O, come away to Pumpkin Hill, where Golden Pumpkins grow,
And where the Sugar Soldiers stand all in a pleasant row.
O, come away to Supper Lawn, where everything is sweet,
And here and there and everywhere are lots of things to eat.

CHORUS:

So come, Dears, come. It's Supper Time over the Hill.
We have, have, have an APPETITE BASKET to fill.
O sing, sing, sing, with every mouth open so wide.
Sing: "O - O -- O" to APPETITE BASKET inside.

Yes, Dear, they sang that and more that I do not remember Lion took Mary on his back and Bear took Brown Man on his back and away every one marched to "Punkin Hill". There they all ate a big supper, which I will tell you about in my next letter - You see, all the Animals were Kind to Mary and Fairy Man because they would never hurt the Animals - Good bye, Dearie!

Your loving John Martin

GIRLS SERIES, 7½ TO 10 YEARS OLD

BABYLAND; the 2nd.

My dear I wonder how you liked my last letter. I wonder if "Sunrise Baby" took your heart through Fairyland as my heart was taken.

I could not finish my story the last time I wrote, as you know, and I am afraid I can't tell it all, even in this one or a dozen more letters. The longer I write about Sunrise Baby, the more I seem to remember — Sunrise Baby was a Chatter Box. So I must hurry and tell you all I can, but first I must ask a few questions about YOU. I hope you have been very WELL, Dear, have you? I hope you have been very HAPPY — Have you, Dear? I hope you have done some GOOD THING lately to make Someone else HAPPY. — O, have you? (I am sure you have, Dear).

Now about our Sunrise Baby. I can't tell you how well I learned to FLOAT or what FUN it was. Baby was a fine little Guide (we never once lost our way) We saw wonderful things and places and Baby never got tired of talking In my last letter I left off at the funny word "GAZZLE" - Baby said — "And so we GAZZLE in the sun" — Could you ever, ever guess the meaning of that word? Did you ever hear it before? So here comes the "Sing Song Story told by Sunrise Baby".

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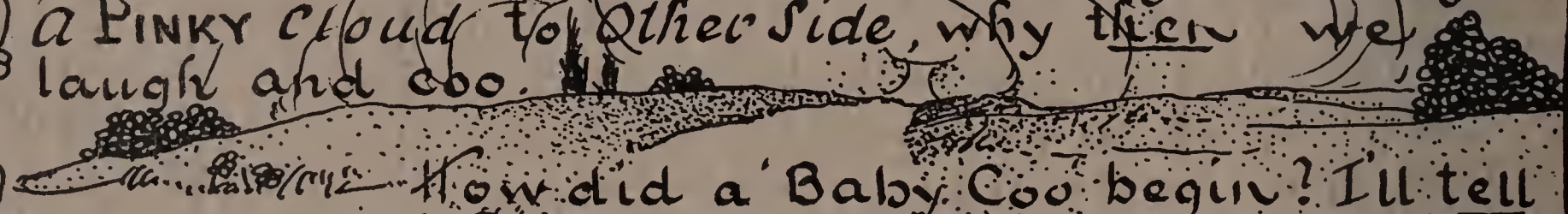
BY GAZZLE, Sunrise Babies mean they sit around and blink in Spots of Sun beneath the trees, and coo and crow and think. The Sun lets down between the leaves some dancing spots of light that play with us and take away all dreamy thoughts of Night. It's then we gazzle and we plan the way it's best to make a Journey to the World and how to find the Road to take.

We have to gazzle carefully and learn *The Gazzle Song*, for you might take the 'Sorry Way' that ends all sad and wrong. And then, O, then, we hear you cry, so far and far away; that stops our 'coos' and 'crows' up here and spoils our morning play.

But, when a Sunrise Baby finds the Road that leads right through a PINKY *Cloud to Other Side*, why then we laugh and coo.



How did a 'Baby Coo' begin? I'll tell you. Once the Sun thought he would make some Gazzle Spots and have a little fun.

He let ONE golden Gazzle Spot dance 'round a Baby's toes and then he made it tickle some all over Baby's nose. He made that Sunny Gazzle Spot so soft and smooth and sweet, that Sunrise Baby thought it surely must be good to eat. Of course that Baby grabbed at it, as Babies always do. And Baby chewed and swallowed it; *that's* what began a 'COO'.

The Gazzle *tickled* Baby so, that Baby had to coo ~ you can't help cooing when you get a gazzle *into* you.

'CROWS' are about the same as 'coos', but they are *louder* for the tickle of your gazzle spot is just a little *more*.

Perhaps you've heard us *Hic-cough* - well, auf Baby hic-coughs come when coos and crows get tangled up and bump each other some.

So now, you Know the way we coo and all about a crow, and so you Know a thing or two that Sunset Babies Know.

But you will never, never Know ~ not if you tried a YEAR, how much we think of Gazzle Spots and love them OVER HERE. For Gazzle Spots are *Plans* and *Thought* and they are *Love* and *Play*, and they are little *Sunny Hands* that lead us to the Way ~~ I mean the *Road* that goes to where THE DOOR is open wide to Mother's Sunrise Garden Door - far, far the Other Side.

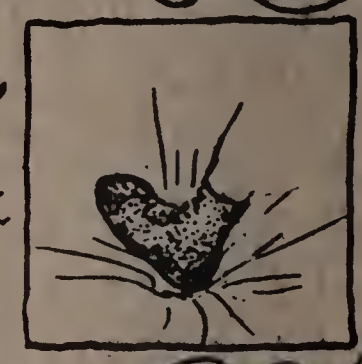
WHY LITTLE BOYS OR LITTLE GIRLS?

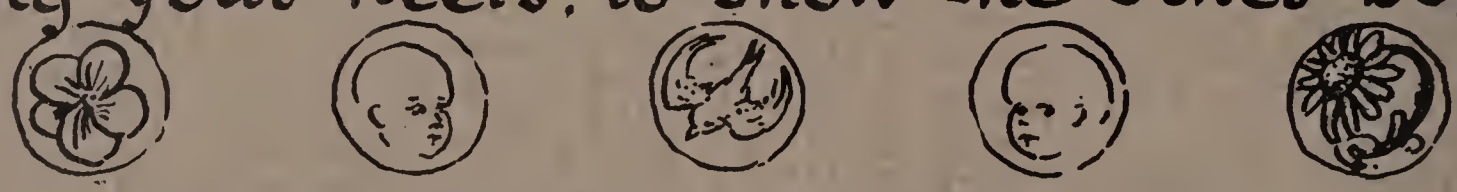
Up here, it's all the same, for gazzling and 'floating' too, and every other game. But when we plan a journey to a Mother's Garden we pick up a golden Gazzle Spot beneath the Autumn Tree. And then we hug the Gazzle Spot right close up to the heart and when we feel *it throbbing* too, we Know it's time to start.

I only made that journey once and that was on the day you came along with Spectacles and frightened me away. You looked so queer and serious, I couldn't quite decide what you would like to have me BE upon the Other Side; so I just turned myself into a Bubble, gold and blue, in hopes that something big like that would frighten even you.

About the little Girls and Boys, it's rather hard to say; I only Know that Gazzle Spots make them turn out that way. And I've been told by those who *Know* that every baby feels a 'little *dance*' or 'noisy *stamp*' all in its toes and heels.

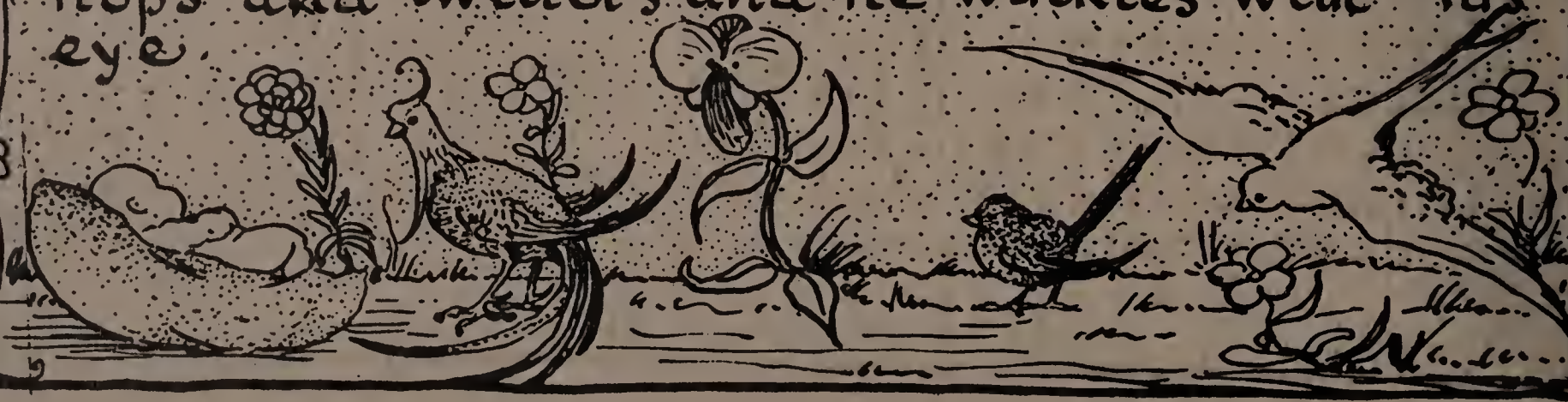
If it's a 'little *dance*' you feel around your baby toes, why, you must be a little GIRL and act so I suppose; but if your heels are full of 'stamp' and make a lot of noise, then you're a BOY and bang your heels, to show the other boys.





It always is a Gazzle Spot that takes good care of you and guides you into Everywhere and tells you what to do. O, I could tell a Hundred Things, a Hundred Secrets too, about our Golden Gazzle Spots and all as true, as true; but I'm afraid that you would stare with one eye open wide, because the people soon 'forget' who live the Other Side.

Did you ever notice DIMPLES in a baby's cheeks or chin? Did you ever stop and wonder why a Dimple dimpled *in*? Now this is how it happens, Sir. ~~ When Sunset Babies sleep, a hundred Birds and Flowers come to take a friendly peep. The Flowers all are bashful and they act a little shy; but Birdie hops and twitters and he 'winkles' with his eye.



He struts around and flutters and he gives a tiny peck at Baby's rosy fingers and its cheek and chin and neck. Birds seldom wake a baby when they peck around like this, because, you know, that is the way all little Birdies Kiss.

But every peck that Birdie pecks makes one wee dent and spot, - the Birds all call each little dent a 'Bird's Forget-me-not'.

The Flowers then say 'O', and 'Ah', and shoo the Birds away; they think the Birds are very *rough* and will not let them stay.

Then all the Flowers whisper, (but the baby does not hear). They then take hands and tip-toe up to Baby, O, so near. When Flowers act like this, we know they breathe so sweet a charm, that nothing in the wide, wide sky can do that baby charm.

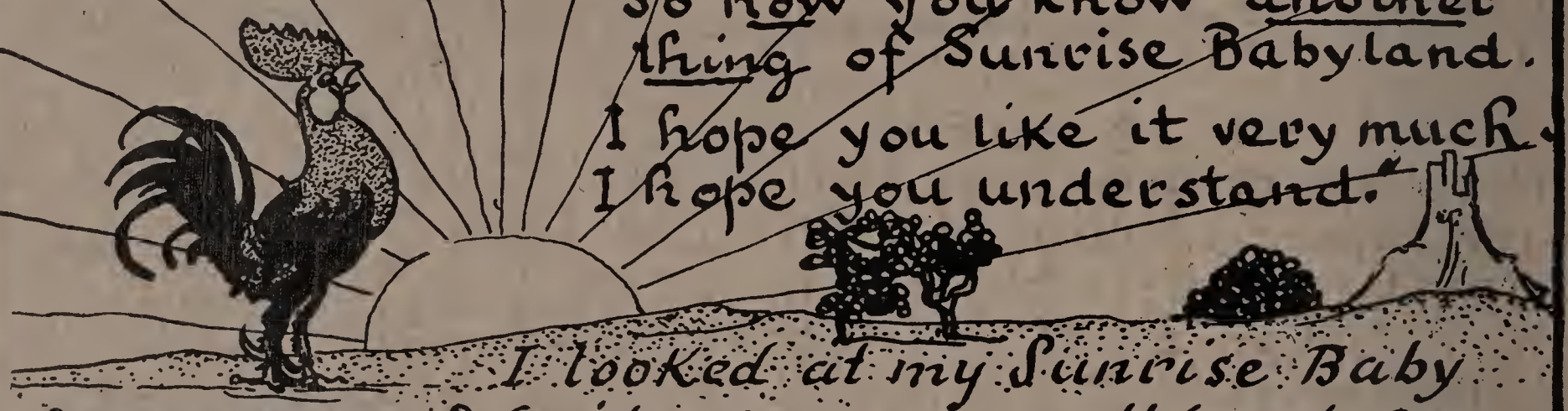
The Flowers stand on guard and wait. Most careful watch they keep - except the little Rose Buds; they are apt to fall asleep. Poor, sleepy, little Rose Buds, how each nods its drowsy head! They nod until the Flowers see they must be put to bed. And then the flowers tuck them in the little places where the Birdies left the little dents. And they are cozy there.

The Rose Buds sleep. The others wait and watch the whole night long until the Sunrise Rooster wakes them with his Morning Song. Then all the Flowers slip away. The Rose Buds open wide and tumble from their DIMPLE BEDS and run away and hide.

Of course the Rose Buds liked their beds and every Flower meant to cover up each Birdie Kiss and leave a DIMPLE DENT.

So now you know another thing of Sunrise Babyland.

I hope you like it very much.
I hope you understand.

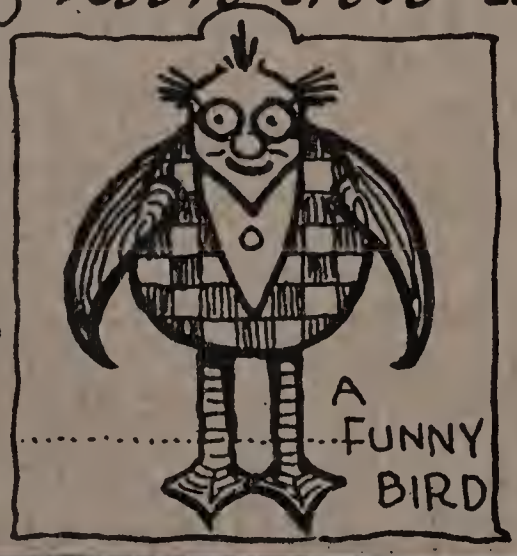


SUNRISE ROOSTER

I looked at my Sunrise Baby Guide very earnestly and saw two of those Dimple Dents, so I said. "Can I Kiss you Good Morning"? I asked that with my heart going like a run-away pump.

Baby looked steadily at me, replying - "Not Up Here; down in the Garden perhaps - if you ever catch me there. Now if you were a Bird, it would be very different."

"Can't I turn into a Bird under the Autumn Tree"? I asked with great sad earnestness. Baby looked me over from head to heels, then back again to my big round spectacles and replied very slowly - "I don't Know, John Martin - you see, you are so --- well, you see you might turn into a very Funny Bird."

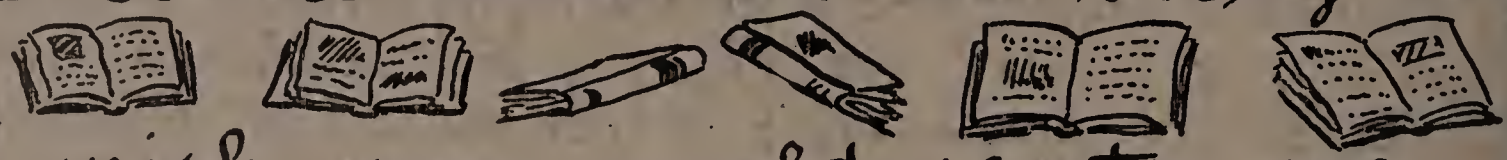


I asked no more questions just then, but I learned later that Babyland was full of FUNNY BIRDS; they perched in every tree, they hid in every bush, they dodged awkwardly behind gray stones and when night

came, hundreds and hundreds of them would meet in "Funny Bird Valley" and all talk at once about what they had seen that day in Babyland, but never by any chance did one of them tell how he happened to be a Funny Bird. I think their lives were very sad, in a Funny-Bird sort of a way. So I will keep away from Dimple Dents, for fear that I might be led to make a wish under the Autumn Tree, and turn into a very Funny Bird; but perhaps I could be KING of the Funny Birds, then I'd banish all the rest of them and have everything my own way. Some day I'm going to write a long story about those Birds - I tell you it would be a Funny Story.

IF I WERE KING

It's no use trying, Dear, I cannot begin to tell you all I keep remembering about Babyland. I have told you about Pillows, Counterpanes, Little Breezes, Blue Eyes (and Other dear eyes,) and I've told of that Magic Autumn Tree and I've told you of DIMPLES, Coos, and many, many Secrets of Babyland. I could tell you a hundred more, but I'd better wait for you to write and tell me to finish my story. Perhaps, you would like me to write the whole "Story of Sunrise Babyland" and make it a Book,

so you could have all the story at once. 

I wish you would write me a Fairy Story letter or any Kind of a Story letter; it's very good for you to think Thoughts and make Words for those Thoughts and then put them down on paper, where they Keep safe and sound.

Thoughts are very like Birds: they come and perch in our heads and hearts; they sing or chirp for a while, but off they fly; we do not Know where and it is often very hard to remember their songs or happy chirping - So, Dear, put some Bird Thoughts on paper for me; I will be very proud of them.

Good bye, I can hardly wait for next month to come, when you will get another letter from

Your loving
John Martin

P.S.
Would you advise me to turn into a Funny Bird? JM

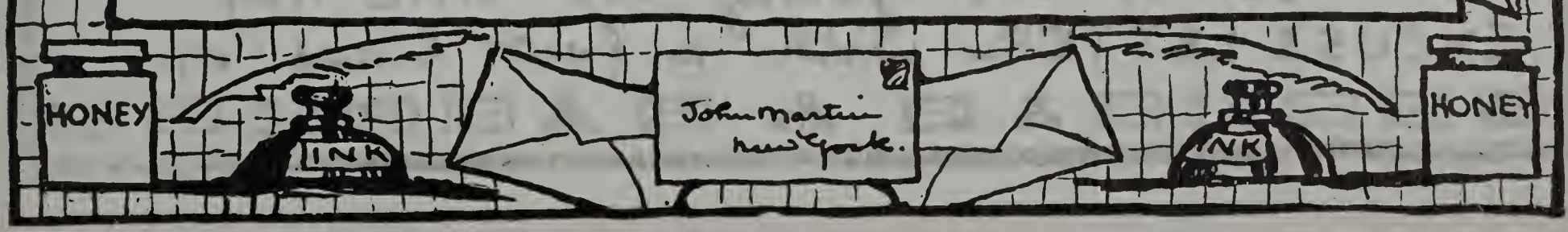
A BUSY BEE EXTRA LETTER TO YOU

My dear

Your letters have not gone to you as regularly or as often as my MESSAGES of LOVE and the GOOD WISHES of my heart have.

You are my dear little Friend so I can write to you just as a friend may write, and tell you about my troubles — and my JOYS too [I have more joys than troubles, haven't you?] I am writing this letter now to tell you why my letters don't come to you like days on the Calendar — you see. Dear, I write all your letters, or copy all the letters OTHER PEOPLE send to you. I send HUNDREDS of letters besides, so I am a very busy John Martin. Lots of people have offered to help me, but I am selfish, I'm afraid I can't give up writing to you; it would be like giving up a very HAPPY DAY.

Once in a while I need a new hat (a big shiny one) or I need



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some goldey pennies to Keep the Door hinges of my "House" from squeaking, and to make my door easy for you to open; and most of all, I need those pennies to give away, when I find some little Children with a "pitiful look" in their eyes and a "sorry hollow" in their cheeks.

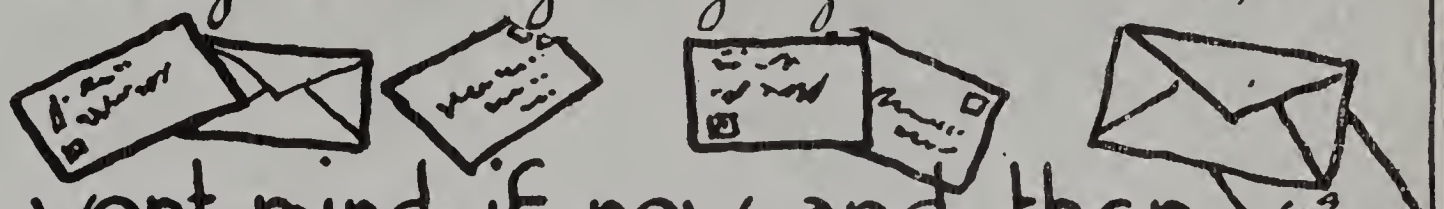
So I have to WORK hard sometimes for Goldey Pennies. My letters are slow in coming to you some months - yes, because other Friends besides John Martin might wait for a quiet, happy time to write to you just as I must do once in a while. My letters are not like MONTHLY MAGAZINES, they are LETTERS, written when I have <u>happy</u> thoughts to send you. Please don't expect me to write when -

The hinges of John Martin's Door
Squeal out a rusty squeak,
And when they are so dry and sore
They don't know how to speak.
Please let me write when ALL IS WELL,
When all my heart is free
To write the thoughts I ought to tell,
And see as I should see.

Someone who loves you asked me to send letters to you, and I said I would write a series of letters - I promised and I will Keep that promise

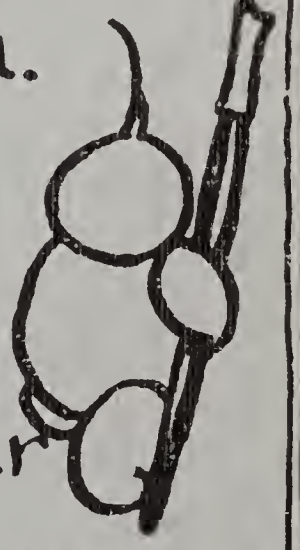
Now I am going to END my EXCUSE LETTER with a few lines of

EXCUSE JINGLE WORDS, because my heart gets dancey and my hand gets gay when I write to you.



So you wont mind if now and then
There comes a busy month or two,
A time of working, whirling, when
I've only time to think of you.

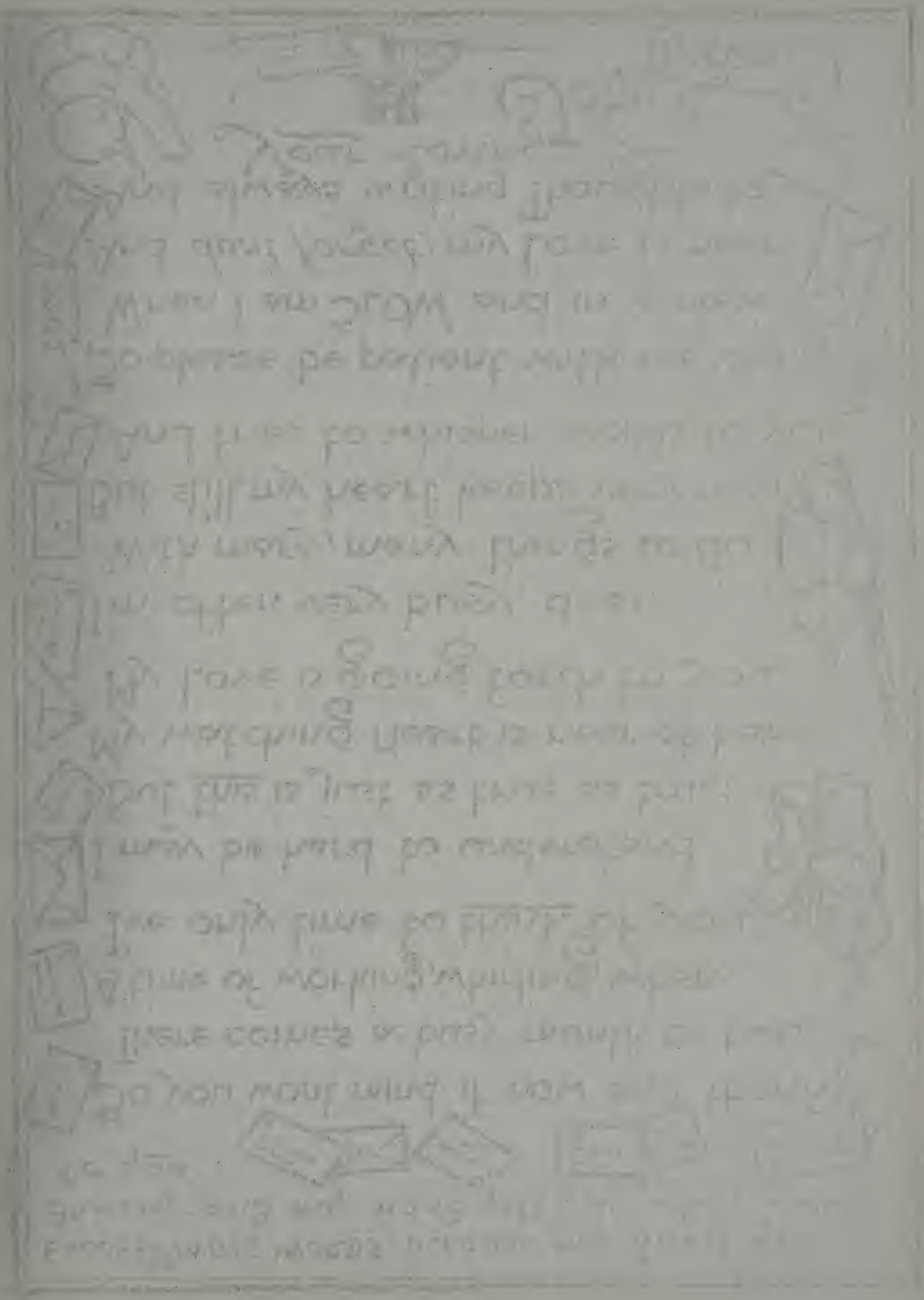
I may be hard to understand,
But this is just as true as true:
My watching Heart is near at hand,
My Love is going forth to you.



I'm often very busy, dear,
With many, many things to do.
But still, my heart keeps very near
And tries to whisper words to you.

So please be patient with me, dear,
When I am SLOW and in a stew.
And *don't forget;* my Love is near,
And always writing Thoughts to you.

Your loving
John Martin



My House. Cat-Day.

Dear

BOYS SERIES. 5 TO 7 YEARS OLD

When I was a very *little* boy, my Mother read me a Story about a NAUGHTY KITTEN. It was a poetry story about a "ROBBER Kitten". I am going to tell you about him in this letter, just as I was told when I was *your* age. When I get through the story, I will tell you in *my way* how that Robber Kitten turned into a very GOOD Kitten [as all Kittens should be.] You must remember, Dear, about Kitten when he was GOOD and forget about him when he was a BAD Robber Kitten. So now I will begin the story in the way all stories ought to begin by saying —"

"ONCE UPON A TIME," *Yes*-

Kitten once to his Mother said -
"I'll *never more be good*,
But I'll go and be a robber *bold*
And I'll live in a dreary wood,
Wood, wood, wood!
And live in a *dreary* wood."

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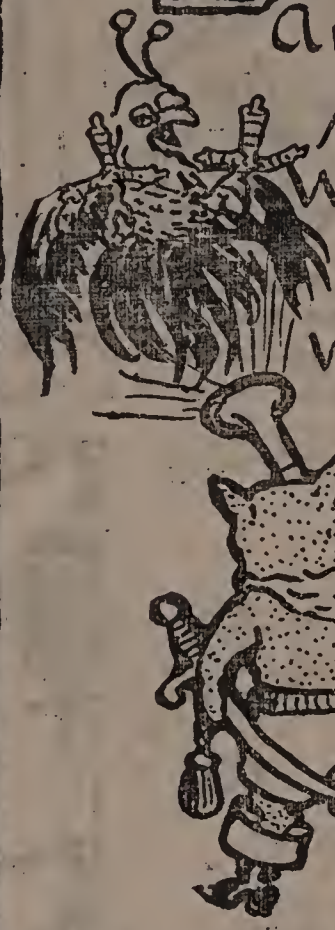
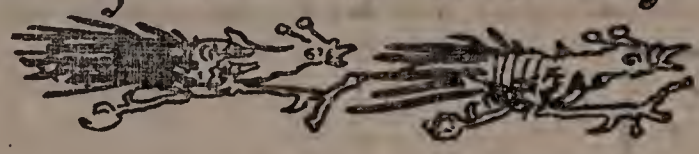
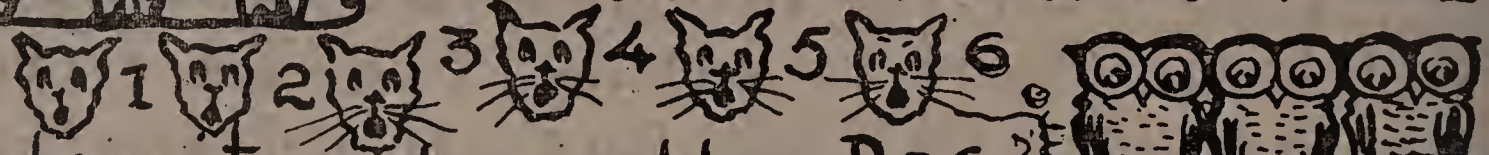
So, off he went to the dreary Wood
And there he met a cock,
And he shot his *robber*
pistol off,-
Which gave it an awful SHOCK,
Shock, shock, shock!
Which gave it an *awful* shock

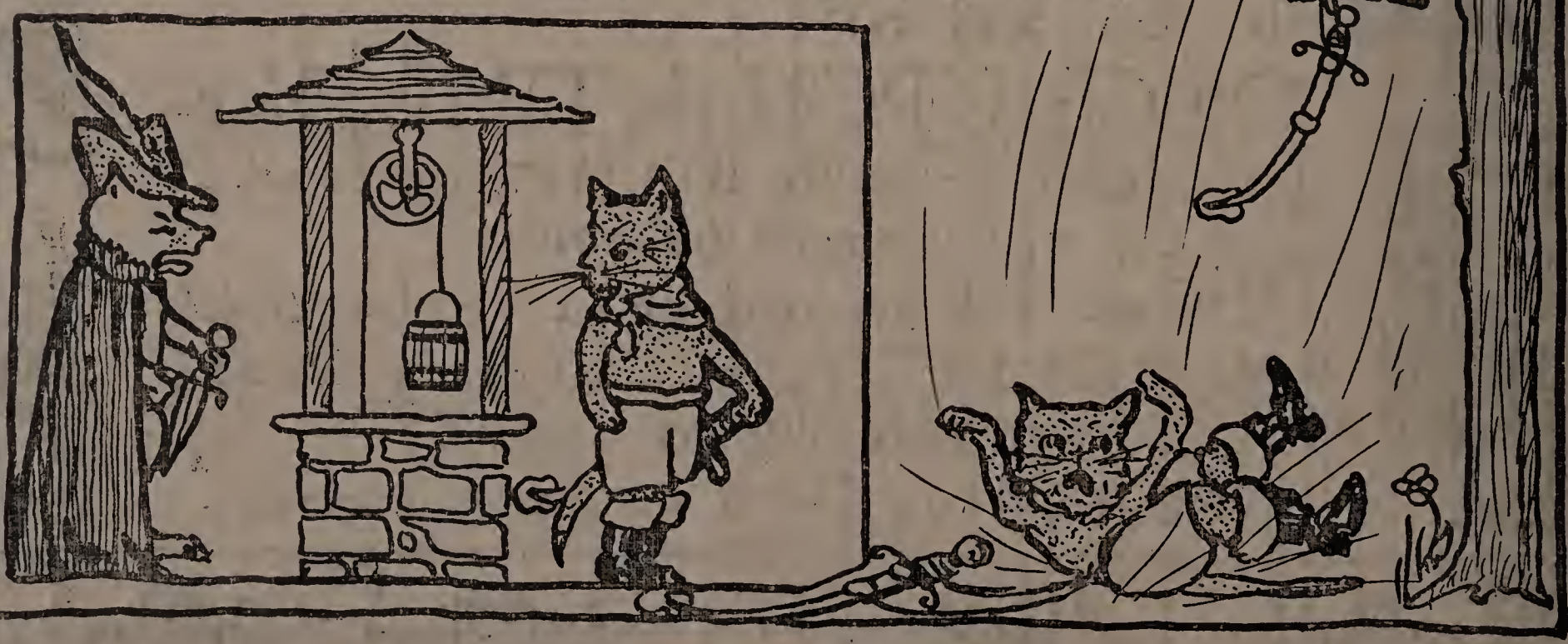




He climbed a tree to ROB
a nest
Of young and tender OWLS.
But the branch broke off
and the Kitten fell
With six[6] *tre-mend-dous* HOWLS,
Howls, howls, howls!
With SIX *tremendous* HOWLS



One day it met a robber DOG,
And they sat down to drink,
The dog did growl, snap and *BITE*,
Which made the Kitten WINK,
Wink, wink, wink!
Which made the Kitten *Wink*



At length they quarreled, then
they *fought*
Beneath the Greenwood Tree,
Till Puss was whacked with an
awful *whack*,
Most terrible to SEE,
See, see, see!
Most *terrible to See!*

AT FIRST THEY QUARRELED.

Then They Fought.

WHEN Puss got up, ONE eye was shut
And swelled and black and blue;
Moreover all his bones were sore,
So he began to *mew*.
Mew, mew, MEW!
So he *began* to mew.

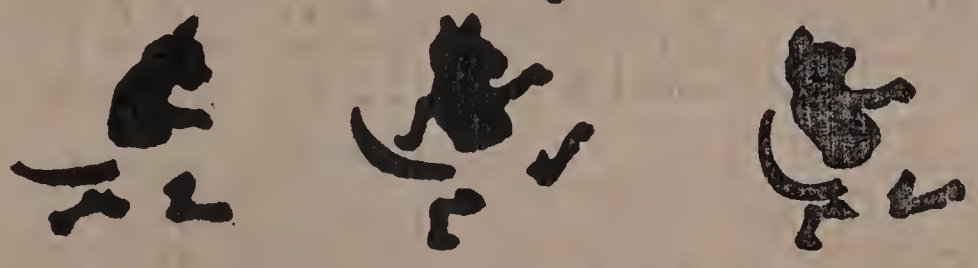
So back he went from the *dreary* wood,
All battered, bruised and SAD.
'O, Mother dear, once more Im *here*,
I'll never more be BAD.
Bad, bad, bad!
I'll *never more* be BAD.

And he never was bad again. As soon as he got well and strong again, after all his trouble, he started right in to be very GOOD and this is how it happened. My Mother didnt tell me this part of your letter. I just heard about it, *to day*. I tell you before anybody in the whole world-

AND THIS IS HOW KITTEN GOT GOOD.

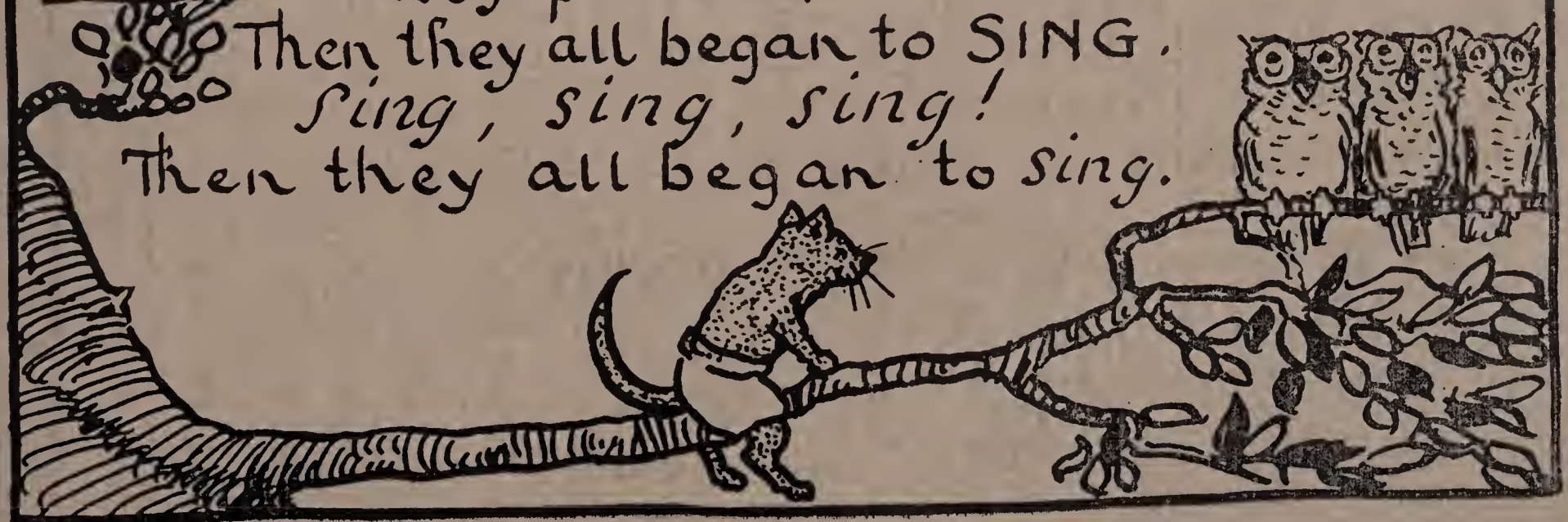
So, Kitten then to his Mother said -
"I'll never more be BAD.
But I'll try to be a Pussy dear,
So *you* can be very glad.
Glad, glad, GLAD!
So you can be very *glad*.

I'LL go straight forth to the
dreary wood,
When I *get* there, then I
Will make folks *happy* to see me there
At least I will try and *try*.
Try — try try!
At least I will try and *try*.



Away he went to the
dreary wood
And played around a while.
Old Rooster watched him
a long way off
And soon he began to smile.
Smile, smile, smile!
And soon he *began to SMILE.*

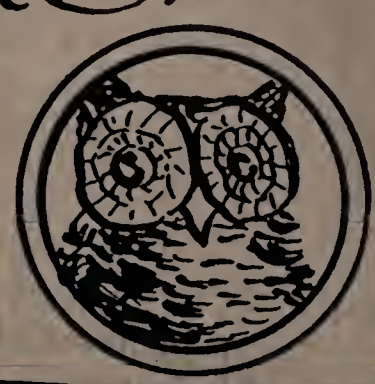
THEN he climbed a tree to OWL'S nest
As nice as anything.
At *first* they were scared but
Pussy purred,
Then they all began to SING.
Sing, sing, sing!
Then they all began to *sing.*



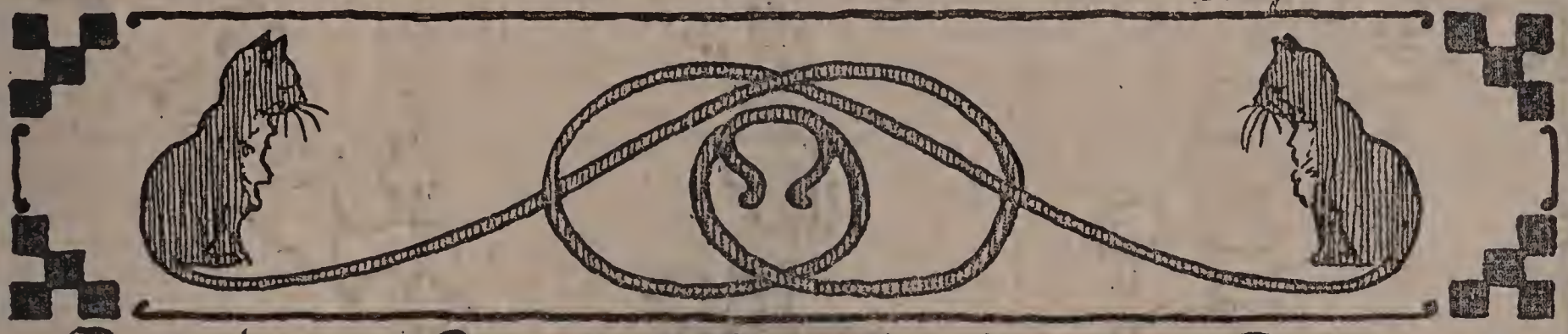
SOON he came to that ROBBER DOG.
Pussy *wanted* to RUN.
But he *walked* right up to that
dog and said —
"My *FRIEND* let's have some FUN.
"*Fun, fun, fun!*
"My FRIEND let's have some FUN".

AND so they frolicked and then
they laughed -
Frolicked and romped away.
Doggie was glad and pussy
was too.
They were jolly and gay -
Gay, gay, GAY!
O, so jolly and gay!

SO Pussy went *visiting*
all around.
EVERY ONE. *everywhere*
Liked him to visit, for he was Kind.
They liked to have him there.
There, there there!
They *loved* to have him there.



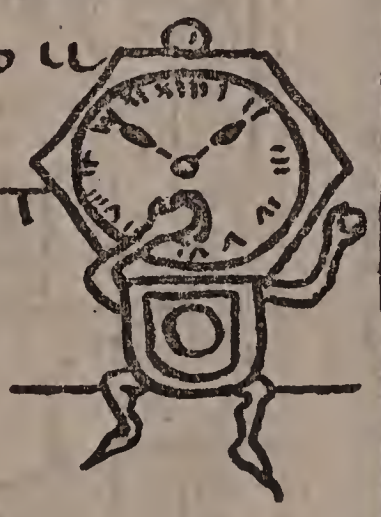
THEN *home* he went to his
Mother dear
Back from the CHEERFULWOOD.
"O, Mother dear, once more
I'm here.
It's FUN to be nice and GOOD-
Good, good, good!
Such FUN to be nice and GOOD."



So there Dear, that is how a Robber Kitten (a cross, cruel, Robber Kitten) became a very Kind, Happy, GOOD Kitten. I am sure you understand all about it.

Some day I will tell you more about that Good Kitten, if you want me to

Now I must say "GOOD NIGHT DEAR", because my Lamp is sputtering near my writing desk. He is sleepy. He says—



"Johnnie Martin! Johnnie Martin!
I'm a Sleepy Head.
Johnnie Martin, don't you know it's
Time to go to bed.
Mutter, mutter, SPUTTER, SPUTTER,
Look at Mister Clock,
Every one is VERY sleepy
Ticky-tick tock."

So, Good night Dear. Be *happy* always.
Be good as much as you can
Be well all the time. Think of me
when you want to, because I am
Your loving Friend

John Martin

This, my Dear, is GAPEY-BOO;
He is a Sleepy-Head.
He *yawns* at me, he *gapes* at you,
He wants to go to BED.
When he gets there his
mouth will close
Like any other DOOR.
That's good for him and
I suppose
He'll yawn at us no more.

SCOUT Headquarters

BOYS SERIES, 7½ TO 10 YEARS OLD

My dear John Martin

is an old fruend of mine. Old friends are apt to talk over pleasant matters and things and and Other Friends. The big log was blazing merily. Our toes and shin-bones felt satisfied, so of course Martin and I were amiable and talked of things nearest our hearts. [I can tell you, Lad, well-warmed shins go a long journey with a Kindly heart.]. What was among the Near-Things to my heart? That's easily answered — the "Boy Scouts" - of course - my Boys -

"BE PREPARED"

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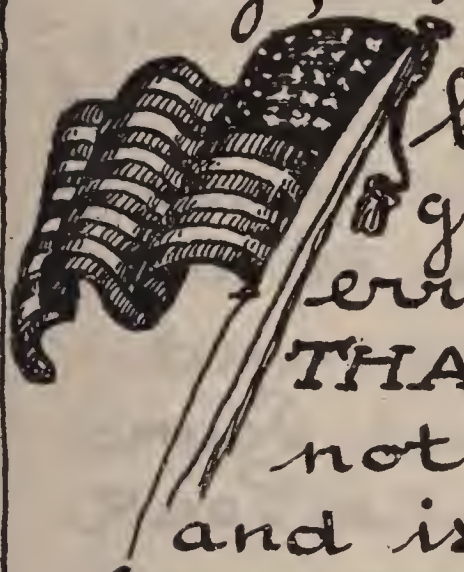
and as for Martin, I am sure you know where you stand with him. Old Log Kept blazing merrily. It was a good time to ask and to grant favors. Martin began first ~ "Seton, write my Boys a letter, will you?" said Martin.

It didn't need warm shins to get me to say ~ "Of course I will". So there, my Boy, we are introduced ~ Martin has told me about his Boys so I am going to write you a short letter about mine [THE BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA]. I will begin by asking a question ~

WHAT IS A BOY SCOUT?

and I will answer the question in part, by telling what a "Boy Scout" is NOT. [I think we will go over to a NEW PAGE to begin just right.]

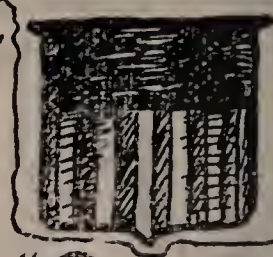
IF YOU see a boy who cries when he falls down, or doesn't Know how to mend a Boat, or can't tell you anything about the American Flag; or won't help a friend without being paid for it; or grumbles when sent on an errand — you Know at once THAT BOY IS NO SCOUT, - he has not joined the great band. and is not fitted to do so until he learns to be brave when in trouble - to be useful with tools - to think much about his Country's flag and to do at least ONE KIND ACT JUST FOR THE *Joy of Being KIND.*



Yes, these are among the first things a boy must learn and learning these he becomes MANLY — that is, a Scout is a **MANLY BOY** — Manly boys grow to be noble MEN - or GENTLE *MEN* - you understand.

Just take the history of America and pick out all the great men who helped our country in times of danger — you will find that each one of them was a

SCOUT.



Of course those great men did not belong to the Boy Scouts, because in those days there was no "Boy Scout" Band, but they all did the things that Scouts have to do and our Scouts are safe in copying them. I am speaking now of Washington - Hamilton - Jackson and those who belonged to their times. They lived the brave and MANLY lives of SCOUTS, so did Lewis and Clark and Pike of Pike's Peak and a hundred others who are in the Hall of Fame. Had they been alive they would have joined our Boy Scouts, because the men who came after them, and took their places in leading the nation, have joined it.

At the head of our National Council is President Taft; next to him, to take his place when Mr. Taft is away is Col. Theodore Roosevelt; next comes Admiral Dewey, and General Leonard Wood.

All of these Men and many more whose names you must Know

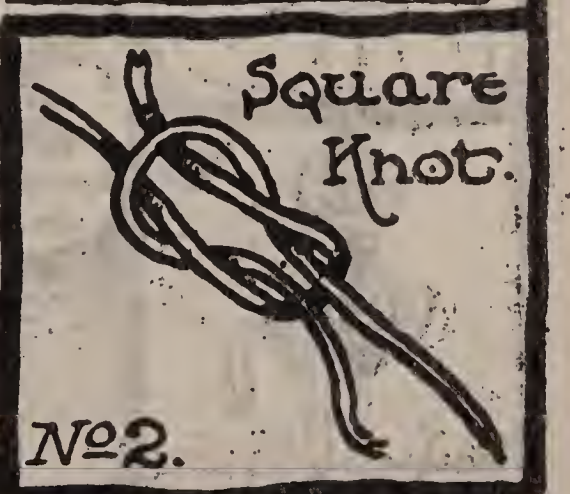
are great Leaders to-day because they lived the Scout Life when they were young, and these fine men are joining with us in trying to make every boy in America a true Scout ~ that is, a brave, kind, strong boy, who has learned first to Keep GOOD NATURED ~ second, how to USE TOOLS, third, how to be useful to his COUNTRY and his NEIGHBORS when they have need of them ~ and that is all the time.

As you read this letter, dear Lad, I am sure you understand the chief meaning of the Word, "SCOUT" - if you do not, all you need understand is this ~ a "Scout is a Boy who means to be a noble MAN, if trying hard to be one can make him so.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE A SCOUT?

then this is how to begin - First you learn the Scout Law which is all plainly written in a little book that some one can get for you at the "SCOUT HEADQUARTERS" No. 124 East 28th Street, NEW YORK. Second, you must learn the History of the American Flag. Third — You must learn how to tie four different

Knots in a Rope.



Having learned these things, you may become what the Boy Scouts call a "tenderfoot", - that is, a Scout beginner, and when you are twelve years old you may join the great Band - "THE BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA".

I hope that you want to be a SCOUT, for that means that you intend to be a Manly MAN.

I am glad John Martin and I had that warm-shins-Kindly chat about you; it comes next to shaking your hand - it's almost Knowing you - isn't it, my Boy. Good bye.

Good "Scouting"!

Your sincere Friend

Each Scout Patrol has a different Emblem, - there are some of them.

My Post Script 7

Dear Boy:

Now you know my Friend Ernest Thompson Seton. He is worth knowing for he has the Heart of a Boy. He is the best chap I know to play with and it's exciting, I can tell you, To go into the woods with him. He can hoot like an Owl, howl like a Wolf and make clucking, chuckling, murmuring sounds down in his throat and against the roof of his mouth; you'd think he had a mouthful of Field Mice, Chipmunks, Ground Hogs, Ducks and wee Chirping Birds - but he says he hasn't. He can make a noise like a Skunk, too. (O, dear!)

He made me jump Eleven feet sidewise once by howling like a Wolf all of a sudden and then made me jump back by hooting like an owl. That was good jumping for an old Boy like me. It was a dark night so I jumped extra well.

I copied Mr Setons letter in plain writing; he said I ought to. Isn't it funny how most very clever people write such nice, hard-to-read writing? How do I write. (be careful how you answer.)

Would you like to have me write to you some day about that wonderful walk I took with Mr Seton? I saw lots of things and learned many more.

Good bye, dear Boy—
Don't forget me please, because you now know Mr Seton, who is so much wiser than I am.
Come back once in a while to

Your loving
John Martin

HERE'S A "SCOUT SONG" WE MADE FOR YOU.

Now, this is what I try to be.
A thoughtful Boy 'most always can
Because he surely knows that he
Must grow to be a Gentleman.
So this is what I try about,
For I'm a Scout.

II

The Scouting Law I first must know
'Cause Law is just a rule, to tell
How Heart should think and Head should go,
And how to keep my body well.
This Good Law never leaves a doubt
For any Scout.

III

Then of my Country's Flag I learn
And what it did in History,
So when I see it I shall yearn
To keep it ever dear to me;
And love it with a love devout,
Like every Scout.

IV

Then I must learn FOUR KNOTS to tie,
With wobbley rope in different shapes.
The skilful hand and careful eye
Will get me out of lots of scrapes.
These things you cannot do without
And be a Scout.

I wish you would read all Mr Seton's Books; they let you into the hearts and lives of Dumb Creatures.—JM.

John Martin's Letter To You.

Number 10.

GIRLS SERIES, 5 TO 7 YEARS OLD

Joyful Day 22nd.

My dear

Here I am again, and here comes Mary Blue and Little Fairy Man and all the Animals I told you about in my *last* letter.

I told you that the Animals IN-VITED Mary and Fairy Man to SUPPER, or a TEA PARTY, which is almost the same thing. Mary had never been to such a STRANGE PARTY so she was quite EX-cited and VERY glad,- her eyes looked like stars, they *twinkled* so, and flowers because they were so sweet and happy.

There - now I *must tell* you about that "Animal Tea Party".

SO HERE THE STORY *GOES ON.*

I WISH, my Dear, you could have seen that nice PRO-CES-SION GO. I wish you could have marched with them, all in a MARCHING row.

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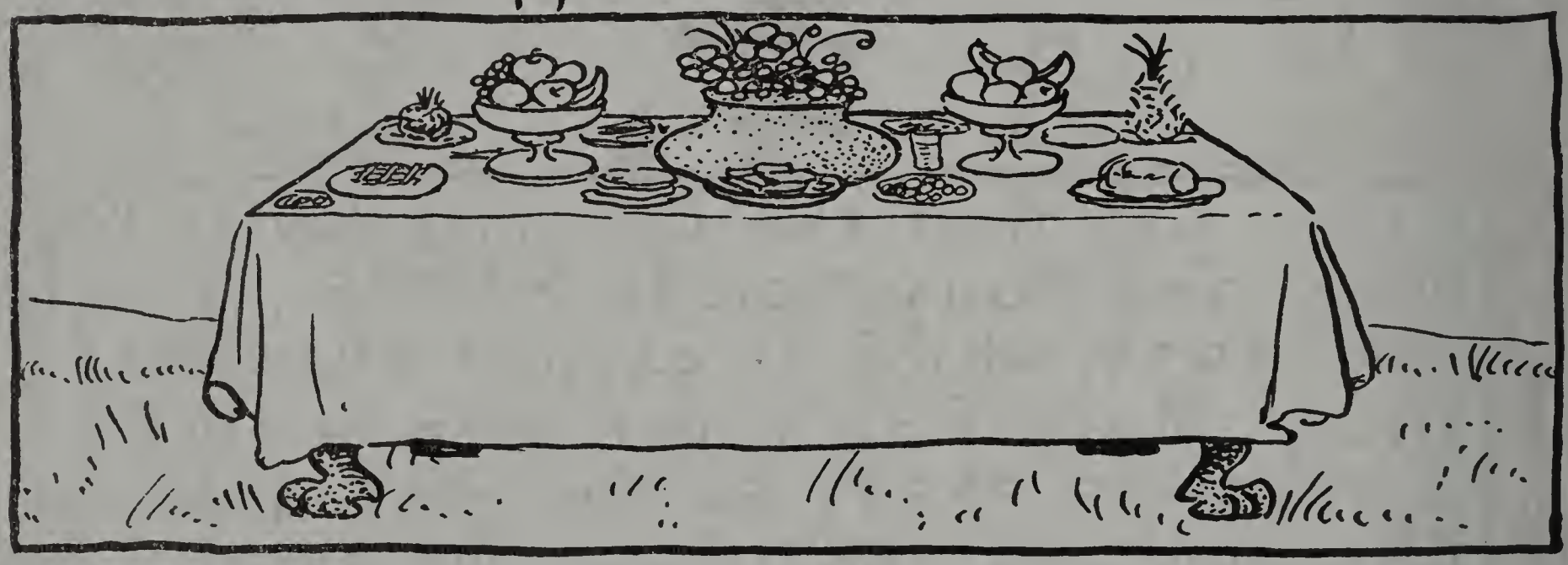
FIRST one foot up, then one foot down, then one foot UP again --

that's how they got to Pumpkin Hill which sits on "Frolic Plain". At last they all spied Supper Lawn. and soon each one was able, to see a lot of things to eat spread out on Supper TABLE.

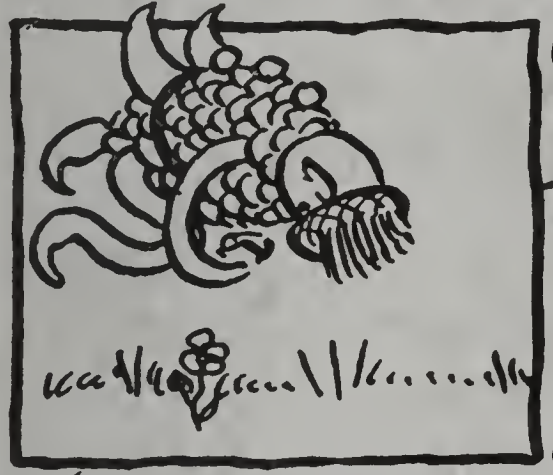


OLD LION gave a joyous shout,
YOUNG Chipmunk gave a squeak.
And as for Mrs. KANGAROO,-
she couldn't even speak.
OLD Bear just gave a hungry grunt,
and as for Mr. QUAIL,
he hopped about and

took a nip at Mr. Squirrel's TAIL.

Then DOGGIE barked a happy bark and PUSSY mewed a MEW,

and COCKATOO went spinning round, until he fairly *flew*. And as for Mister Fairy Man he turned a somersault – his *hunger* made him *giddy*, so it wasn't all his fault.



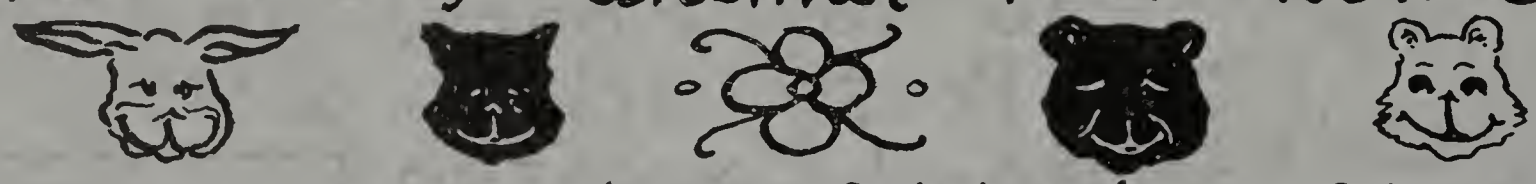
And as for Mary, she felt like some somer-sault-ing too - but Pussy said - "*Look out, my dear, for Mrs Kangaroo*".

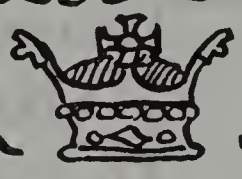
And so, Miss Mary only *smiled* and thought it very nice of Pussy Cat to be so kind and give such good advice – but still she thought a SOMERSAULT might do her lots of good and as for ME, I wished real hard that little Mary <u>would</u>.

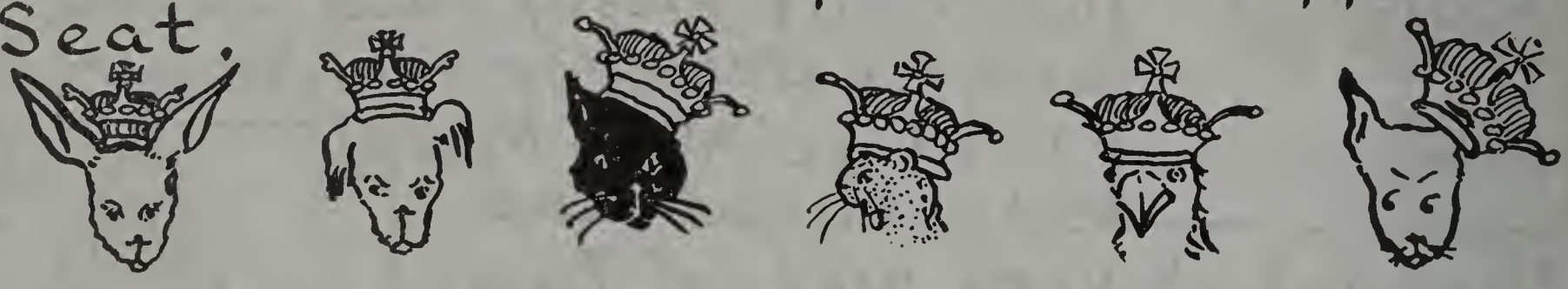
And *I* felt like a somersault, 'cause dearie, don't you see, a roly–bowly somersault is *good* for folks like <u>me</u>.

4 [THAT'S ALL ABOUT SOMERSAULTS SO I'LL GO ON WITH OUR STORY.]

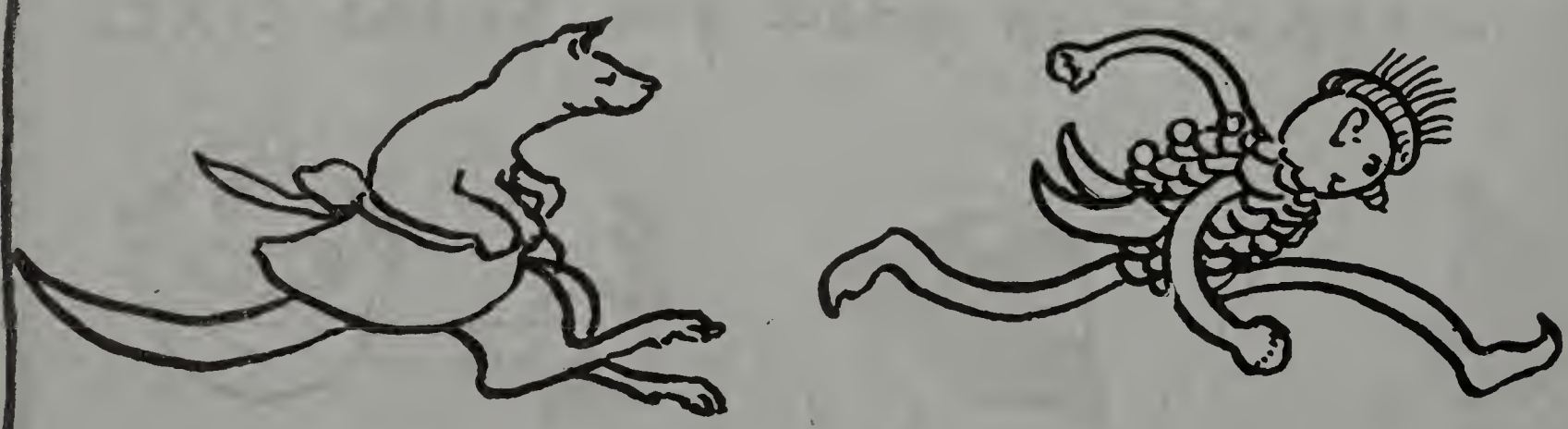
When every animal had shown



his joy as he thought best, a SAT-IS-FIED and HAPPY sigh was *heaved* from every breast. Then one and all, those animals, said - "*One, two, three,* let's race to Supper Table, then we'll Know who gets the nicest *place* - O! **1-2-3** away GO we. The fastest one shall beat and have a crown  upon his head and RULE from Supper Seat.

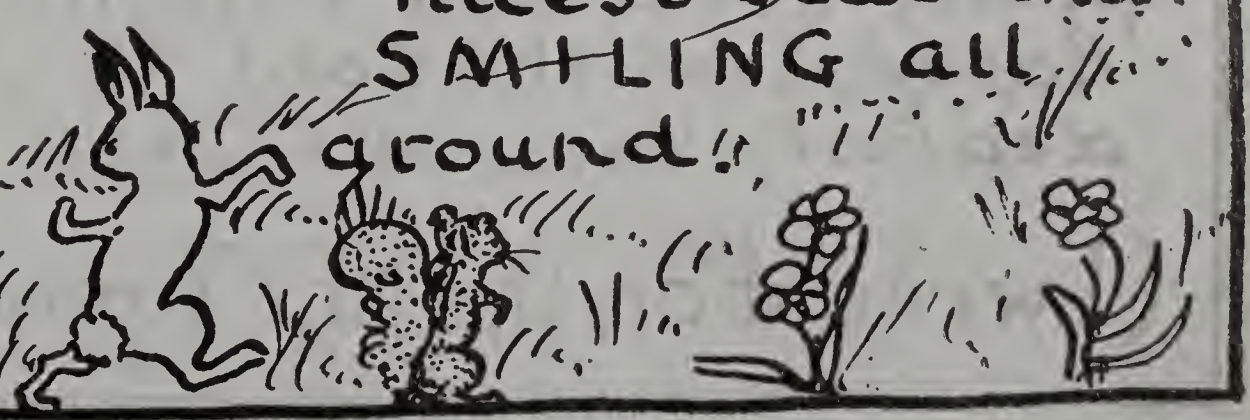


O dear! my Dear, away they went. They shuffled and they bumped. And O, how Mrs Kangaroo picked up her skirts and JUMPED. And as for Mr Fairyman, *his* legs went very fast, just like two little buzzing wheels, so, very soon he passed

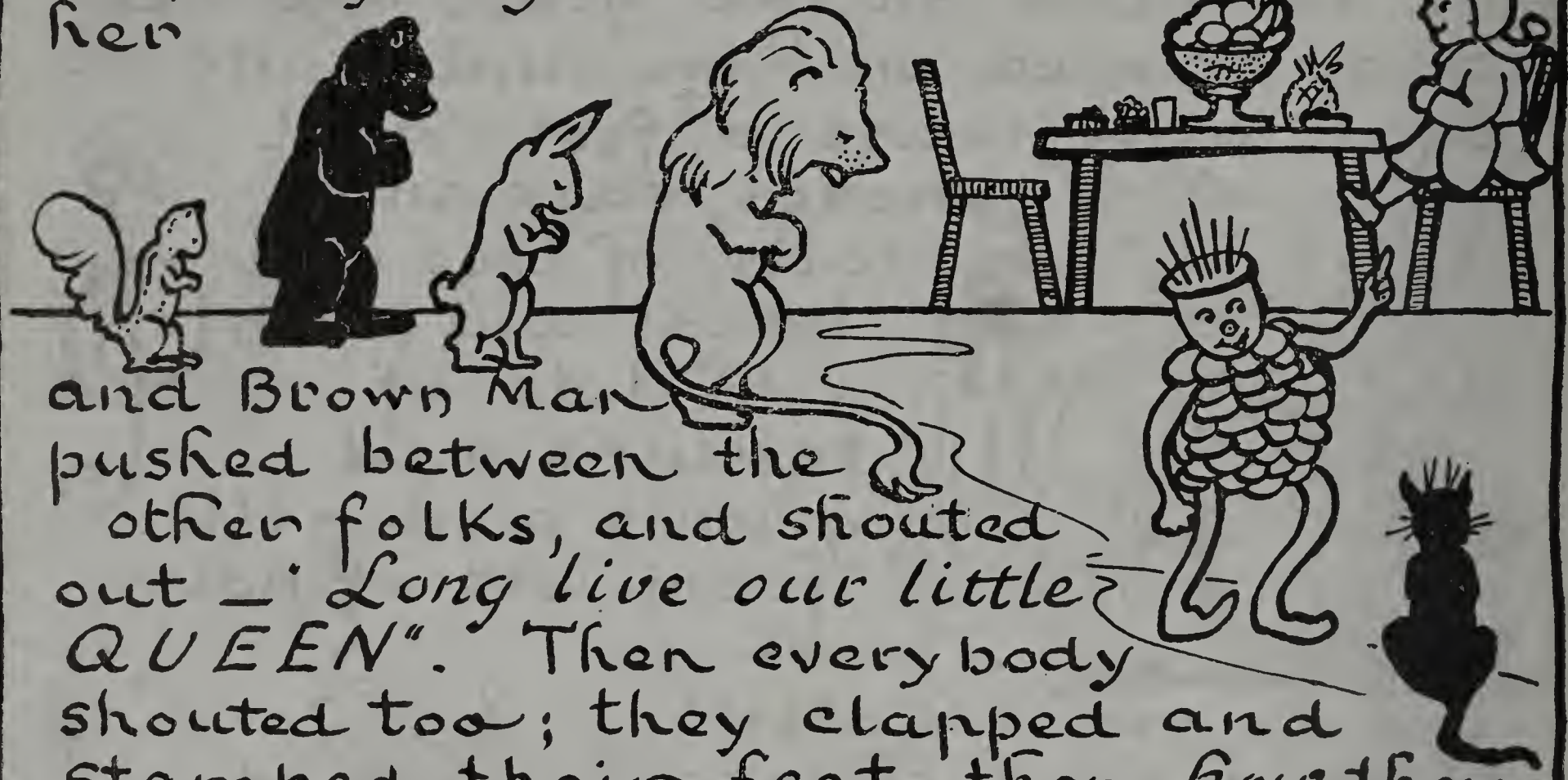


the other animals because he ran just ZIPPY ZIP. His run was rather dangerous, for he was sure to *trip*. O, dear, O, dear and trip he DID. He tumbled on the grass and every-body tripped on <u>him</u> and made a squirming mass of feet and noses, ears and tails, of legs and backs and paws, with lots of squeaks and grunts and yells from lots of noisy jaws.

And so you see Miss Mary had a chance to pass them all — and she DID pass them very fast, without a <u>single</u> fall. Before the Animals could get themselves un-tangled they saw Mary Blue ahead of them, a half a mile away. And long before they caught up to Miss Mary Blue, they found her sitting in the nicest seat and SMILING all around!!



6 SO Mary beat the Animals, which did n't hurt a bit, and it was very nice to see our little Mary SIT. SO, everybody bowed to her



and Brown Man pushed between the other folks, and shouted out — *'Long live our little QUEEN"*. Then everybody shouted too; they clapped and stamped their feet, then *how* they pushed and bumped to get a camfy Supper Seat - but Fairyman pushed hardest and he bumped with all his might and got a seat near Mary Blue - exactly at her right. He plumped himself down good and hard, as grand as anything, so what could all the others do, but make him ROYAL KING.

Than Mary put her little hands up to her pretty face and with her *happy* lips she said the *dearest* Kind of GRACE.

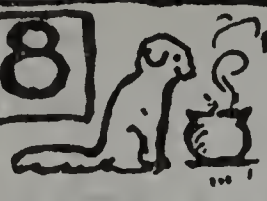
(I write it on the NEXT page.)

"LET us all be very glad
That we are here to-day-
And that no one is sick or Sad
Or very far away.
And let us all be grateful too
For so much healthful *food*,
Because we *know* it's made to do
Us all a lot of GOOD. AMEN.

THAT'S all the grace our Mary said.
So every one began to eat and TALK and talk and EAT - as *hungry* people can.

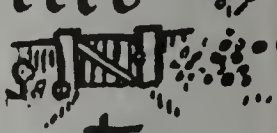
Old Lion ate some *Pumpkin Pie* and Chipmunk ate some *Cheese* and Mr. Bear ate 40 *Buns* with just the greatest ease, and as for Mrs. Kangaroo *she* ate a *Candy Cane*, and Cockatoo, *he* gobbled up his *Soup* with might and main. Miss Pussy Cat took *Dates* and *Tea* and looked so smooth and nice, that *Mousie* couldn't think that she had ever eaten MICE. Then Mousie ate a *Caramel* and it was STICKY too. [He used his NAPKIN afterwards, the same, my Dear, as you.]

MY NAPKIN MAKES A MUSSY FACE
AS NICE AS NICE CAN BE,
IT LIKES TO RUB THE STICKY PLACE
THAT SUPPER LEAVES ON ME.

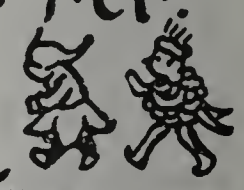


Then Doggie had some *Boston Beans*, *Doughnuts* and some eggs, which made it hard for Doggie's Chair to stand upon its legs. And as for Quail, he stuffed so much with lots and lots of *things*, that when he tried to fly away, he couldn't budge his wings. AT LAST they all had just enough, so little Mary Blue said - "It is time to start for home, if all of you are *through*." "We are - we are" said every one - "We're much obliged to YOU". Then everybody bowed a bow and smiled a smile or two. And after that they went away and Mary smiled until she saw the golden sun go down behind old Pumpkin Hill.

Then Mary Blue and Fairy Man saw it was very *late*, so off they ran until they came to Mary's Garden Gate.



"Good night" said little Fairy Man to little Mary Blue. "Good night dear Mr. Fairy Man - I'm *very* fond of you".



And Fairy Man went to bed on Wishing Tree. And Mary told her Mother about everything, then she went to bed too. Mary saw Fairy Man many other times - the Animals too.

Good night, Dear, have happy dreams to-night - Your loving

John Martin

JOHN MARTIN'S LETTER TO YOU Number Ten.

GIRLS SERIES, 7½ TO 10 YEARS OLD

ROCK NEST

My dear I am the Eagle. I am the One of Fearless Wings. I am ACHLA of the Far-seeing Eyes. Small as mustard seeds are the fire spots of my eyes that see great wonders from afar.

Little Things are searched out by me. Upon unconquered wings I look into marvels so, I Achla the Eagle, tap at the portals of your heart (very gently, with the tip feathers of my wings) for I now write you this Message Letter, this Story Letter, of a Forlorn Fairy, a Beautiful Princess and a cruel Wizard, who mended his evil ways. This is a tale told to me by the Cloud and the Rainbow, as they stood hand in hand one day, and the tale is as true as Cloud's white wings and as Good as the golden Heart of Rainbow; so

HERE BEGINNETH MY TALE OF WONDER AND PAIN AND RELEASE AND JOY.

THE Fairy of the Meadow was sad because there was no Waterfall running down

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the side of Dark Mountain. Her dear Friend, the Hero of the Woods, said she was no true Fairy, if she could not quench the thirst of the Mountain by a gift of living waters, and make the Heart of the Woods merry by the laughter of running Streams. The Fairy was very sad and said "Ah! me, ah! me, dear Hero of the Woods, I will not look upon your face again, until I bring a Torrent to dash from the side of the Mountain."

So as Sun was nearing the faces of the Hills, the Sad Fairy rode away on her faithful steed to the palace of the King of that land.

She stopped under a Rose Tree and made herself tiny as a Violet and she changed her steed to a drowsy gold and brown Butterfly, that slept at her side with throbbing wings. The Fairy tried to sleep beneath the Rose Tree, thinking that she might learn in a dream how to find a torrent for thirsting Mountain. But she could not sleep, for up on the King's terrace she heard a sad Voice saying---

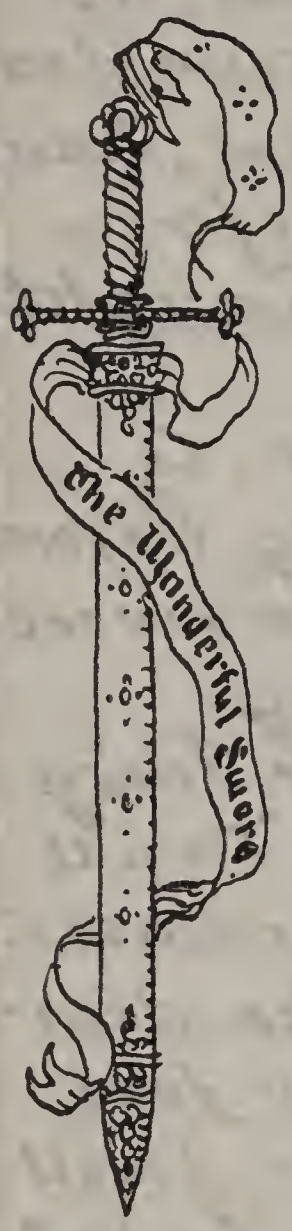
"O, my hair is as long

as the River under the Elms and as heavy as the Waterfall that dashes from the rocky side of a mountain. O, Wizard, great Wizard, take my wonderful hair, Aye! take e'en my young life, but spare my Father the King. O, bring back my Father to me." Then a terrible Voice rumbled and growled, "Give me your hair, hair, hair, and your young, young life" — but the cruel Wizard said naught about sparing the good King.

The Fairy flew to the terrace. A beautiful Princess was Kneeling before a hideous Wizard. Close to the sweet left ear of the Princess the Fairy darted like a flash of light. The Fairy whispered in the maiden's ear — "I will help you. Do not give what the Wizard asks." The Fairy's little whisper gave the dear Princess COURAGE. She sprang to her feet saying — "I will save my Father. I will keep my young life and my long hair."

Then the Wizard vanished in a veil of red mist, uttering cruel threats. Cloud became dark and I, the Eagle, Knew as I watched from my high EYRIE, that sadness and cruelty darkened the blue heavens.

Then the Princess told the Fairy the story of her trouble and fear. Years before that day, her father, the King had besought the Wizard to give him the Wonderful Sword that sprang from its sheath whenever there was a brave deed to be done.



The Wizard gave the sword to the Kind King, but he made the King promise that his daughter should never touch the Sword or so much as mention it to anybody. For years the King's Daughter obeyed the command of the Wizard, until, one day by chance, her father left the sword lying on the grass near where she sat weaving golden thread into a cloth of blue. Hearken! Child, for the Princess heard an imploring Voice cry — "Save me! Save me! Let but the hem of your gown touch me. I am a Knight imprisoned in this Sword of Wonder. Only touch me, fair Maid, and I shall be free."

At first the Princess dared not even listen to the Voice of the Sword, for she wanted to be true to her Father, but the imprisoned Knight's voice touched her heart as it begged her to but breathe on it and so undo the Wizard's cruel magic. Pity overcame Wisdom in the heart of the Princess and she Knelt down beside the Sword

and breathed these words over it: "I pity you, I pity you"!

BEHOLD! The Sword was shattered. From its gleaming pieces there rose a brave and handsome Knight who waved his hand and sped o'er terrace and green lawn out through the palace gates. Then, the handmaidens of the Princess came running to tell her that the King had been stolen away by a host of black demons. The Princess wept, for a broken promise had brought a Wizard's evil upon her good Father. That is the story told by the Princess to the Fairy. That is why the Wizard came that day to take away the hair and the life of the Princess. "O, how can I save my Father!" cried the unhappy girl. "Trust me," replied the Fairy.

So the Fairy and the Princess rode away on the back of the fairy steed to the Wizard's Castle. As they rode along, the Fairy noticed that when the Princess lost a thread of her long hair it turned into a strand of dew drops upon the grass or branches. Ah! might not all the hair of the young girl make a torrent for thirsty Mountain? Ah! now the Fairy Knew why the Wizard coveted the hair of the Princess. Yes, the Wizard's Hill was

6 thirstier than the Mountain. At last they came to the gate of the Wizard's Castle. The Fairy blew three times upon her silver horn and the Wizard came to do her bidding, for she was a powerful Fairy.

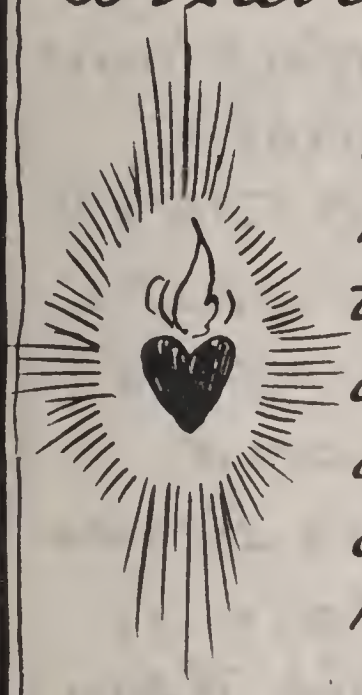
She made the Princess <u>in-visible</u>. She asked the Wizard for a room to rest in and some WATER TO QUENCH HER THIRST.

The <u>water</u> he could not give, for all his wells and springs were dry and his cruel heart was parched with wickedness, so he tried to make excuses. But she insisted, so he gave her a room in his Dungeon Castle, but <u>water</u> he could not find to give the powerful Fairy. A cruel Thought stole into his heart.

He hastened to the King and said – "King, I am going to steal your fair daughter away and take her to a far land. You shall never see her again." Then the good King <u>wept</u>, and the Wizard caught the King's tears in a golden goblet and carried them to the Fairy. The Fairy Knew she held the tears of a King in her hands. She sped to her bower and by her magic made a beautiful girl rise from the goblet that held the King's tears. To the Beautiful Girl she said – "You must win the heart of the Wizard by your goodness and beauty; you must love him and make him

good".

The next morning the Wizard came to inquire how the Fairy had passed the night. She showed him the Tear-Maiden whom she called her sister, Marina, and the Wizard loved her and she loved the Wizard, who asked her to be his bride.



But the Fairy said - "If Marina becomes the bride of a man who does not bring to the wedding a Free King and a Free King's Daughter with her bridegroom, a dreadful end will come to her". Then said the Wizard,

"Give me time, sweet Fairy, I will roam and I will search the wide world" "Nay Wizard", replied the Fairy - "Marina must be wedded the same hour she meets the man she is to wed". Then the Wizard tore his hair. Suddenly he exclaimed - "Wait, wait, Kind Fairy", and hastening to the Good King's dungeon, he liberated him and inquired anxiously where his daughter was. Just then, the Princess, who had been under the window, and had heard her father's voice, came into the dungeon, followed by a handsome Knight. She blushed, for she saw it was the Knight of the Sword. So the Wizard married Marina and his heart became as Good as the Gold of the Golden Goblet. The Princess was wedded to the Knight of

the Sword and they were Good and Fair to behold. Then the Princess fell on her Knees before the Fairy, and cried - "Dear Fairy Friend, what can I do to show my Love and Gratitude?" And the Fairy said - "Give me your long hair." So the Fairy took the hair of the Princess and hastened away to the Mountain and threw the beautiful hair over the dry brim of a rock, and behold! a brave, dashing WATERFALL GUSHED FORTH refreshing the Mountain, Forest and waiting Meadows. The Heart of Earth was glad.

Then came the Hero of the Woods and kissed the Fairy and made her his Bride

SO, DEAR CHILD OF EARTH, my tale is told. The Cloud blesses you, the Rainbow promises you joyous days, and I bid you be brave and true -

Your loyal Friend

Atla

the Eagle.

Dear Child:

My friend and your friend, Edna Dean, who helps me make Stories for you in my House, wrote you the tale the Eagle told. But I want you to know that the Story was first told in a grown-up way in a Book called "SONGS OF THE VALIANT VOIVODE". (A VOIVODE is a warrior.) Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons make the Book. These gentlemen were kind enough to say we could tell you the Eagle Tale. When you are older, you must read the wonderful Book. It was written by a Queen.

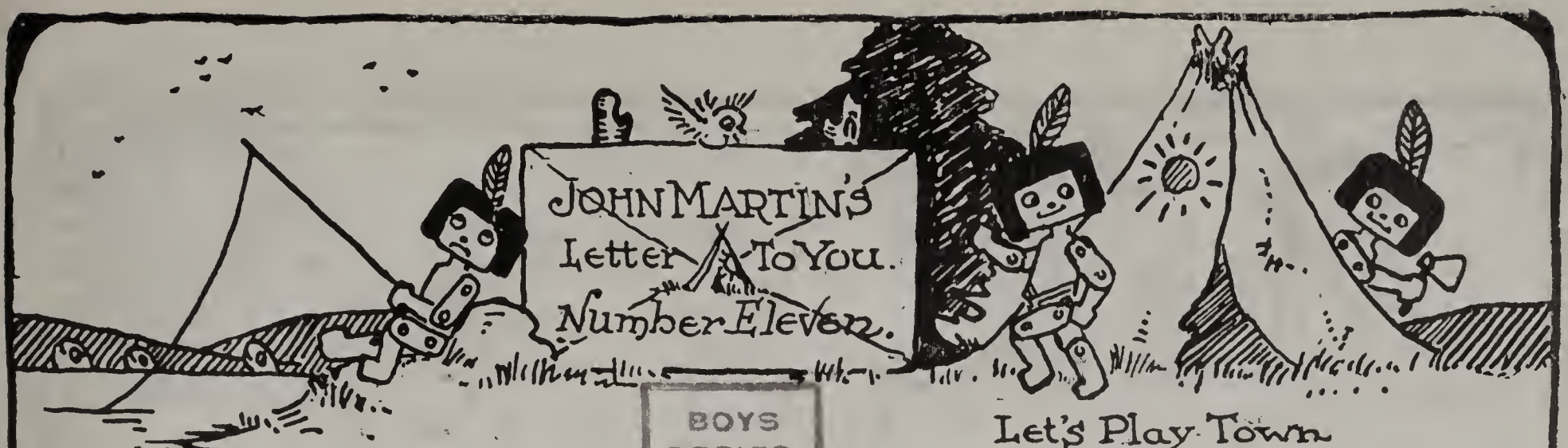
Your loving John Martin

My Dear,

Thanksgiving Day is a Good Old Day,
With Fun and Food enough.
Please think of me when you eat & play,
But please dont gobble and stuff.
Thanksgiving Day is a Day when we
Give "Thanks" for the Good we get.
So think of this, for I'm sure you'll see
That we should never forget.

P.S.
And please thank Old Mr. Turkey for being so generous and good

Your loving
John Martin.
JM.



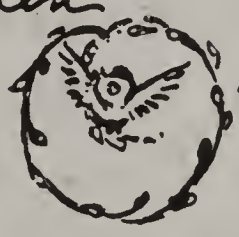
BOYS
SERIES.
5 TO 7
YEARS OLD

Let's Play Town
Magic Rainy Day.

Hello! Dear

Now who do you s'pose I am? Three guesses. John Martin? No. The King of the Chubbies or- Oh! I can't wait! I'm the Comfy Lady of Let'splay Town- so there. John Martin said- "This is my dear boy. Comfy Lady, and if you say 'Please' you may tell him a story." So I said "Please" quick. And now we're going to have the best time, aren't we Boy? So- here we are and a one- two- three- A hug for you and a kiss for me! A great, big Shake to the Story Tree- and off we go! That's magic.

Now listen-



nce upon a time there was a great, big, roundish, flatish Friendly Rock. There were smooth round holes dug into Rock in ever so many places. That was a Mystery!

Rock lived by the seashore and talked with the Seagulls and Waves and other Busy People. And the Sunshine Fairies sat hot on him every day. Well, one day a very friendsome Sunshine

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Fairy came to me and said - "Come and waggle your toes on Rock with us" My toes said they would so off we went. We waggled and waggled and my inside Machine went softer and s-o-f-ter and before I knew it I had nodded my head Three Times and

!THEN!

I popped my eyes wide open and said "Uh!" And I just guess you would have said "Uh!" if instead of a Comfy Lady <u>with</u> skirts sitting on Rock there should be, quickernecat (!!), a little, fat, brown boy with nothing on but a Coyote skin. (A Coyote animal is what a yellow dog was before he was a yellow dog.) I could not find me at all but the little boy began to run and jump and turn somersaults in the warm grass. Then other little brown boys and girls came running. They called him "Flying Heels" and he said, "Ah! Singing Sands, Gull Wings, Running Deer - <u>I'll catch you!</u>" They ran 'round and 'round Rock and lots of fat round babies sat on top and said "Gug-gug-gug!" and wobbled their arms Then what <u>do</u> you 'spose

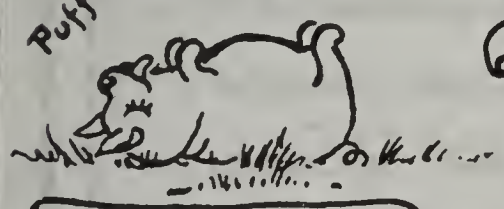
!HAPPENED!

?

There was a grunting and a scrunting and up waddled Fat Black Piggie and he ran 'round and 'round squealing - "Wee-wee! You can't catch me! I'm the won-der-ful Black Pig-ee!!"

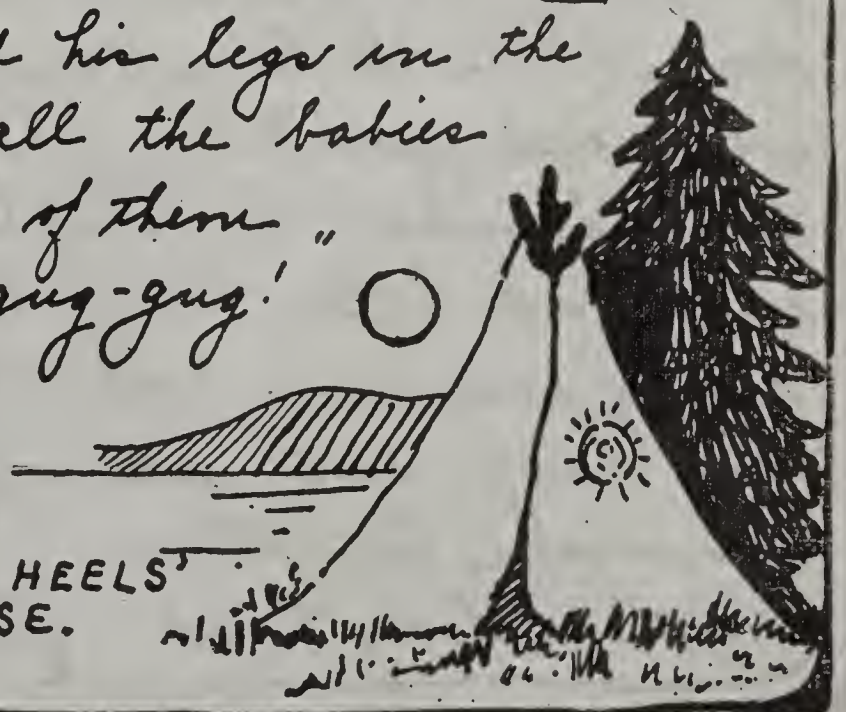
Then there was a huffle and a ruffle and in trotted Big Red Fox and he ran 'round and 'round barking "Here I come! A-skippity-hum! Scamper I say - you're right in my way! Wow-wow-wow!"

Then there was a hobbity bob and up popped Little Gray Rabbit and he ran 'round (Whuff! I'm most out of breath!) and 'round calling - "Here am I - little Brother Bunn! Open your eyes and see the fun! They're mighty fast but my-O-my! Just you watch little Brother Bunn fly!"

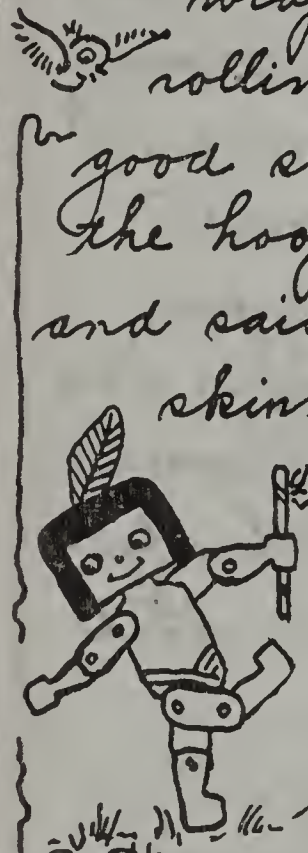


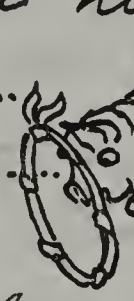
So 'round and 'round went Small Brown Children and Fat Black Piggie and Big Red Fox and Little Gray Rabbit until all-'twonce Flip-Flop-Paddoodles each and every one lay flat on his back with his tongue hanging out and his legs in the air to get cooled off. And all the babies tumbled her-blump! on tops of them and went on saying "Gug-gug-gug!"

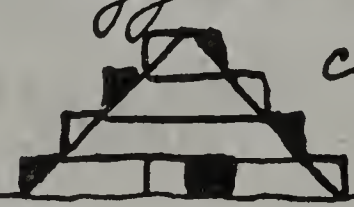
(I hope you are liking this story dear. I am much ex-cited. Are you?)

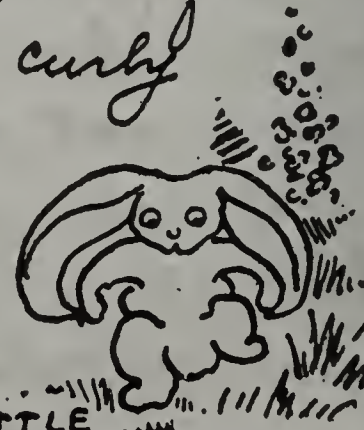


Next they played "Flying Hoop Game." (I watched hard for it was a jolly game for you.) First they counted for "It" this way. "Hickery-Hickery-Squirrel in a tree- A little green snake and a bumble-bee! I catch the wind but you can't catch me- Chittery-Chat-You're it!" The "it" Boy took a hoop wrapped with bright strings and started it rolling fast down a hill. The others had short good sticks that they.....tried to throw thro the hoop as it rolled.....Everyone was ex-cited and said "Hi-i-i!" (Some-times they fell and skinned their knees but they just made tight faces and didn't cry. You don't cry, do you?) Big Red Fox was so ex-cited that he stood right up on the end of his nose and whirled round and round like a top. Little Gray Rabbit was so ex-cited that he grabbed his long ears and played "jump-the-rope" with them. But Fat Black Piggie tried to jump thro the hoop (!) and his tummy stuck tight right-in-the-middle! He ran up and down (with the hoop) squealing. "Piggie doesn't care which end you take- but pick him out quick for tummy's sake!" So Big Red Fox pulled his curly end and Little Gray Rabbit pushed his gunny end and Small Brown Boy held the hoop and out wiggled Piggie. He wiped his tears carefully with a clean "hank-kerchief"





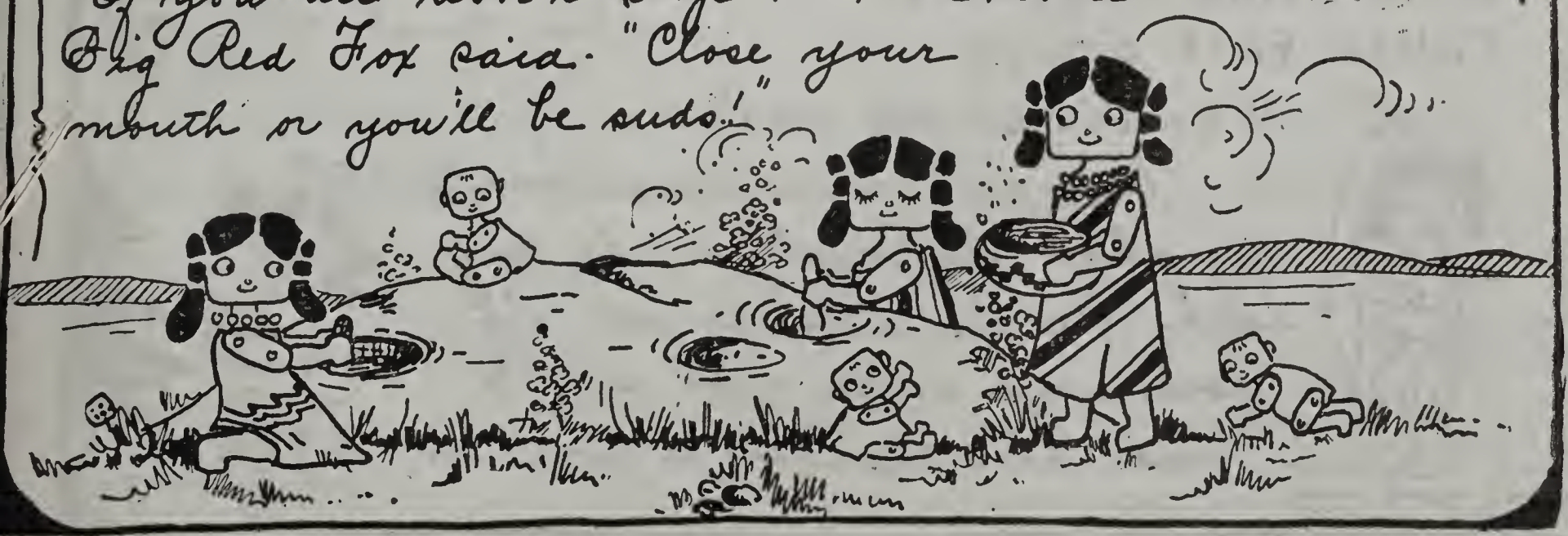




LITTLE BROTHER BUNN.

and said in a sof-tired voice- "Is my shape on straight?"

Now what do you s'pose the Mother Brown People were doing all this time? Each Mother People had taken a Round Brown Baby under one arm and a basket of corn under the other and gone out to see Mr. Rock. The babies sat around and chewed their toes and the Mothers put the corn in the round, smooth holes and ground it into yellow meal with clubby stones. (It was just like the corn meal in my pantry.) So <u>that's</u> what the mystery holes were for. The little boys and girls and the three friendly animals stood around and said- "Um! corn cakes for supper!" "Just-look-at-your-faces!" their Mothers said. (That's <u>just</u> what <u>my</u> mother used to say to me. Does yours?) But <u>those</u> little people didn't make growly faces. Each one grabbed up a soap root and ran to the water. (A soap root looks like an onion and it makes soapsy-sudsy when you mix it with water.) The little people scrubbed hard until they were clean. Piggie tried to eat his - then jumped up and down squealing- "Guggely-gee! What's happened to me? If you all don't stop it a Bubble I'll be!" Big Red Fox said- "Close your mouth or you'll be suds!"



So he closed his mouth and stopped talking and forgot his troubles. Then the little people ran back. The Mothers had made the meal into cakes and cooked them on hot stones. Small Brown Children and Big Red Fox and Fat Black Piggie and Little Gray Rabbit sat 'round the cheerful fires and ate and ate. Bye'n'bye the cheerful fires went sputtery-bink! and old Man Moon came up. The little heads went nodedy so Mother People tucked them in their fur beds and 'fore you could wink they were fast asleep. Then last of all Mother People laid the Round Brown Babies in their sleep baskets and sang —

1.

Fire Spirits crackle
In the evening breeze,
Big Old Moon comes stealing,
Peeping through the trees;
We-ah-wee!

2

Go away, Coyote!
In his basket deep,
Every little Baby-um's
Fallen fast asleep.
We-ah-we-ah-wee!

2

Hark! the gray Coyote
Howls on the hill.
"Have the babies
cuddled down
Are the babies still?"
We-ah-wee!

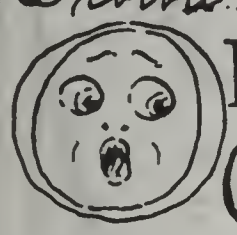
"I won't hurt you."

And just when I was wondering what the Coyote would say back I slid swishity-pat off Rock and woke right up. Would have thought it was a

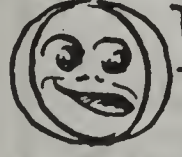
Dream only
I heard that
friendsome Sunshine
Fairy giggle and whisper -
"Magick done, away we run! Scutter - scatter!
Back to the sun!" So that was how it happened!
Now I must go and make some gingerbread for my
little boy. I'll kiss him two times - one for him and
one for You. I love you a thousand cookies!

Comfy Lady.

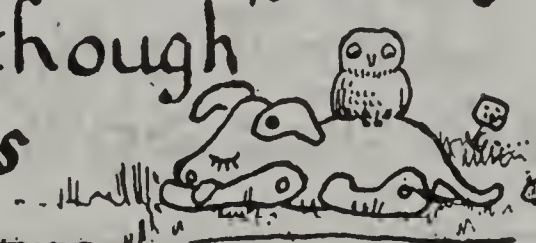
P.S. If you want to hear some more about the
Brown Children you can write and ask John Martin.



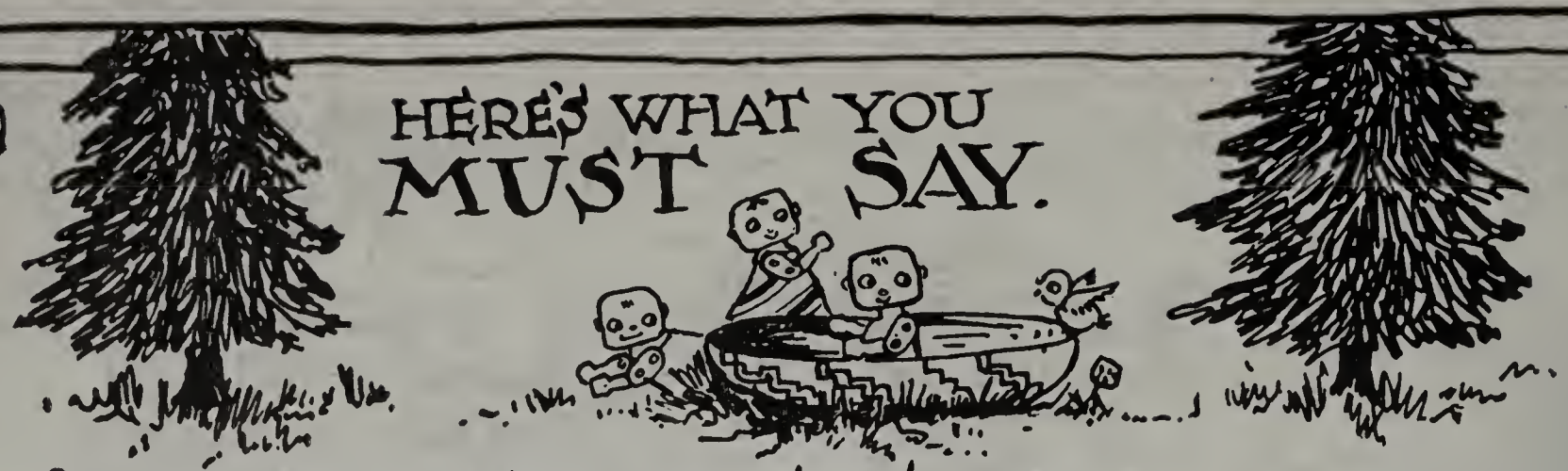
H! Dearie, don't ask me, ask Comfy Lady
(Mother) to write to you again SOON and
sooner than SOON. I advise you to
get very well Acquainted - because →!
GINGERBREAD, good and *sticky*. Stories to
make big eyes get bigger, and nice cozy GIG-
GLES in a corner with nobody to stop us.



H, now, here is what I say.
You must *hurry* and write to Comfy
Lady about "The Brown Children" and other
things too. Comfy Lady is young; she *plays*.
She's big though - but her heart feels
little ways as BIG hearts can.



HERE'S WHAT YOU MUST SAY.



Comfy Lady, - How de doo!
Hurry! hurry up and come.
Ginger Bread and Cookies too-
Don't forget to bring me some..
Comfy Lady, will you play?
Will you laugh and will you RUN?
Will you let me hide away?
Comfy Lady - let's have FUN!

Comfy Lady, maybe you
Know exactly how to be
Young as if you never grew-
Young and *little*, just like ME.
Comfy Lady, listen *right* -
You know how to "make believe",
So of course perhaps I *might*
Be quite sorry when you leave.

Comfy Lady, - then I'd say -
"Thank you, Comfy Lady, I
"Like the way you laugh and play -
Much obliged to you - Good bye!"

There, Dear, say that and you will see, but O, please don't forget to make believe that I am playing with you too, because, after all, I am YOUR ONLY LOVING

John Martin
(is'nt that So?)

MY HOUSE.

BOYS
SERIES.
7½ TO 10
YEARS OLD

My dear I want to introduce you to a Friend of mine. I have known her for a long time and I have liked her so much all that long time, that the time has passed very quickly.

I always want you to share my pleasures and good things. A Friend is surely a true pleasure and certainly Friends are real Good, so I want you to share my Friend. There are not many people I'd give you up to, because I have very little of you as it is, but you must know "Comfy Lady".

"Comfy Lady" isn't her real name, but it is her name when she tells stories to Boys like you. So now you are INTRODUCED. [Just a few more words to make sure of it.]

So this is how I "introduce"
a real, true Friend to boys like you.
And now, there's not the least excuse
Why you should not say—
"HOW DE DO!"
Your heart is young and hers is young;
You both know how to laugh and smile.
She has a tongue, you have a tongue,
So both can listen for a while.
Good Friends are very good to make,
For ONE is always less than TWO.
You get, you give, you share and take,
So FRIENDSHIP SORT O' DOUBLES YOU—

Your loving friend
John Martin

HERE COMES A NEW
FRIEND & A NEW LETTER.

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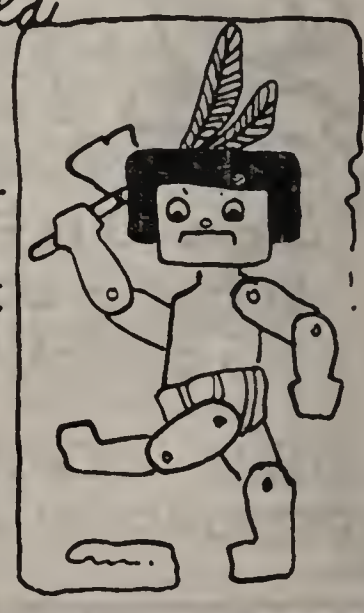
MORGAN SHEPARD 42 WEST 39TH ST., NEW YORK

CAMP-FIRE-TIME.

·Dear-Boy-

Hist! That's the way adventure stories always begin, you know, and as this is to be a very adventurey story you must hist as hard as ever you can. Close your eyes and listen till the wind howls three times — Now where are you? Not in a room at all- Oh! no. But out in the far woods. It's night - see the camp fire Boy! The trees are rocking overhead and the great flames are leaping. We are rolled in our blankets watching them and listening to Tom. Tom is the half breed Indian. See how his face looks red in the firelight. Listen! He is telling the Quarry Story.

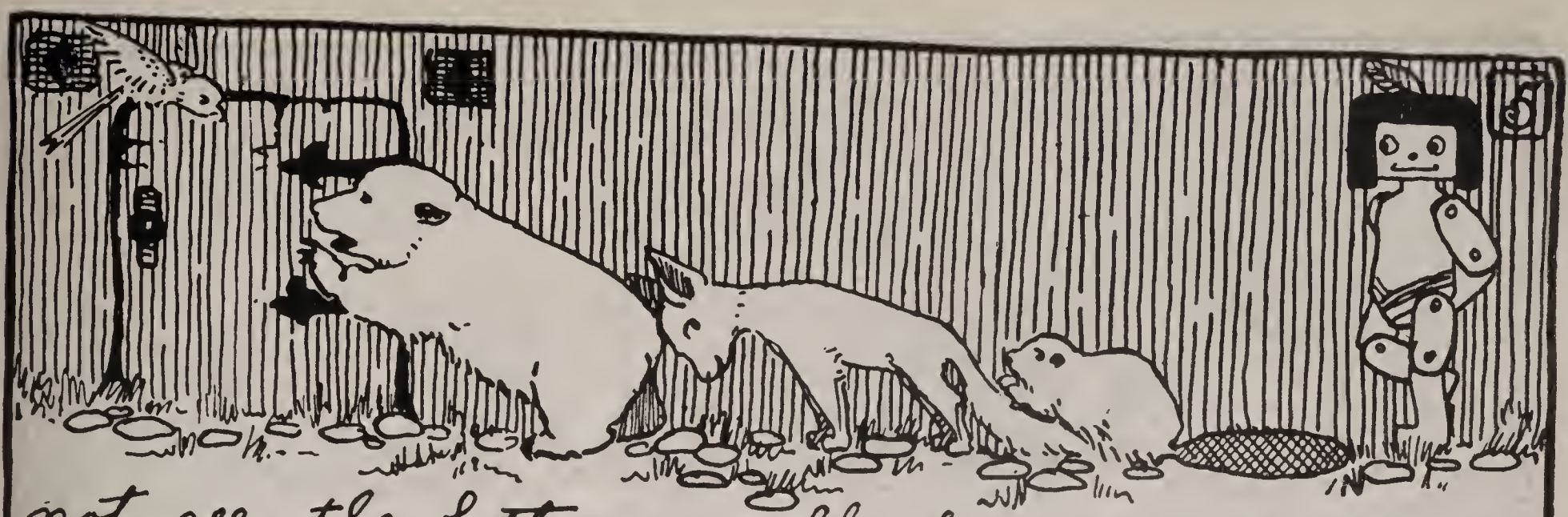
"I was only eight years old when it happened - a little boy like you. But my heart was brave because I never let afraidness come in. And my body was strong because I had always eaten well - roots and venison, with clear, cold water. So when the night came down in the woods and I knew I was lost I was not afraid. I knew that I must have a fire. So with pine needles and branches, bits of birch bark to



start it with, and the twirling sticks to give the first spark, I made it. Then my body grew warm but my little insides were more than ever empty.

You know how that feels, don't you, Boy? Just before dinner - Um') I sat and watched the happy fire and thought of the good meat my people would be roasting over the tepee fires - how good it would smell - and -!- just then I heard a Sound from the Dark! A snuffling and a deep breathing! It came nearer and nearer! I could see two red eyes glaring! I jumped for my bow and arrows. And - I might as well tell you - my legs felt as if they had come undone. Then there came strange low mutterings and into the firelight swung a great Brown Bear, talking all the while! As for me and my legs we could do nothing at all, so surprised were we! "How?" said Brown Bear, with his little eyes twinkling. "Oh! yes indeed," said I, "glad you mentioned it!" (I felt a great many manners just then.) "I didn't mention it," growled Brown Bear, "and you sound foolish. Also you look empty." "I am," I said in a small voice. "Grumph" said the Brown Bear "How'd you like a nice hot stew?" Then I quite got

over my manners and yelled "Wow! very certainly. "Come on then," said Brown Bear. I started at once but Bear "Grr-r-rumped" very angrily and cuffed my ear with his great brown paw. "Is that the way you leave a fire in the woods?" he said. "I guess it isn't the way I leave this one," I whimpered. And of course I knew better than to leave any wood fire blazing. So I stamped it out and put earth on the ashes. Then we started. For thro the deep woods we went- with few words. One does not talk much on the trail Besides, all I could have spoken about was stew. Slowly the woods grew lighter and we came into cleared fields. The moon was shining and Bear and I were no longer alone. For on one side of him trotted Red Fox and on the other waddled Brother Beaver. And ahead of us all leading the way, the Night Hawk flew low. "This is a grand feast party," thought I, "but where's the stew?" But not a question did I ask, for that is the wood law with a wise guide. Suddenly the Night Hawk began to make shrill cries I saw there were walls all about us- rock walls; and at our feet a mighty hole. I could



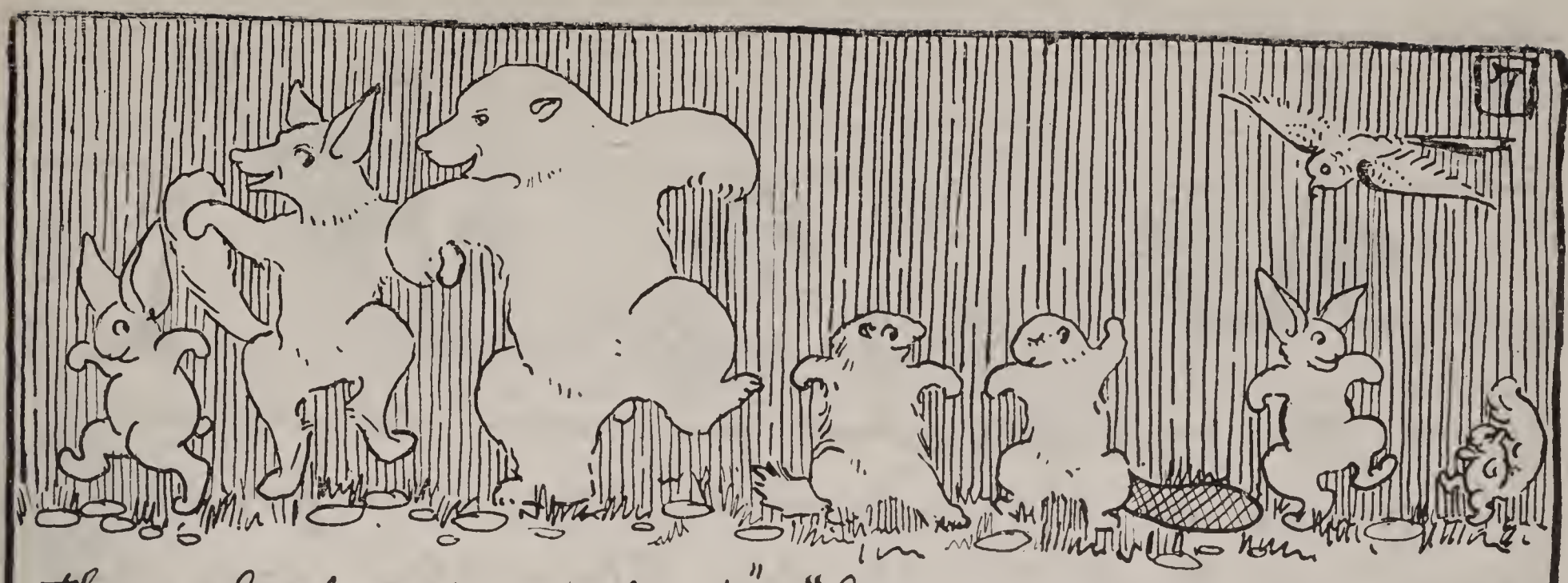
not see the bottom so black and deep was it I knew it was a quarry but what it had to do with stew I could not think. Night Hawk screamed and screamed, then dived quickly, deep into the black hole until we could not see him. "Down we go," growled Brown Bear. "And it's all very fine if you have wings but what of me?" But down he went, grunting and puffing. After him jumped barking Brother Fox. Then came fat Beaver, rolling and grunting. Last of all little me. For nothing but a stew would I have gone into that black hole!

Down we went with the Water Imps tripping our feet and the Echo Ghosts catching our words and carrying them, whis-s-pering, around the rocky walls. Suddenly the scrambling stopped and I saw we were standing before a low door. Brown Bear was acting very queerly. First he stood on his hind legs and kicked. Then he waggled his ears three times and, putting his paws against the door began to growl this song-a-s

"The hawk flies low,
Gur-ump-Gur-ro.
The hole is black
But down we go!

The night is drear,
The STEW is near,
Open the door!
We're waiting here.

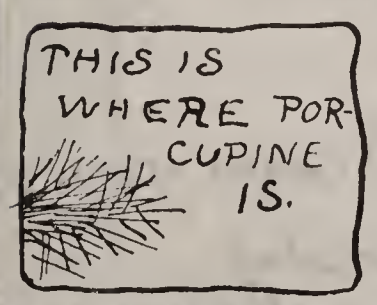
Then Brown Bear pushed the door, Red Fox pushed Brown Bear, Brother Beaver pushed Red Fox and I stood on one leg and wished hard for that stew- and the door swung open and in we tumbled. Then surely I thought I was home again for, Tho' we were really in a great hall, there was the camp fire burning brightly and the tepees standing in a circle against the darkness A black pot bubbled over the fire, (the Stew at last!) and on the flat hot rocks the corn cakes were baking. (Um!) But when I looked for the braves and the squaws and the papooses there were none at all- only animals and animals and more animals, all dancing about and calling "How! How! Supper's ready!" There were badgers and wolves and coyotes and deer and squirrels and mice and skunks and woodchucks and moles and many, many more. "Why- what-?" I gasped. "This, Empty One, is the winter home of the Animals, said Brown Bear. "But I 'posed

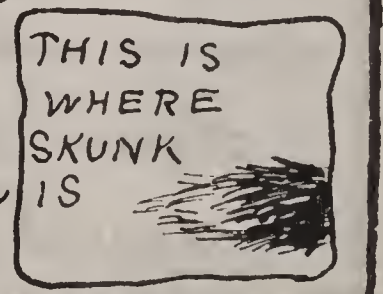


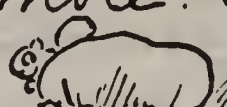
they slept all winter!" "Well, now you know they don't. Let's eat," he grunted. Then some of the animals poured the stew into bowls and some brought corn-cakes and berries, fresh water, baked roots and seeds, acorn bread, nuts and apples. Never was there such a feast! No matter how much we ate the pot was always full. When we were at last done we lay on piles of grass around the fire and sang The Wild

SONG: Sing the song of burrows,
Of life beneath the hill.
Sing of jolly gatherings
When all the world is still.
Bring the stores of Summer,
Set the log alight,
Let the Man World go to sleep-
WE feast below to-night.

Then came the dancing. Round we went in a mad chase all together. That is, all except Porcupine and Skunk - they danced in corners by themselves. Porcupine had to lest someone should stub his toe on him (Ouch!) Skunk had to because - well, you know why! And games! "Leap-





frog" (the real frogs had all come down from the ponds for that) - "prisoners base" and "fox and geese" and "hunt-the-thimble." The littlest baby chipmunk was the thimble. The only trouble was he would peep out.  And just as we were playing our hardest I thought of my Mother and the home tepee. Then I could play no more. I whispered to Brown Bear. His eyes twinkled and he said, "Well, well, Mother's will be Mothers." Then he called the Deer and told him to take me home. Many sad good byes we said. Bear went off in a corner and blew his nose hard and said there were too many onions in that stew at any rate. Then I climbed on Deer and in an instant the hall was left behind and we were speeding like the wind thro a long tunnel. Another minute and we swept up onto a great plain. Deer gave a shake-off I tumbled and looked about. Deer was gone! Tunnel was gone! Night was gone! The sun was rising over the home tepee and my Mother was running to me with glad little cries. Then - well you guess what happened then!"

Tom's story is done Did you like it? I love you, dear Boy Happy Day!

Comfy Lady.

JOHN MARTIN'S LETTER TO YOU. Number Eleven.

MY HOUSE

GOOD-DAY.

GIRLS SERIES, 5 TO 7 YEARS OLD

My dear

How do you do! I am so happy to see you again but my hand can't stay long on this paper because a *FRIEND* wants to write to you. "COMFY LADY" wants to send you a letter. I said she might. Comfy Lady loves Children in a cozy, easy, love-ly way that makes you want to cuddle in her LAP; she has the *right Kind* of a cuddle lap; you feel *all safe* when it rains and snows and when the wind blows hard against the windows. If it is just before bed-time, so much the better.

I Know, Dear, I was little once; I *remember* about "cuddle laps". So, little Friend, let Comfy Lady be your Friend. Cuddle in her lap and listen to a story about little Phyllis and the Fairies, - I will listen too in a corner near the fire. I'll *try* not to be jealous of Comfy Lady.

I will write you a letter all my own and your own soon.

Your affectionate
John Martin

SO HERE COMES COMFY-LADY-*HURRY* *INTO HER LAP.*

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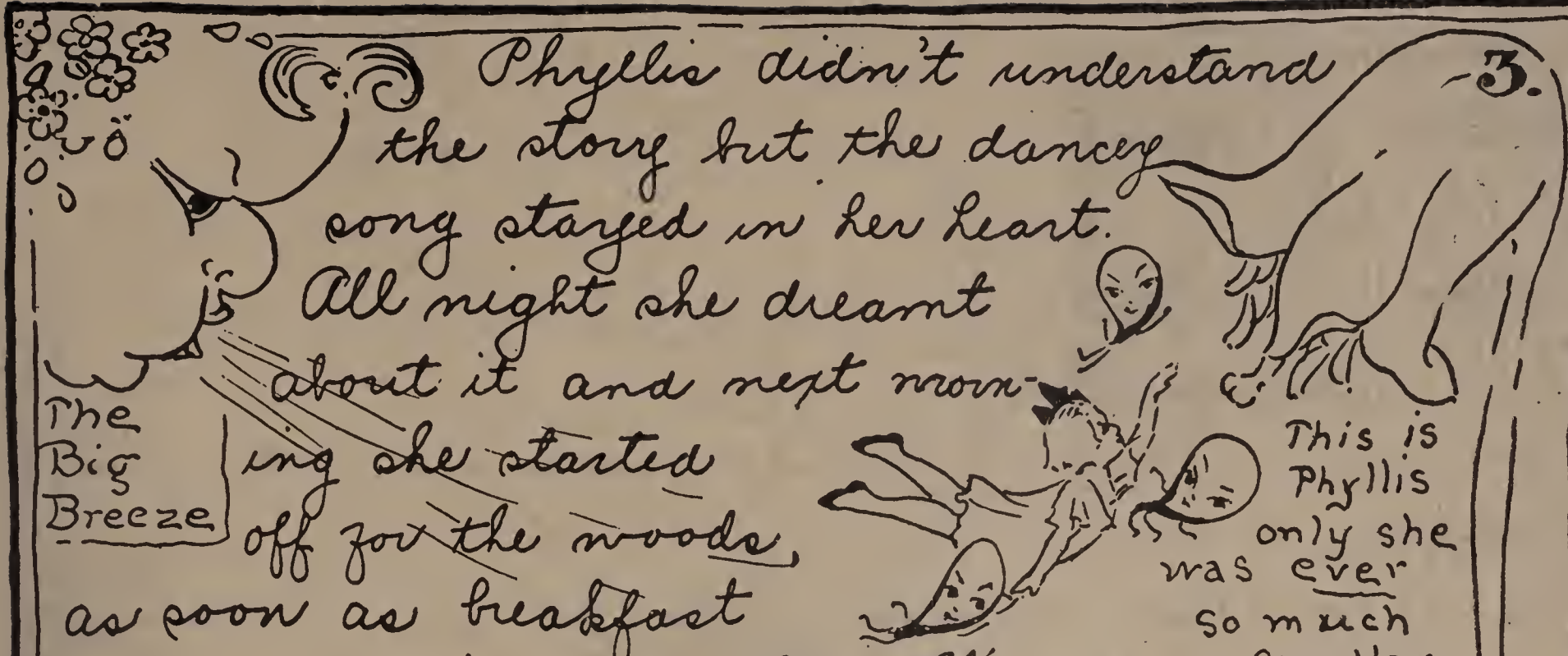
MORGAN SHEPARD, 42 WEST 30TH ST., NEW YORK

Making-friends House

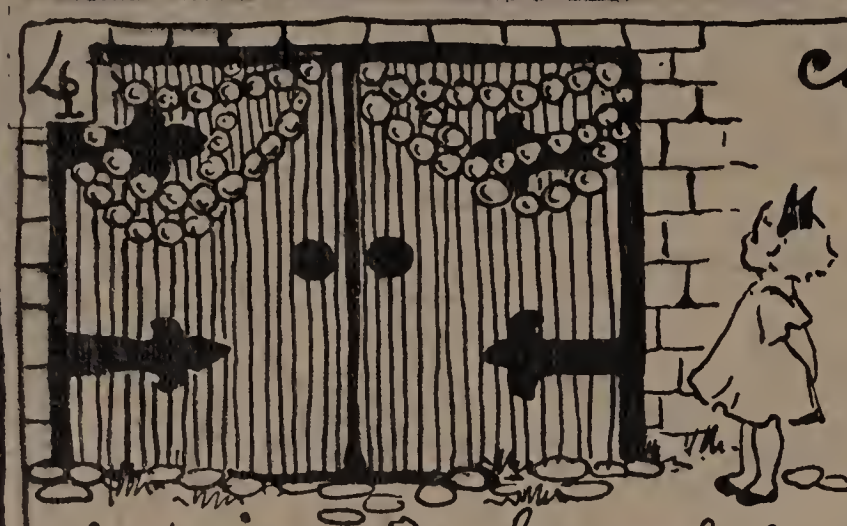
My dear little Girl!

I am sure that the very best way for folks to start to be friends is by telling stories. So all the time I am telling you this one you will be knowing that I am coming close and asking you to like me. Now this is the way it happened. Phyllis was a dear little girl with an Entirely Happy Inside. Everything made her happy - new hair ribbons and sliding down hill and <u>even</u> having oatmeal for breakfast. So you see she was just the right person for this to happen to. One day Phyllis heard Father reading an old story called "A Midsummer Night's Dream." It was written by a man named William Shakespeare and tho Phyllis didn't know it, it is magic. At the last the fairy King sings a little song that ends this way-

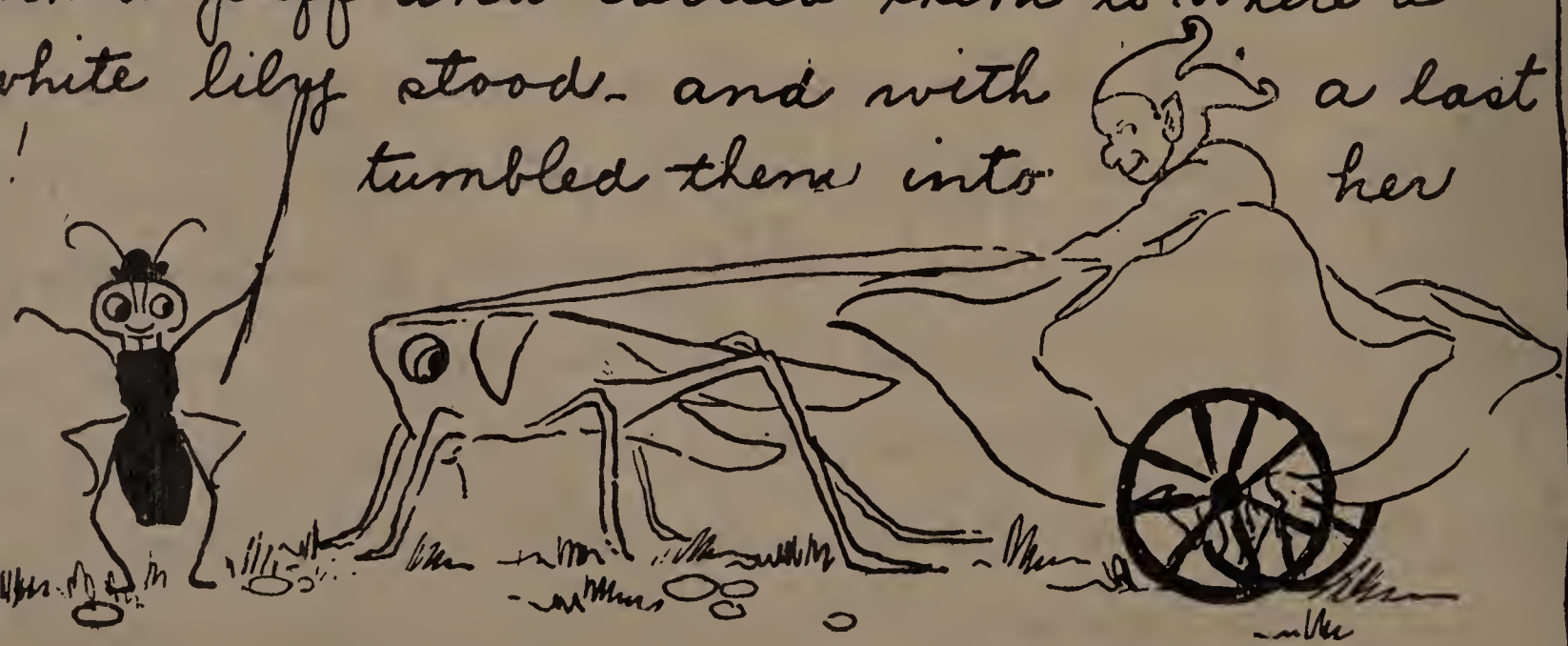
"Trip away;
Make no stay;
Meet me all by break of day."

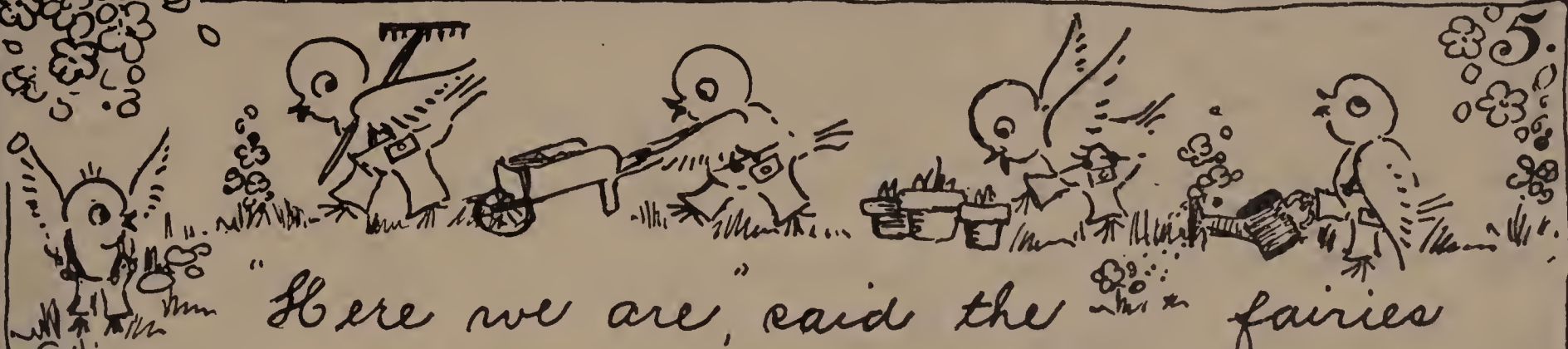


Phyllis didn't understand the story but the dancey song stayed in her heart. All night she dreamt about it and next morning she started off for the woods as soon as breakfast was over, singing as hard as she could. It was a glad-sunshine day and crinkles of happiness kept bouncing up inside her. On she went, singing the magic song, until she came to the blossoming apple tree. The tree was so beautiful that she reached up for some blossoms and then -!- a thousand whitenesses fluttered across her face. For an instant she thought that they were petals and then she gave a squeal for every petal was smiling with the happiest face and waving golden arms and legs in the air! Now I spose she should have said something bright (little girls in stories generally do) but all she could do was to pop her eyes and mouth wide open. The petal fairies flew about her and cried - "Good-morning-morning, Phyllis!" "Yes, ma'm, please!" said Phyllis, which was a very silly answer. Then the air grew full of sweetness. "Why, where did that



come from?" asked Phyllis. "Don't you know yet - that's the way fairies - laugh? It's ever so much better than making sounds." "Fairies'! Really? Why I did not know there were truly fairies. I'm so enjoyed to meet you!" cried Phyllis. The fairies danced like butterflies. "And you've never seen Fair-in-town?" they said. "Never," said Phyllis. "What is it? Do you eat it?" "Oh! Oh!" shouted the fairies; "Come with us." So they caught her with their golden hands and they blew her with their laughter sweet and off they set for Fair-in-town. Phyllis was glad to go - and very much excited. She sang the magic song fast. As she sang she un-grew as small as the petal fairies. Then a kind wind came by. He caught her and the petals up with a puff and carried them to where a tall white lily stood - and with a last whiff! tumbled them into her green and gold heart.



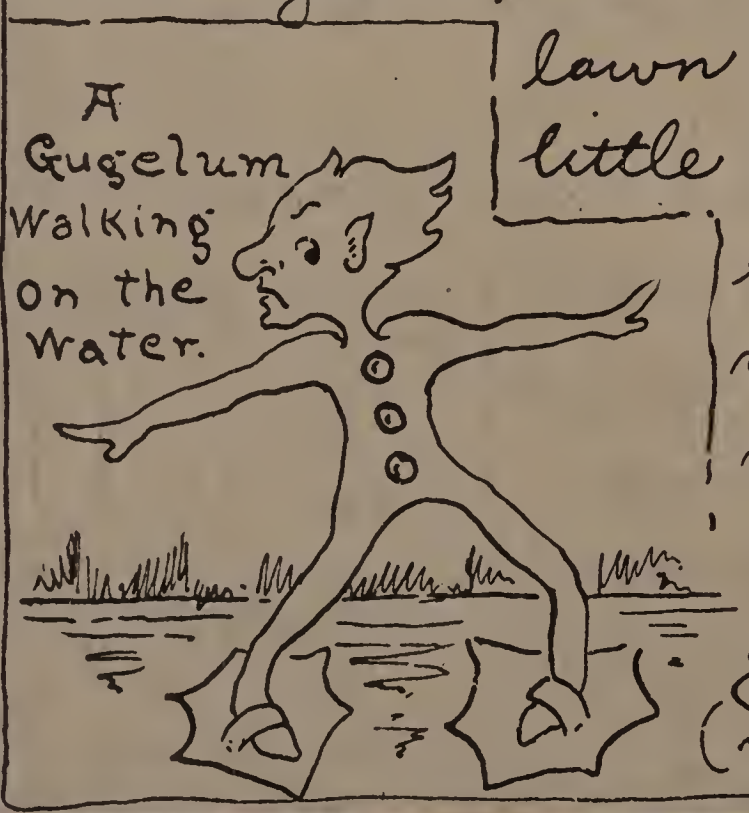


"Here we are," said the fairies and pulled a little gold knob. At once there was a far away tinkle and a low door swung open before them. "Come"! they whispered. Phyllis slipped with them into a cool, green hall and they all began to go down a winding stairway. Soon it grew dark. "Now we are under the earth," they said. Then there was a bubbling, dripping sound. "Now we are under the waters," they said. Then they came into silver light and stood before a door hung with pearls. "This is the door to "Fair-in-town," they said. They took hands and sang -

"By the buzzing of the bees,
By the secrets of the trees,
By the bubbling of the springs,
By the flight of eagles' wings,
Ope' - the - door!"

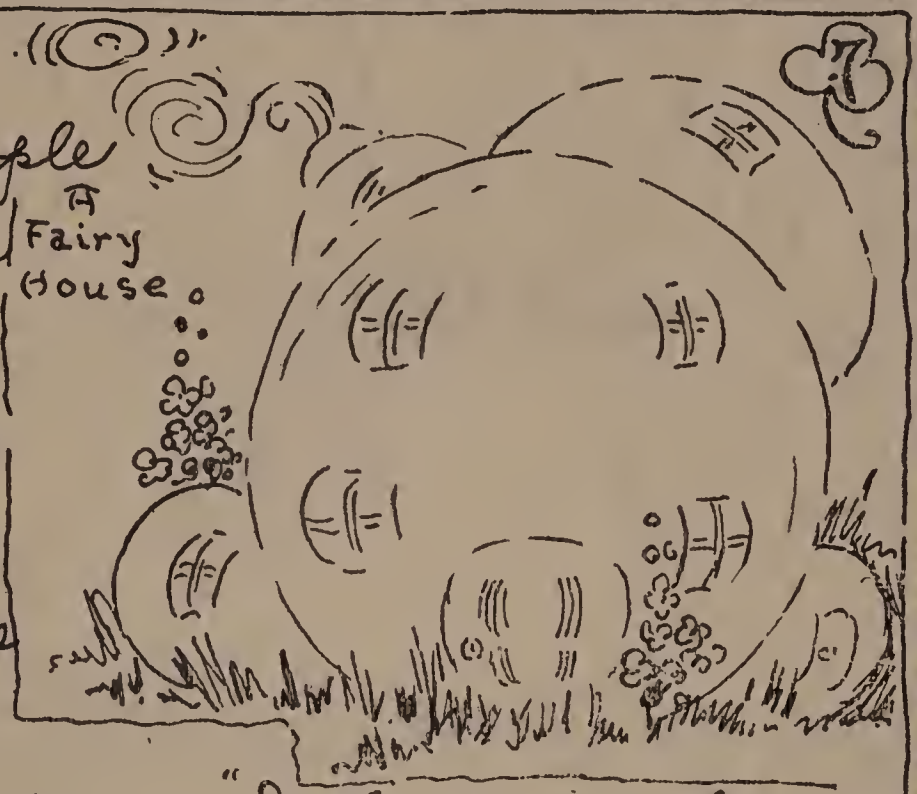
And the door flew open. And now I 'spose you think Phyllis saw diamonds and glitter lights and no end of little ladies in short skirts. But indeed no. Before her was a pleasant roadway. With a row of the strangest carriages! Big green grasshoppers

hitched to wild roses, with ants for drivers! How Phyllis giggled as she hopped in. "Cheer-up" said the ant and the grasshopper gave a big jump thro the air. "It's a little like an aeroplane isn't it?" gasped Phyllis. "What's that? Is that something you eat?" said the fairies. Just then down they came with a thud and every one scrambled out. "Such a pleasant ride!" they said and gave the ant ten drops of honey. Phyllis didn't have any honey so she said, "I love you. Happy day!" which did just as well. "This is Fair-in-town, my dear" said a petal fairy. "Please-to-meet-you" said Phyllis. And this is what she saw. A happy place of glistening houses that looked like soap bubbles, deep woods of all the flowers and ferns that grow, and in the middle a great lawn of softest moss. Cheerful little bird gardeners skurried everywhere with trowels or rakes - very busy. Such a singing! Everywhere there were fairies - brown gnomes - green elves - fireflies (you didn't know they were fairies



A Gugelum Walking On the Water.

did you?) and thousands of little people in cobweb dresses. Some were flying thro the air, some hurrying down the roads, some skipping on the brooks with water-shoes that looked like ducks' feet. But all were very busy. "What are they doing?" asked Phyllis. "Working, of course," said the petal fairies. "But I thought fairies only danced and ate honey!" cried Phyllis. "Honey indeed! come and see what they eat," and they led her into the biggest house of all. There were hundreds of shelves and tables all covered with acorn jars neatly labeled. "Read the labels and see what they eat" laughed the fairies. Phyllis read - "Oat meal" - (my goodness!) "Rice" - "Flower Roots - to be boiled" - "Wheat Flour" - "But they are like what I eat!" cried Phyllis. "Well! Don't you think fairies need to be strong and well too?" they said. "Sometimes we have honey and sunshine cakes and frost ices, but we always have oatmeal mush for breakfast." All the while the gnomes were running in carrying sacks of roots and the gugelums (they are water fairies) were bringing



water-cress, and the brownies were bringing baskets of grain, and the fairies were bustling about with rose petal aprons on, putting things in shape. "But what are those wonderful clouds outside?" cried Phyllis? "Those are from the Flower Factory," they said. "All the world flowers are made here from moonshine and sea blue and the butterflies' old dresses and many other things. They are made in golden kettles and rose and orange and yellow steam rises in clouds up-up to the earth. When you see it there you call it a sunset." "I want-" began Phyllis - but she never finished. For her Mother called from the world top - the magic crumbled and she was home. I'll tell you a secret tho! She went again and helped the Fairy Queen to dress and she saw smiles made. And she believed in fairies for-ever more. Do you? I do. And I love you.

Comfy Lady.

John Martin's
Letter To You.
Number 11.

CUDDLEUP CORNER.

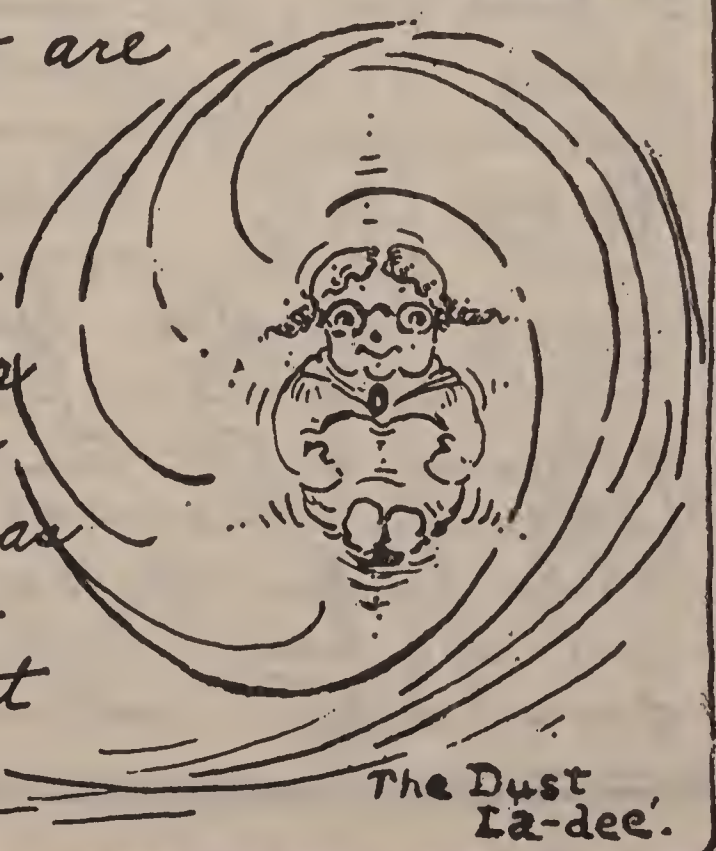
GIRLS'
SERIES,
7½ TO 10
YEARS OLD

Dear ——

What would you say if someone asked you to climb into her lap and be friends? Because that's just what I want you to do. My name is Comfy Lady and I help John Martin make play houses for little girls. So - will you like me - please? "You will!" Then - I'm Glad Come - let's make a happy-song.

Stars and flowers, Come and frolic!
Birds and bees, Come lets play!
Dancing waters. 'Cause we're truly
Kind old trees. Friends to stay.

Now lets play we're close as close and I'll tell you a story about Peggy Wink. (I love you.) Everyone likes Peggy. She is in the Second Grade, and she has blue hair ribbons with pink roses and 63 paper dolls with dresses. Peggy is all well now. So are her legs. (She is taking dancing lessons with them this year.) But it was different once. Listen! It was all well with Peggy when everyone was about, but as soon as she was alone her legs (the backs of them) went creepy-crawly and she



The Dust La-dee.

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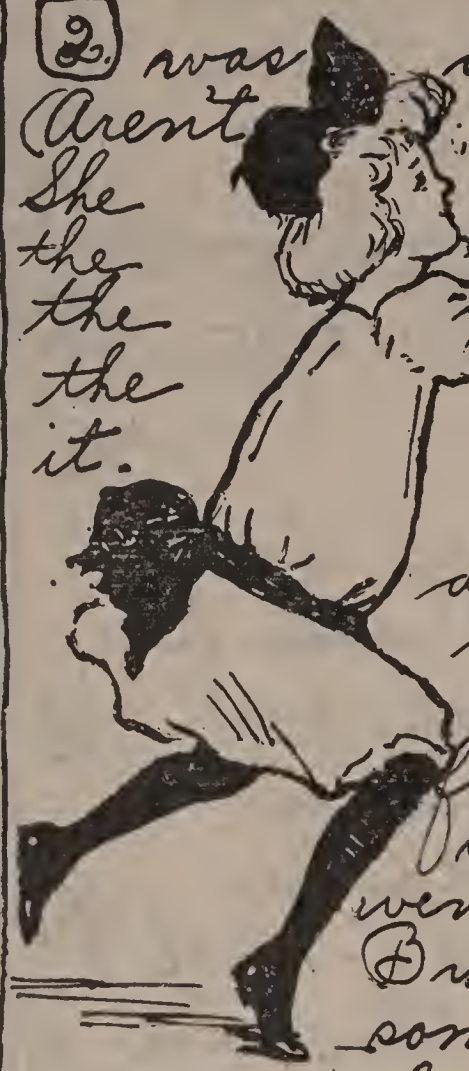
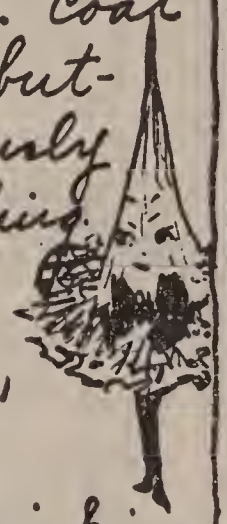


(2.) was afraid of Dark Places!
(Aren't you sorry for her?)
She was afraid of the Attic and the Cellar and the Closet under the Stairs and the Place under the Bed. And she couldn't forget it.

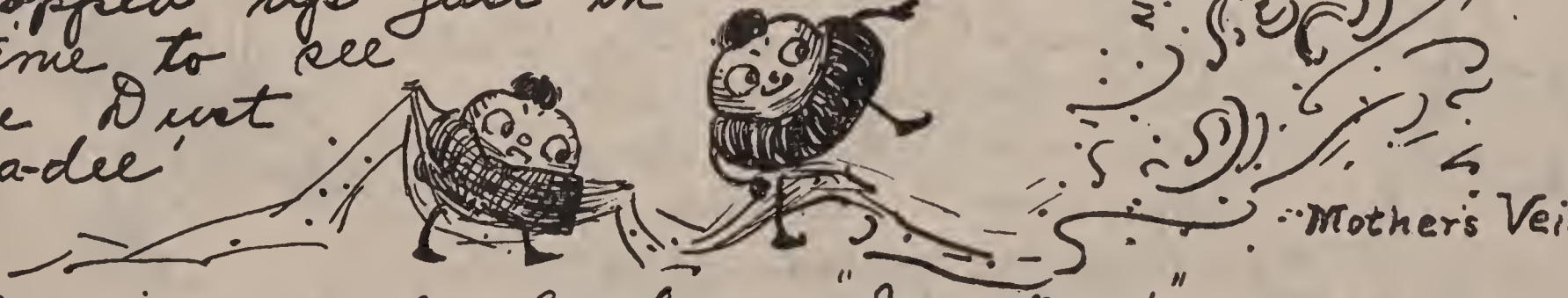
Well, one rainy day everyone was busy and Peggy was left alone. All her pet toys were in different dark places and her legs were so scared they wouldn't look for them. So poor Peggy Wink sat in a corner and a Big Tear went ru-u-u-mble down her nose. But just as it came to the end somebody said "Scat!" in a soft-but-fuzzy voice and that was the end of Miss Tear. As for Peggy she jumped up and looked all around. And what do you 'spose she saw! There, bobbing up and down in the middle of the air was the jolliest roundest, little gray woman in the world! She wasn't any bigger than a thimble and you could see right thro her! "Why what are you?" cried Peggy. The little gray woman bounced and shook her curls. Then she giggled and sang- "Ah! Bumbely-bee! I'm the Dust La-dee! And the places I live in are gay as can be." "Well this place isn't" grumbled Peggy, "wish I just could go to yours. Then I wiggle your toe and off we go!" chuckled the Dust La-dee and out of the room she floated. Then of course Peggy wiggled her toe and streaked after her. There was the Dust La-dee roly-polying into the Closet under the Stairs. In went Peggy, after her. (The backs of her legs did feel queer but she had to go.) "Bang!" went the door. Biff! out went the daylight.

"Ouch!" squealed Peggy. "What a sight! Where's the light?" puffed the Dust La-dee.

"Here! here!" and out marched Brother's coat with the brass buttons shining gloriously and her own new black rubbers twinkling. Everything was at once bright and cheerful. And would you believe it! All the Closet People began talking and laughing together!



"Why I never imagined this!" gasped Peggy. "That's because you were thinking of the backs of your legs," giggled the Dust La-dee. Then the fun started. The motor coat togged the steamer rug and he went flopping around after her. The umbrella rose up and did a skirt dance. Then there was a thousand-roses-smell and Mother's Persian veil came floating down the floor with two little claps holding her train. At that everyone laughed and sang. The cane rattled a "two-step" and the fat, blue Grandma Umbrella spanked the youngest one because he was out of tune. The noise grew so loud that Mr. Hunting Coat (who was quite stiff with rheumatism) began to roar for order and—! just then Peggy stumbled against the door and fell right into the hallway! She hopped up just in time to see the Dust La-dee'

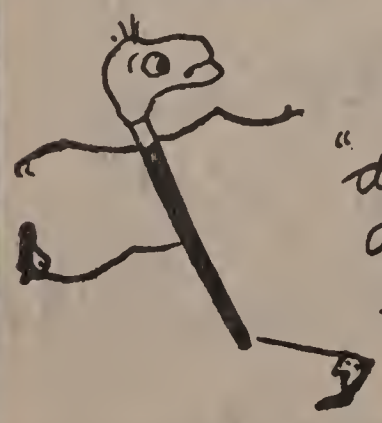


Mother's Veil.

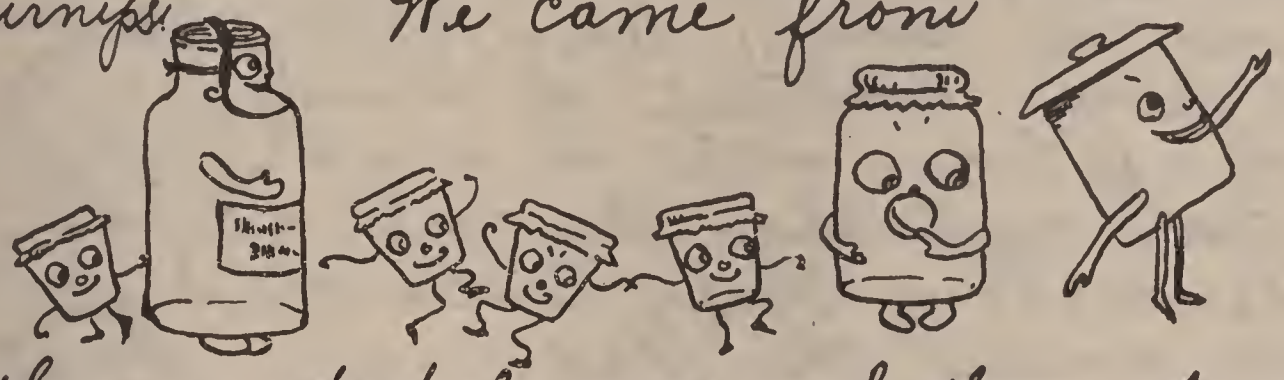
bobbing into the kitchen. "Me too!" squealed

The Raindrop Ballet.

Peggy and ran helter skelter after her. Thro the kitchen she went in a mad chase, down the cellar stairs and into the darkest cellary part. (This time she hardly remembered her legs.) There sat the Dust La-dee, rocking up and down on a pale sunshine ray and singing "Huff-a-dee-huff!" And whefe she said "huff" the preserve closet flew open and out tumbled Miss Orange Marmalade and Mrs. Currant Jelly and Mr. Pickled Peaches to say nothing of the little Piccadillies and all the Pineapple Preserves. Then there was a polite rattle and in marched the Coal family with their black faces shining. And that wasn't all! The Red Apples hopped out of their barrel and the Turnips and Carrots came in yawning. Last of all three fat Plum Puddings climbed down from the wall. Everyone shook hands with Peggy. "How do you taste, little girl?" said the Preserve People. "Scuttles!" snorted the Coals. "What's a taste? Do you burn well?" "Ah plums!" said the Puddings, "don't bother her. She does not know anything. She isn't boiled yet." Peggy just giggled and giggled!



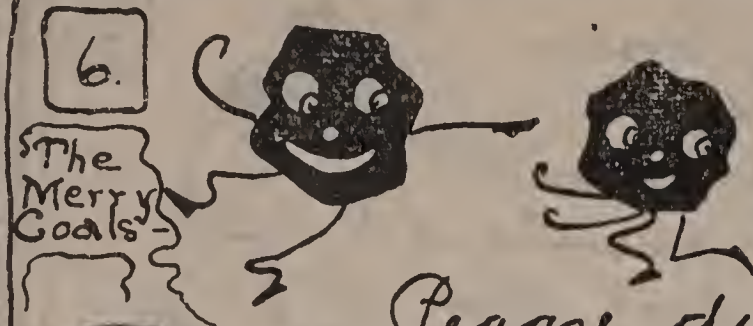
Then they sat in a circle and began to tell wonder tales. "We," said the coals, "were once trees and ferns and pleasant flowers - all full of sunshine thousands of years ago. But the days were long and we fell asleep. Then a black magic happened. And now when we awake we are merry little coals. But we are still full of sunshine and laugh and grow warm when we lie together in the stove." "Listen to us!" cried the Turnips. "We came from



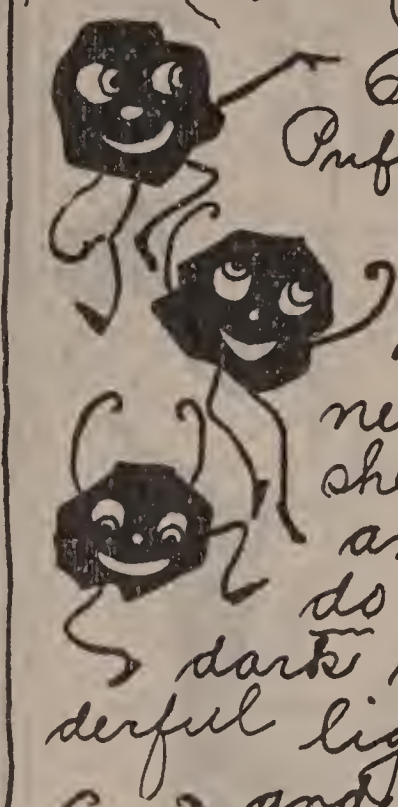
the wonderful rooms of the underground world. We saw the moles building their long halls and watched the rabbits combing their hair. The Brownies danced in our tops at night. Now we live in the best corner of the cellar and are considered a strong society." "Oh! wash your faces!" cried the Preserve People. "We are made by Princesses in Blue Aprons. We live in crystal houses and when the King opens his mouth we are lifted in silver ships. After that we are not quite sure what happens but we are certain it is very important." Then the Plum Puddings and the Carrots, the Apples and the Vinegar Barrel all began to talk at once. They talked so fast they made a great draught and the little Dust La-dee

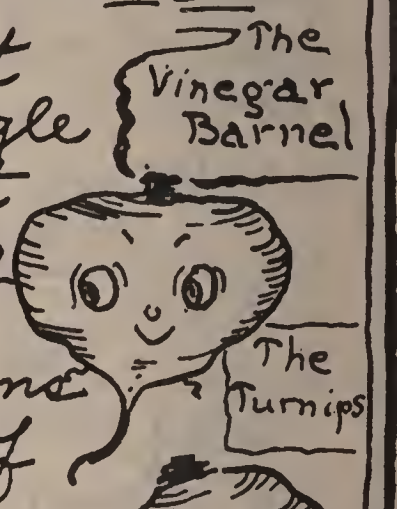
The Plum Puddings

We - Oh - We!
Are the puddings three!
Stuffed quite full, as all may see
And while we often disagree
We're very spicey Com-pan-ee!

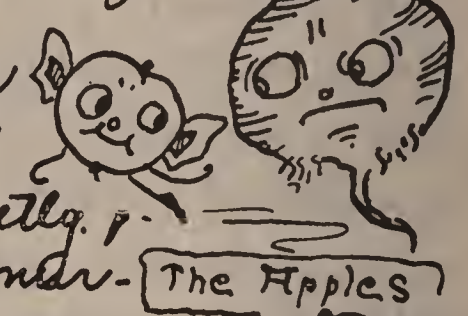


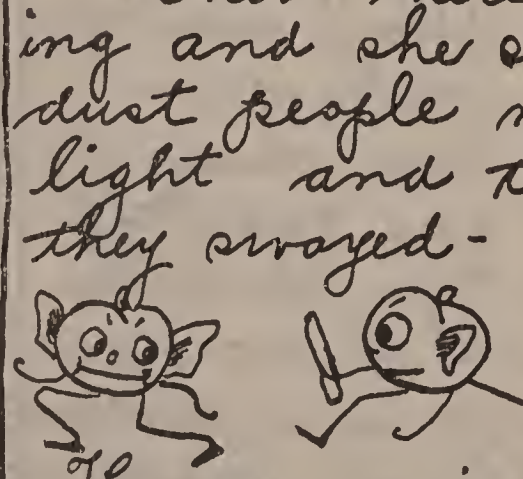
wobbled and tossed and floated right up the cellar stairs. My! but Peggy didn't want to go. But off she ran. Whuff! Whuff! Puff! Puff! - into the gidest room they flew. And of all places! Under the bed went the Dust La-dee'! "Oh I can never go there!" Peggy cried. But she heard the Dust La-dee' giggle and in she went. And what do you 'pose! Instead of being dark it was filled with a wonderful light that crept thro the curtains and made a Rosy Sleepy Castle of the place under the bed.





"And I never guessed!" gasped Peggy. "Legs! legs!" chuckled Dust La-dee! Peggy lay down very quietly. Then there came a gentle murmuring and she saw hundreds of little gray dust people moving softly thro the rosy light and they sang this dust song as they swayed-





"Wafted gently thro the air,
Settling, nestling everywhere,
Slipping gravely to and fro,
Thro the Dustland dance we go."

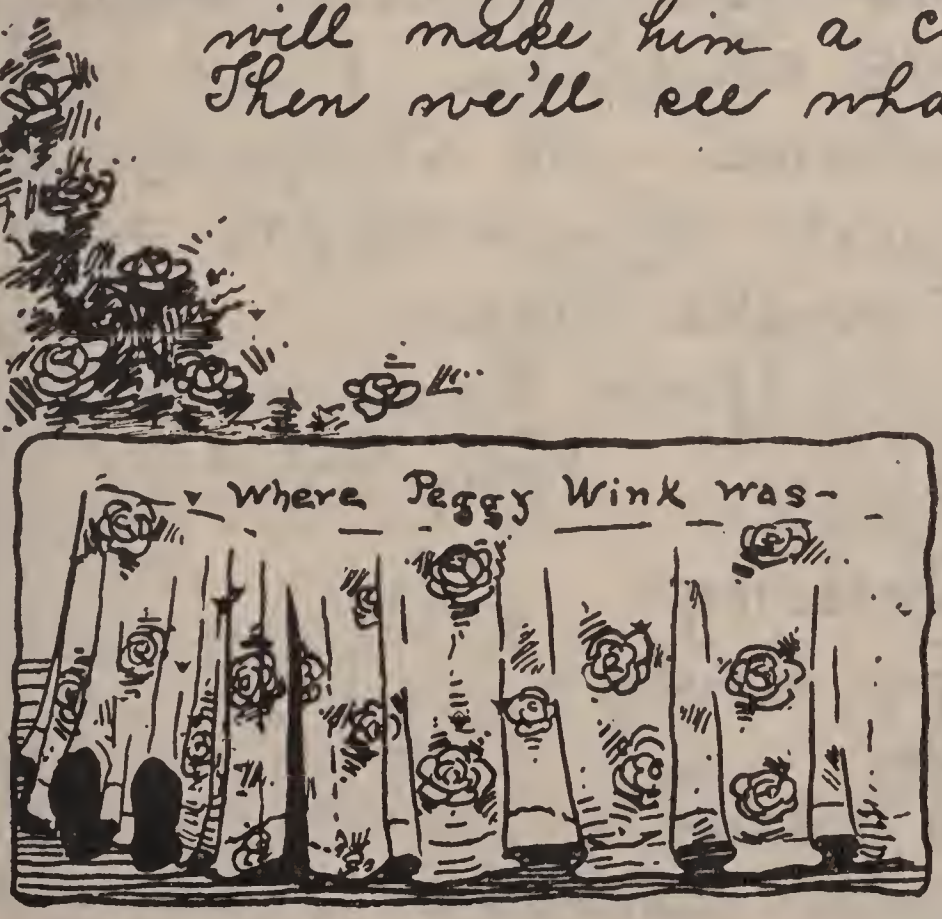
The murmuring went on and on. The Rosy Castle seemed filled with pleasantness and sleepiness Peggy cuddled down and the gray people danced and whispered to her all the fairy tales she had ever heard. The roses on the curtains bent and kissed her hands. The matting whispered- "I am sweet dry grass! Lie still and I will tell you of the birds that nested in me and the little brown people who wove me into a

mat. So Peggy lay- and listened and slept. And she might be sleeping still had not Dust La-dee tickled her chin and called - "Lets go look for Dreams in the attic -" and then! But I'll have to tell you some other day what happened then. Just you remember though it was the most wonderful of all. There is a part about Dressing Up in it. (Now aren't you ex-cited?)

When it was over Peggy ran giggling down to her dear Mother. And when her Mother said - "What have you been doing child" she said, "Fixing the backs of my legs, Mother." Dear Mother did, "Let me see your tongue at once!" But we know what Peggy meant, don't we? Sure enough the backs of her legs were cured.

And honestest honest there are just such wonderful things waiting in the Dark Corners for you. (Do the backs of your legs need fixing, dear?) I love you very, very much. If you want me to come again you can write to John Martin about it and I will make him a cookie (a please cookie) Then we'll see what we'll see.

Your Comfy Lady-



MY Postscript (JM).

Deaxie - "Comfy Lady" is an old Friend of mine - only she isn't old and I do not think she ever will be. I wish that you could play with her as I have. I wish you could hear some of her "Cozy Corner" Stories. She is a "Magic Lady" for she makes your heart go happy ways and your head go whizzing with wonders.

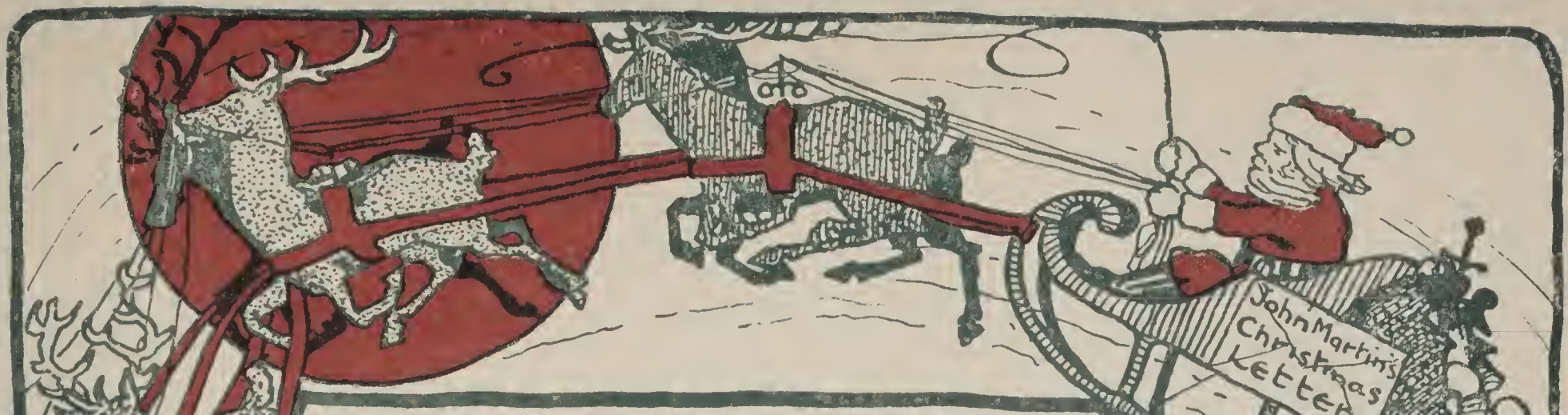
When I asked "Comfy Lady" to write to you, she clapped her happy hands and said "Yes, YES!" with all her might, and in half a minute her fingers were inky (and her nose too). So Dear you have made a new Friend. I am happy over that, though I am a little sorry that I couldn't talk to you on all the pages of this letter.

I hope you have never been afraid of dark corners as Peggy Wink was - how foolish it is to be afraid, when dark corners just LOVE children, for Children make Sunshine - so they warm up dark corners - I just Know that's so - I've tried - Good night Dear

Your loving
John Martin

PS (again)
If you want that "Dressing Up" Story from Comfy Lady just let me Know

John



BOYS
SERIES.
5 TO 7
YEARS

MY HOUSE.
CHRISTMAS.

DEAR THIS is not a really truly ✠ my ♥ john martin isk letter, because I can only think of you and SANTA Claus.

Christmas Day is here, my Dear. I want to give, give, GIVE things to you. I want to give you a lot of Teddy Bears && and Peter Rabbits and Rocking Horses and Pop Guns and a whole Wheel Barrow, full of Pie and Cake and Candy and fresh Stuffed Guggies

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and EVERYTHING my dear little Brother Friend should have.

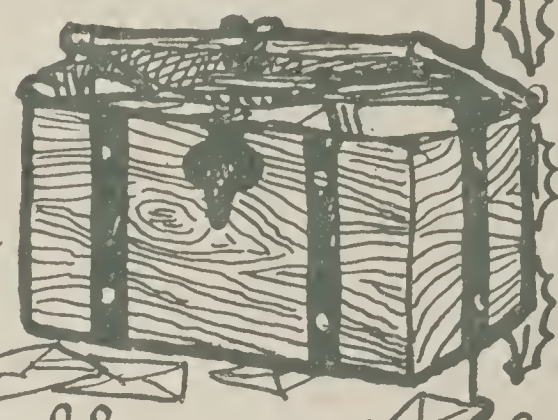
Yes, I want to give and give, but OLD SANTA CLAUS said to me, the other day ~

"John Martin, you must not get PIGGY. What would be left for ME to give that dear Boy if you did all the giving"?

Old Santa Claus got quite excited. He tugged at his whiskers and wiggled his nose and continued ~ "Please understand, MISTER John, that this GIVING BUSINESS is MY business. So, you old John Martin Man, ~ sit on a Stool and Keep yourself cool while I get busy GIVING".

So I cant give all I want to give, because I must not take FUN away from our old Friend SANTA CLAUS

That's why I am now sitting on my high stool WRITING you a MERRY CHRISTMAS LETTER. So please try to see all the GOOD WISHES and all the LOVE I put into this letter: I pack my HAPPY WISHES in my letter, just as if it was a big, big BOX. I pack my BOX OF GOOD WISHES so full that it is very hard to shut the lid down. So I jumps off of my high stool. I put all my WISHES in the Box in a nice, fat, lumpy, chunky, tight, package-pile. Then I kneel on the box, and I say out loud the WISHES I put into your CHRISTMAS (letter) BOX. Some people might think I was saying a PRAYER, but I am only saying my WISHES FOR YOU. [I wonder if WISHES are not Prayers sometimes?] On the next page of my letter you will find out what I pack into your big Christmas Box - SO, DEAR

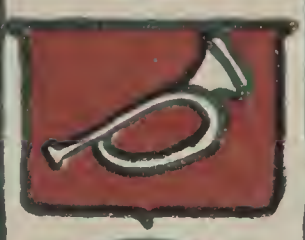


LOOK AND SEE

Your Box of Wishes

I give my Boy a Rocking Horse;
He is a Gallant Steed, of course.
And he will gallop you away
To Merry Land, on Christmas Day.

And next, you'll find a jolly Kite,
The kind that sails 'most out of sight.
But if you pull with might and main,
Old Kite will come straight back again.



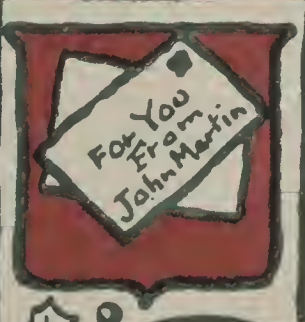
And next, I pack a lot of things,
All tied with rubber bands and strings;
The kind of things for little Boys
To bang about - (they make a noise).

And then I pack a Book or two,
'Cause Books are very good for you.
Then Peter Rabbit and a Bear
I poke in very gently there.

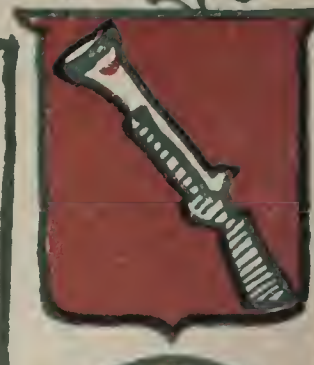
And then there's something good to eat.
It's red and white and very sweet;
At first it's big and then it's small,
And then it isn't there at all.

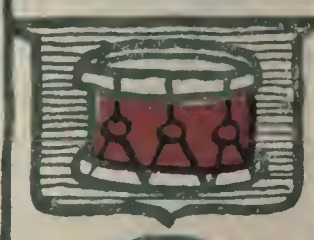
Then there are Soldiers straight and tall,
A Jumping-Jack and Rubber Ball.
And you'll find Engines, Horns, and Tops,
And one Big Shooting Gun that pops.

O yes, my Wishing Box is jammed,
And packed and pounded down and crammed
With Christmas Things and Christmas Joy.
I give them all to YOU, my Boy.



And with all this I've tucked in, too,
A bundle full of LOVE for you.
So BLESS you, Dear! Run off and play,
For this is MERRY CHRISTMAS DAY!





Your Loving
John Martin

MY HOUSE.

BOYS
SERIES.
7½ TO 10
YEARS OLD

My dear Boy—

All this long month I have been cudgeling my brains to give you the very best Kind of a letter. I have tapped at my heart (which loves you always) saying. "Tell me, true Heart, what shall I say to my Boy this month?" Old Heart tapped back, but only said "December, December! Remember December!" Hey, back I went to Head again. He called out coldly "Sailors, Soldiers, Pirates and

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Knights, Hurricanes, Kingdoms and Fights" - Well, Little Brother, you can see that neither Heart nor Head gave me a "plain answer". I was left in doubt. Long Life and many "scrapes" and lots of Adventures in my long life have taught me a very good Rule, which is "WHEN IN DOUBT LISTEN TO THE *TAPPING* OF YOUR HEART. YOU CAN'T GO FAR ASTRAY IF *HE* POKES YOU ALONG." ♡ ♡
So I am just going to write a short letter as Heart dictates. I shall write it mostly in Jingle Words because Heart said - "December, December, Remember December"! (He began the Jingle) Besides, I'm happy - *I'm writing to YOU - I'm sending you DECEMBER THOUGHTS AND LIVING LOVING, HEART-SAID* CHRISTMAS WISHES.

I want you to believe that all loving, living Wishes – in your heart or mine, are very strong, brave and powerful, and please try to see YOUR WISHES all at work making themselves COME TRUE. I'll say no more in "pokey" old prose words, but finish my letter with Good WISHES all to the tune of LOVING HAPPY HEART TAPS. ♥ ♡ ♥

My Wishes

Dear Lad, perhaps you're wishing for
A boat to sail, all blue and white.
Or maybe AEROPLANES that SOAR
UP, UP and almost out of Sight.
I wish a BOAT to come to you,
And AEROPLANES with golden wings.
These Gifts shall bear you straight &
true
To many, many higher things.

Dear Lad, perhaps you're wishing for
A LOCOMOTIVE stuffed with steam,
Or MOTOR CARS that honk and roar
And zip along with dust and scream.
I WISH both these because I see
You want to hurry, fast as fast
To places where a Boy can be
The noblest kind of MAN at last.

Dear Lad, perhaps you're wishing for
A lot of different kinds of TOYS.
You keep on wishing more and more,—
Well! that's *all right*, because we're *Boys*.
You'll have these TOYS, dear Lad, but let
Your Heart just listen to a call
That comes sometimes, lest we forget
That there *are* Boys with *none at all*.

Dear Lad, perhaps you're wishing for
Some things that may be hard to get.
Remember that there is a store
Of Wishes bound to come true yet.
And please remember ME, dear Boy,
And all the Wishing Thoughts I send.
Be Well, be Good, be full of Joy,
And let me always be your Friend.

John Martin

GIRLS
SERIES,
5 TO 7
YEARS OLD

Dear, dear Little Friend:

I cannot write you a really-truly-funny Story Letter this month. This month is December Month and he has Dear old CHRISTmas Day in his Kind heart, and Santa Claus is December's best Friend. O, my dear little Playmate, how I wish God had made me Santa Claus instead of just old John Martin. O, what FUN I would have, giving you THINGS; peeping at you, as you slept in your little bed the

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night before Christmas". ©, how carefully I would stuff your stocking (scolding 'cause it is so little). ©, how many times I'd turn around to see if you were sleeping WELL and HAPPILY. ©, then I'd brush the snow and chimney-soot from my whiskers very quietly. I'd tip-toe up to your little white bed. Some silver moonlight might be on the Counterpane. One of your hands would be outside (One hand always is outside the covers on Christmas Eve. outside on purpose) THEN I'D LOOK AT YOU and my heart would bump noisily. I'd say "SH-O-O! Heart, you'll wake my DEAR".

Then I'd LOOK at you some more, and because there was some fog in my eyes, I'd look at you hard, and I'd see a gold and blue rainbow about your head and running down your pillow. Then I'd say some words ("secret words") Then I WOULD TAKE MY CHRISTMAS PRESENT. Three Kisses: ONE I'd take from your HEAD, [where Rainbow is goldest and bluest] ONE I'd take from over your HEART [where RAINBOW turns a rosy quivering pink color] and ONE I'd take from the back of your little HAND [where no rainbow is - only little HAND] THREE KISSES, Dear. Then I'd go away with fog in my eyes and a golden rainbow in my heart, BUT, all of the three Kisses I would take would TURN INTO SOMETHING GOOD FOR YOU - What they'd turn

into I'll tell you next, because you ought to know -

THE THREE KISSES.

(SANTA CLAUS SAYS)

THE "FIRST KISS" THAT I'D STOOP TO TAKE
WOULD BE UPON YOUR HEAD, TO MAKE
THE DEAREST LITTLE THOUGHTS IN THERE
SO YOU'D BE HAPPY EVERYWHERE.
AND EVERY THOUGHT WOULD GROW TO BE
A LOVELY STARRY CHRISTMAS TREE.
AND ON THE TREE, THERE'D BE A HOST
OF PRETTY THINGS YOU LOVE THE MOST.

THE "SECOND KISS" UPON YOUR HEART
WILL MAKE MY LITTLE GIRL A PART
OF GOOD BELOW AND GOD ABOVE,
AND TEACH THAT HEART TO LIVE & LOVE.
THEN, IF YOU LOOK, YOUR EYES WILL SEE
THAT LIFE IS ONE GREAT CHRISTMAS TREE,
JUST FULL OF EVERY SORT OF THING
TO MAKE YOU LAUGH AND PLAY AND SING.

THE "THIRD KISS" ON YOUR HAND SHALL FILL
IT FULL OF GENTLENESS AND SKILL,
AND VERY SOON YOU'LL UNDERSTAND
WHY YOU HAVE "MAGIC" IN YOUR HAND.
SO THERE ARE ALL MY KISSES THREE;
EACH ONE WILL MAKE A CHRISTMAS TREE.
THEY'RE ALL I TAKE ON CHRISTMAS EVE
SO PLEASE, DEAR, LOVE THE GOOD THEY LEAVE.

Your Loyal Loving Old
Santa Claus.

PS - You see, Dear, why I wish I was old Santa Claus Well, never mind, I'll help him to give you a dear and

Merry Christmas. John Martin

John Martins Christmas LETTER

GIRLS SERIES 7 TO 10 YEARS OLD

MY HOUSE. Christmas Time.

DEAR Little FRIEND

I cannot write my usual john-martinish letter this month. My old head just spins with many merry Christmas Thoughts. My ears ring a jingle jangle tune, prooving that Santa Claus is very busy. So, Dear, how can I write anything but Christmas Words to you? I feel like singing all the Good Thoughts I am thinking for you. I feel like prancing off to you to say "MERRY CHRISTMAS" to you. (but I don't "prance" very prettily, and as for my "singing" ~ Dear O, Dear.]

I have decided that the best thing for me to do is to make this letter

A CHRISTMAS SONG LETTER.

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and you can make up tunes out of your happy heart and you can do the dancing, which I know will be pretty dancing. Here is my first song, it is just called

Happy

There's Something "Happy" in the air.
I feel it buzzing everywhere.
I hear it sing, and laugh, and shout;
It seems to whirl and dance about!

Chorus:

Happy, happy things are singing,
Everything is gay!
Merry, merry bells are ringing
This is Christmas Day!

There's Something "Gentle" all around.
It's in the sky and on the ground.
It has a laugh like music sweet,
It runs like merry, dancing feet.

Chorus.

There's something "Joyful" in my heart.
It makes the rest of me a part
Of all the Happy, Happy Things
That every joyful Christmas brings.

Chorus.

I think you know what my HAPPY SONG means. I think, that during these Christmas Days all the air is full of all sorts of big and little Christmas Angels; their wings tangle and rustle, because they are in a "happy hurry". And all about us we hear MANY WORDS. We do not exactly understand what is going on about us, because these many JOYFUL WORDS get in a tangle too and make

just ONE GREAT JOYFUL SOUND. Yes, you and I understand, my Dear, because you are young and I can't help behaving so. A Christmas Spirit gets into our hearts. I think Santa Claus's middle names are "Christmas" and "Spirit". When HE gets into our hearts we sing the

GIVE, LIVE, JOY SONG.

The World's a dear old Happy Ball.
He is a jolly place.
He never frets, or whines at all,
A smile is on his face.
His heart is big, his hands are kind,
He asks us all to live
So every one of us can find
A little time to GIVE.

CHORUS. What is Life; O, what is Living,
As we work and play?
Life is LOVE, and LOVE keeps GIVING
Lots of LOVE away.

The World's a very Knowing Soul.
He helps our hearts to see
That getting Gifts is not the whole
Of Life for you and me.
He sends us Christmas Day to show
What Christmas Spirit is.
He fills our Hearts to let us know
The LOVE that lives in his.

CHORUS. That is LIFE and that is LIVING,
That's the only Happy Way.
LIFE is LOVE, and LOVE is GIVING,
LIFE is one long CHRISTMAS DAY.

There, my Dear, are my two Songs, written for you. One is for HAPPINESS and one for GIVING; they both mean about the same thing. Now I am going to write the SONG MY HEART SINGS FOR YOU.

In my Heart a voice is singing,
Singing Wishes bright and true;
In my Heart the Bells are ringing,
Bringing Happy Things to you.
All my Song is very, very
Full of Love and Gladness too,
And the Bells are merry, merry.
What does all this Gladness do?

IT DOES THIS.

Songs and ringing, Love and Gladness,
Have a very magic way.
When they're busy, tears and sadness
Never, never dare to stay.
That is why my Heart is singing,
That is why the Bells are gay.
They are very busy, bringing
Every Wish for you today!

THERE, LITTLE FRIEND, are the three Songs my heart sings for you.

MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU

Your Loving
John Martin

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